Interiors of Virginia Houses of Colonial Times

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INTERIORS OF VIRGINIA HOUSES OF COLONIAL TIMES

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Interiors of Virginia Houses of Colonial Times

BY

EDITH TUNIS SALE

A dining room window at Toddsbury, Gloucester County, overlooking North River.

FROM

THE BEGINNINGS OF VIRGINIA TO THE REVOLUTION

Exhibiting the development of Interior Architecture and Decoration of the oldeſt ſtate in the Union, ſpecial emphaſis being made on illuſtrations and material for text hitherto unpubliſhed and unknown, and ſhowing where the True Colonial ſtyle of architecture began and ended with reference to the hiſtory of the houſes and the lives of the original Owners.

Illuſtrated With Three Hundred and Seventy-one Original Plates

Printed by the William Byrd Preſs, Inc. in Richmond, Virginia

M.DCCCC.XXVII

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Copyright, 1927
by
Edith Tunis Sale

Dedicated
in Affectionate Memory
of my Father
William Wrightson Tunis

FOREWORD

IN presenting this volume to the reader a most hearty tribute should first be paid to the hospitality of the owners of Virginia's existing Colonial houses who, without exception, generously opened wide their historic doors in order that generations of the future might see and love the interiors revered by them.

Until now no attempt has been made to describe in detail these beautiful old rooms and this is the only book that has undertaken to tell exclusively their stories. Both text and illustrations have been gathered from personal visits to these ancient dwellings where precious family papers and rare records were graciously placed at the disposal of the author. Though much has been written of Virginia's historic buildings, of her romantic old gardens, this is the first time the interiors of her true Colonial houses have been seriously considered, though it is in the interiors that one sees clearly what the daily life of the Colonists was. In these, the builders always managed to touch the very heart of things regardless of the obstacles they had to overcome. Both the founders and their master-workmen were conservative artificers and they have left us a heritage that can never be duplicated.

Just as the interiors of many of these old dwellings have never before been open to the public or the camera-man, their inner histories have never been revealed, making thereby the greater part of the material in this book entirely new. Photographs for the pictured architecture were made exclusively for its pages and the majority of the floor plans were drawn for it alone. Only the Colonial houses now in existence have been treated.

There is a permanent charm about the old homes of Virginia that has a distinct appeal for all who are interested in what has been

wrought over a long period of vigorous labour and who have genuine concern for the future. Their architecture is so honest, so straightforward, so admirably created on good design that however small, they contain intrinsic beauties which should entitle them to veneration. Steadily, there has been developing an intense interest in the true Colonial houses of Virginia, the houses built in the perilous years from Sixteen-seven to Seventeen-eighty one. Representing America's purely national architecture which was born of the exigencies of the time, these dwellings vary greatly according to individual taste and requirements and because of their isolation. But as different as they are, each has great significance and personality and all have intensely interesting histories and legends to tell. The only way to possess oneself of their spirit and character is to observe them minutely, and in presenting this volume attention is called to the deplorable fact that only forty-five notable examples remain. Since the book was begun, three fine old structures have fallen victim to flames.

The author would record her deep gratitude to those who aided in her research and would express sincere appreciation particularly to the able assistance of Mr. Coleman Baskerville who so kindly lent his architectural knowledge.

It would be well indeed if America would return in a marked degree towards the simplicity of our Colonial forbears and live as sanely as they did. Their homesteads—some small—some large, but none mansions in the great sense of the word—may be called the country's cornerstone, and have played brave parts in laying the secure foundation for the stupendous growth of a mighty nation.

Edith Tunis Sale.

Tuckahoe Bluff, Virginia,
June, Nineteen-twenty seven.

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INTRODUCTORY

IT is unfortunate that a romantic misconception of the earlier architecture and social existence of Virginia has obscured the far more important and lovelier reality. Virginians themselves are almost entirely responsible for this—they have shown a steady preference for the forms of imagination rather than for the structures of fact. There is often, in houses and people, a need for the embellishments of affection, but this is not true of Virginia institutions. The romance is so remote from actuality that it has brought about a totally false impression of the entire State: the Virginia plantation of the most applauded Virginia writers is a great white mansion of the purest pseudo-classic order; its impressive façade is supported by a massive flight of Ionic columns; before it terraced lawns fall away to historic rivers. There are such houses, with such lawns, but they are not characteristic and they are not, naturally, Colonial—a Colonial house is a house built within the life of the Colonies. Such mansions, almost invariably, were built by tobacco merchants hardly earlier than the year Eighteen-fifty.

The social existence is equally misrepresented: in the best regarded works it is described as a combination of the highest domestic virtues and an utmost luxury. The head of the plantation is never exhibited away from a portico or his horse. He is a hot-tempered Episcopalian individual in a planter's hat and immaculate linen; his sole preoccupation is whiskey combined with mint and politics. He is the immemorial Virginia gentleman. His wife is symbolically shown bearing sherry wine cup to aged negroes in the slave quarters, his daughters are perpetually stepping from the portico into the coach of matrimony. The trouble with this is that it is vaguely coloured with truth—planters were eternally on their horses, they drank

whiskey with mint, and they were very political; the women were purely domestic; but these qualities were realities far different from gilded romance.

It is a commonplace to think of New England settled by religious refugees, of Pennsylvania by Quakers and Virginia by gentlemen. The beginnings of Virginia are traditionally held to have been aristocratic, but that is true only in a very narrow sense. The majority of the settlers who came first were small people; they originated in the small cities and towns and honest occupations of England. This is easily discoverable, for careful and comprehensive lists exist together with the different legends of knights and ladies. There were ladies and knights, but they were few. Virginia, from the landing at Jamestown until Eighteen hundred, was almost wholly a wilderness; the clearings gathered along the rivers scarcely made a mark on the forest; life for the great majority was hard and dangerous; the multiplication of wide plantations, of great houses, of large properties in slaves, was limited.

An aristocracy developed, but its beginning—appropriately—was in Virginia and not in England; like all aristocracies it came when a general equality of bitter labour was reaching an end. The early settlers cleared a primitive forest and planted tobacco, their wives and daughters bore the weight of an infinitely various domestic toil. Their houses were small and wooden—the houses an unskilled neighborhood could erect together. This was not always true, but it was so general that any contrary description or emphasis is false. The increase of luxurious circumstance followed the introduction of slavery; and with the decline of tobacco, the attending depreciation of slave labour, the vitality and importance of Virginia shifted from the tidewater inland. The passion for western movement was already drawing men across the mountains.

The people and houses of Virginia were far more various, infinitely more vital, than conventional romance describes. In actuality they were almost totally different; the houses, for example, were not pseudo-classic, they were not all white, and had small, close verandas with neither long porticos nor columns. They were, on occasion, beautifully built of dark brick, and took one of two forms—a high square edifice with a steep and often gambrel roof, or a central structure with galleries on either hand connecting smaller sections. Shirley is an example of the first and Brandon of the second. Those

are the actual fine and dignified dwellings of Virginia. Beautiful courses of brick, doors at most with pilasters and pure arches. They are, like a great deal of Virginia, sombre until their beauty is understood; it isn't a gay country; they are not gay houses. The deep red of the walls against dark old sod is serious. The dwellings, the lawns and the gardens are darkened by long habitation and history. The echo of old music, of vanished youth, is as melancholy as the influence of death. In their own years these places were light with life . . . but no longer; they fit ill into the present; the present awkwardly, inappropriately, inhabits them. It is impossible to restore them except in imagination; they were provincial; the physical limitations of the conditions they knew were a large part of their validity and charm.

However, only a few were brick, most of the historic dwellings of Virginia were unimpressive buildings of wood. Unimpressive, that is, to the insensitive romantic mind, the mind damaged by false images. Plain wooden houses often deep in boxwood hedges; old rambling wooden houses with minute dormer windows on bare hills protected with pines; lovely shy cornices and practical fireplaces severe in restrained proportion. They, it is clear, were built by men and women in a difficult struggle for existence. The luxury of idleness, the paper porticos, came later; whiskey was a drink and not an artificial ceremony of sentimentality.

A wide hospitality naturally existed in such a scarcely settled land; any trip at all was long and hard and dangerous—the taverns were nearly closed by the widespread private willingness and pleasure in entertainment—but such trips were seldom taken; celebrations were rare. The practical life of the plantations was the life of their owners. Provincial men and faithful women. What today is regarded as society literally had no existence; parties were the result of chance and situation and not by invitation; there were almost no public occasions except an election or the infrequent racing of horses; and gambling, like drinking, was confined to men. Dancing was not unknown, negroes fiddled; but it was all informal, a few couples made up on the minute. There were, of course, exceptions—drawing rooms and the minuet; but they, compared with the present, were simple and innocent, largely family affairs. The men, who, it must be remembered, were farmers, hunted foxes in the pleasant

farmer manner—everyone was eligible to ride and brought his own miscellaneous hounds to add to the local pack.

Later, when the tidewater was at the height of its prosperity, society took a more definite form; travelling was easier and safer; politics had been organized; there was a period of formal aristocracy. It, too, was very ingratiating; but, quite aside from the destruction following the Civil War, it was addressed to disaster. Economic change fell upon it; the time for aristocracy had gone. The defeat of the Federal party by Thomas Jefferson, the increase of population in the farther valleys of Virginia, left the river plantations, with their old allegiance to English forms and memories, in a pleasant tranquility of unimportance. The Civil War, bringing so much to a sharp end, converted it into a tradition; the Virginia of the past took on the radiance of a golden age.

There were, the truth is, two principal Virginias—what may be described as the Ante-Bellum Era and the Colonial Period. The former is the one celebrated in tradition. It began, actually, only after Eighteen-twenty and it came forever to an end in Eighteen-sixty. It was an era in the tidewater and river regions, of security and plenty. Looked back on by men who survived the tragic changes of war, it was peculiarly fitted to take on a golden glow. Slavery, then, was not a vital fact but a peaceful tradition; Virginia became, in reality, largely a lazy haven for negroes; they were less oppressed than in any other slave holding commonwealth. In the cotton States—cotton and slavery came to be synonymous—Virginia negroes commanded greater prices than all others.

However, the Ante-Bellum Era was without vital beauty: its houses, where they were eminent, were hardly more than pretentious mid-Victorian projections of artificial classic orders. Its men were decreasingly impressive. The individuals born in sparer times were infinitely more able. The domestic engagement of the women became increasingly ornamental. It is, almost, an era without a history.

The Colonial Period, however, which began with the settlement of Jamestown and ended at the Revolution, was a period of engaging importance. Its smaller houses, its more harassed men and busier women, owned a simplicity that was often heroic. The houses were frequently lovely. They were architecturally sound, following a tradition brought from the land of their long development; the pro-

portions and details were appropriate and fine; the staircases had the graceful sweep of the flight of a bird; the chimneys were designed with correctness and dignity.

There were, in a formal sense, only a few gardens: commonly a rough lawn with great trees reached from the house to the river; irregular beds of herbs and bright flowers were tended by the women; a small burial ground was planted with myrtle and box; the fields of tobacco changed into fields of corn. The cabins of the house servants were near the detached kitchen, the field hands were scattered in log or brick dwellings across the domain. It was simple, scarcely more than primitive; and because of the simplicity, of the countless actual difficulties of life, it bred a virtue in women and a desirable hardness in men.

No period has a monopoly of admirable qualities; isolation and physical hardship do not civilize minds; it is incorrect to regard Colonial Virginia as a land and time of classic knowledge. Fortunately, there were, occasionally, tutors; but for the great part the early education of the children, black and white, was conducted by the mistresses of the plantations. It was, naturally, limited . . . to spelling and the simplest arithmetic and the Bible. There were no general books for children at all. Again there were exceptions—when the plantations lay close together the children might gather at a privately maintained schoolhouse under a hired master. Thomas Jefferson went to such a school at Tuckahoe; a small square structure of lime-washed wood set at one side of the main avenue of cork elms. The dwelling at Tuckahoe is at once characteristic and finer than most, built of both wood and brick where the land falls abrupt and wooded to the James River. The panelling and stair rails are as dark and fine as possible, dignified rather than luxurious.

Dignity rather than luxury was characteristic of the important houses of that time; it was characteristic of the time. Ease, indolence, came later. The important minds were dignified as well, and passionate and individual. Honour dwelt in the men as a requirement rather than an ideal. It was acted upon and not talked about. Men differed bitterly with different political and social persuasions, and died for questions of conduct and belief. This is reflected in the houses they built, the rooms they occupied, the furniture they used. The houses were sombre and undeviating, the rooms plain and square, the furniture in rigid inherited form.

It is important to understand the true beginning of Virginia, for in no other way can it be entirely appreciated. Romantic and mistaken conceptions, ridiculous architectural dreams, have blinded practically everyone to reality. The ideals of Ante-Bellum builders, the glamour of memories, the recorders of lost and impossible perfections, have substituted a vision as wrong as it is unjustified: a material and conventional existence without foundation. But it is easy to understand—it came from love and a part in the soil. That, together with political necessity, gave the South its immovable local attachment. Virginia was not a State of cities and the concentration of capital but a place of nativities; men were born and died and elected to honours from particular neighborhoods, localities they knew, land they owned. The trees and lanes and fish in the streams were familiar; their families were buried beside them; and they had, as a result, the enormous virtue of provincialism. They fought for a village, a single field, it might be, or a mere clearing on the side of a mountain. When men have ploughed and tended a land of their own, when they have put their sweat and lives into it, it has a deep and secret meaning for them. They may sell it and desert it, but equally they will defend it with their lives; they will always turn back to it in their minds.

That was the virtue of the dwellings of Colonial Virginia—they were, in a sense long since lost, the castles of their builders, private domains. They had to be. After the Revolution and the triumph of democracy fine houses became an exception rather than a rule; taste, diluted by the masses, was thinned almost to extinction. The poor who had too little began its attack on the rich who had too much, and both suffered defeat. The plantations fell into neglect and the people fell into dissatisfaction. The Civil War destroyed a pastoral Virginia, but it left standing monuments of the Colony. Virginia herself ignored them until a new prosperity brought a renewed self-consciousness. However, the present cannot appropriately inhabit the dwellings of a more severe time.

It is, for that additional reason, necessary to remember and regard Virginia correctly, to dissipate the absurd legends of shining mansions inhabited by convivial saints. Books about the infinitely more moving actuality are invaluable. Yet it is conceivable that the other, the contrary vision, will persist—it is more flattering to personal vanities, and it is more obviously romantic. Obvious ro-

mance is not, in America, a trait limited to Virginians; and Virginia has become a conventional paradise in the American mind. All that today lacks, it is insisted, Virginia once possessed, money and ease and faithful service. Yet it was, within the meaning of gold, very poor; it was founded and maintained by infinite labour; and the faithful service was taken away from it by economic necessity and by war. Its beauty, in other words, is not for everyone; it is too fine and too select for the democracy of today; it can never be rebuilt and the different present cannot inhabit it.

Joseph Hergesheimer.

Interiors of Virginia Houses of Colonial Times

OLD LYNNHAVEN FARM

NOT far from the sand dunes of Cape Henry, upon a cove of Lynnhaven Bay, there is an old house which seems grown from the ground upon which it poises. Standing on a point that juts into the bay, it has defied, aloof and alone, the onslaught of time, the roar of elements.

This relic of the early seventeenth century was built when the Virginia Colonists were three thousand miles from the nearest outposts of civilization, by Adam Thoroughgood, who emigrated to America in Sixteen-twenty one, and to whom the new world was a godsend. The son of Thomas Thoroughgood and brother of the Knight of Kensington, young Adam obtained more than five thousand acres, his grant stating that the lands were given him "at especiall recommendation of him from their Lordships and others of His Ma'ties most Hon'ble Privie Counsell of the State of Virginia and also due for the importation of one hundred and five persons."

After considering other sections of Virginia, Adam Thoroughgood took up his residence on the scalloped shores of the bay he must have named for the port of Lynn in the County of Norfolk, England. In order to have food and shelter—to live—the youthful Colonist had to work, and work hard, for there were few to lend him aid. With his axe he clove the clearing in the virgin forest, then split the fallen trees into rough timber for his house. Then, after he had cleared his acres and built a rude shelter and learned how to live in the new country, he went back to England in Sixteen-twenty six to marry Sarah Offley. It was probably shortly after he returned with his bride that he began the erection of this house which was their home. At that time, if he and Sarah wanted anything, they had to go and get it. They had to grow their own flax, and he had to help shear

The house at Old Lynnhaven Farm was built by Adam Thoroughgood about 1634 and seems grown from the ground upon which it poises.

his own sheep for their wool in order to clothe his family. Mistress Thoroughgood spun the wool and flax on provincial wheels and wove them with a clumsy loom, for both husband and wife had to keep working from sheer necessity. Adam shot his game and fished in the river. He dragged oysters from the bay in winter and caught crabs with a net when summer came, although in England he had known only the life of the gentle-born.

The house that was the outcome of this labour is intensely interesting to contemplate. It seems to be sinking into the earth and possesses a tone which cannot be counterfeited. If its Colonial builder attempted to achieve distinction he succeeded, for the little house left behind him is the most perfect picture of Virginia's earliest civilization. Nor were there any skilled carpenters in his day, for those who worked at that trade were joiners, wheelwrights, turners, and co-ordinated all branches of mechanics. For all of

which they were paid thirty pounds of tobacco for each day's work.

Built of straw-bound earth sun-baked nearly three hundred years ago and laid in alternate courses of headers and stretchers on one side and the Flemish bond of Inigo Jones on the other, the small structure has steep mediaeval gables which end in chimneys built in the form of a T. These chimneys have been made distinctly important parts of the composition, and are by their great height and bold proportions one of the most striking features of the house. A dentil cornice runs across both fronts above the second storey window heads, a level that is not more than twelve feet from the ground. The house is only twenty-one feet wide and forty-eight feet in length.

Circular stone steps on the east and west lead directly into the hall, which, in common with those of Colonial days, has a width in proportion to the depth of the house and cuts straight through. There are at both ends very large and heavy doors with wrought-iron strap hinges and box locks. These doors are three feet six inches wide, six and a half feet high, and show six rectangular panels. The hall is wainscoted in unpainted pine and has a panelled staircase.

On the left of the water front is the old kitchen, now restored as a kitchen-dining room without disturbing one of the original lines. The room is twelve feet square, and of this the fireplace takes nearly eight feet from the chimney side. Nearly five feet high and about as deep, the fireplace has in its brick sides niches which were used by the housewife to hold her "cooking candle" or to keep dishes warm. The room is lighted by three windows, one on the land front, one on the side, and one overlooking the bay. Each window has eighteen panes of glass eight and a half inches square, and deep, low seats. Below these, cupboards are built into the pine dado which encircles the wall. The pine cornice in a curious way extends so far down on the chimney side of the room that it seems to rest directly on the window frame. Hand-made homespun curtains, woven to show a mulberry and green plaid on a tan ground, hang straight down from the windows.

A fine gateleg table sits in the centre of the room and at its ends are ancient turned chairs. An old form or stool stands by the fireplace and between the windows is a quaint chair placed where Adam Thoroughgood must have often sat. A small door balances the fireplace window, but this leads out of the house and was evidently cut

One of the two ivy clad chimneys which, by their bold steepness, have been made important features of the exterior composition.

The hall which cuts through the house has white plaster walls finished below with a pine wainscot in natural tone.

many years after the dwelling was built. With its fire utensils and heavy oak lintel, with bricks facing the sides of the fireplace, the room is an excellent example of the Colonial kitchen-dining room. It was around this old fireplace that the good housewife must have performed her innumerable tasks of baking, cooking and soap making, and where she moulded her fragrant myrtle candles which gave so clear a light. It was here that she and Adam must have discussed witchcraft or the politics of the day. It was here that they armed themselves for a siege should the Red Men threaten trouble.

On the other side of the hall and also stretching from front to front of the house is the old parlour or keeping room. The best architectural feature of the interior is a panelled chimney breast which, receding at an angle rather than a straight line, cuts boldly into the room. Like all early fireplaces this has no mantelshelf above, the Tudor panelling coming down directly to the lintel. The type of the panels recalls those at Clifford's Inn, London, dated Sixteen-thirty four. The wide fire-opening arches at the top and the sides are faced with brick within an enframement of pine. Four windows, each two and a half feet wide, are set in deep embrasures which prove the walls of the house to be three feet thick. Gobelin blue curtains of some old-fashioned fabric lend privacy to the windows and each piece of furniture is true to the time of Adam Thoroughgood. There is a maple desk and a tavern table with small legs and heavy stretchers upon which sits a lamp made from an old

With brick fireplace opening and heavy oak lintel, this room is an excellent example of the Colonial kitchen-dining room.

pickle jar. Another lamp, this pewter, a Queen Anne chair with later rockers and straight chairs are placed with discriminating appreciation of the old house and of its past. Plaster walls of deep ivory tone make an excellent setting for the mellow pine furniture and give it a proper emphasis as an important decorative element. The plaster-colour walls end in a plain pine cornice which, like that in the other room, extends in the way of panelling to the top of the window in the chimney end. As if to balance this, the whole area of the north end of the alcove formed by the chimney breast is panelled with the same wood. The wainscot is also pine and this is finished with a moulded chair rail and broad baseboard. The floor planks are of unusual width.

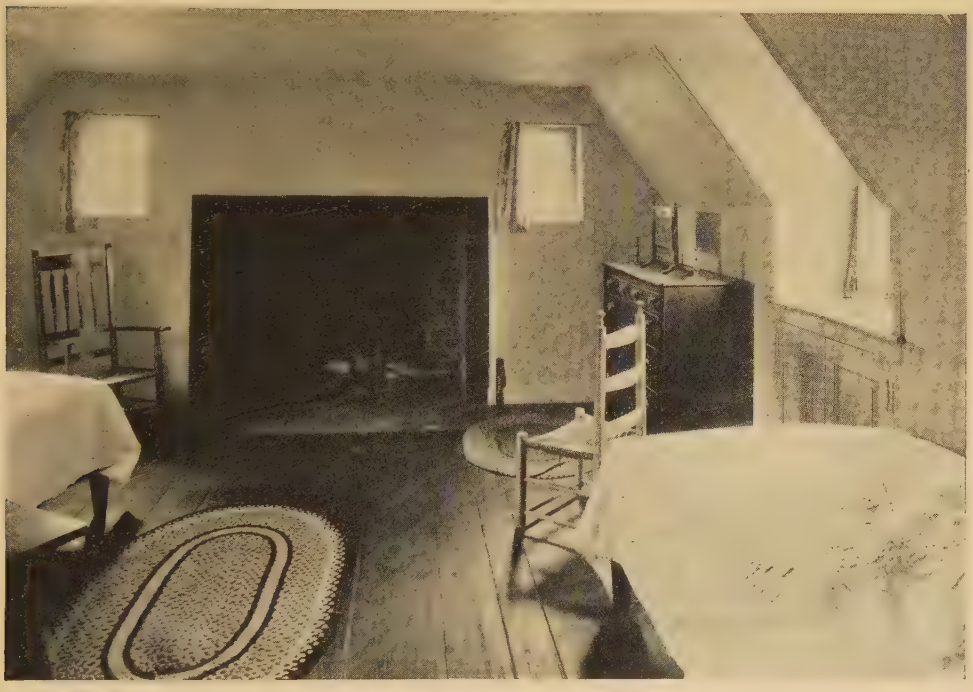
In the hall an old settee and a Windsor chair invite the weary to rest before the climb to the upper floor by way of the stair which begins at the west end. No carven risers or other ornament enrich this stairway—it was built in times too perilous for that—but an interesting dado with panelling follows the rise of the steps with nice precision. A plain balustrade springs from a newel just as simple, and the stringpiece, which is of great interest, has attached to it, level with each step, a rectangular board fourteen inches wide. The stair breaks once, and this is on the landing where—perhaps from a secret room—the modern bath is cut.

The hall of the second storey is little more than six by nine. It is made bright by dormer windows and, following the plan below, has upon each side a sleeping room. The room on the east has, in the gable end, loopholes which recall the days when Red Men stole about with furtive glance and noiseless tread of moccasin, scarce stirring a leaf as they prowled like panthers. Another reminder of this grim day is seen in the secret passage which begins in a closet in this very room and once ran around the eaves of the house to a point where it met another leading to the river. Below the oblique ceilings it was possible to pass under the slope of the roof around the house outside of the rooms. The loopholes now are tiny windows with tiny panes of glass, and the space between the dormers is now filled with roomy cupboards and drawers. Above the latter quaint window seats less than two feet deep are formed.

Poplar and cherry four-posters, with candlewick spreads, stand in these rooms as others stood in the long ago. Early American bed tables with old-fashioned candlesticks, chairs of poplar or apple wood,

The chimney piece in the parlour is panelled in Tudor style and, like those of the early seventeenth century, extends to the lintel.

open fireplaces and curtains of India print, with other distinctly provincial furniture, fit in admirably with the setting of the life of the early Virginia planter. The quaint simplicity of these furnishings is one of the most appealing charms of the house, and the present day interior is delightful, for the owner has sought to maintain its original atmosphere.



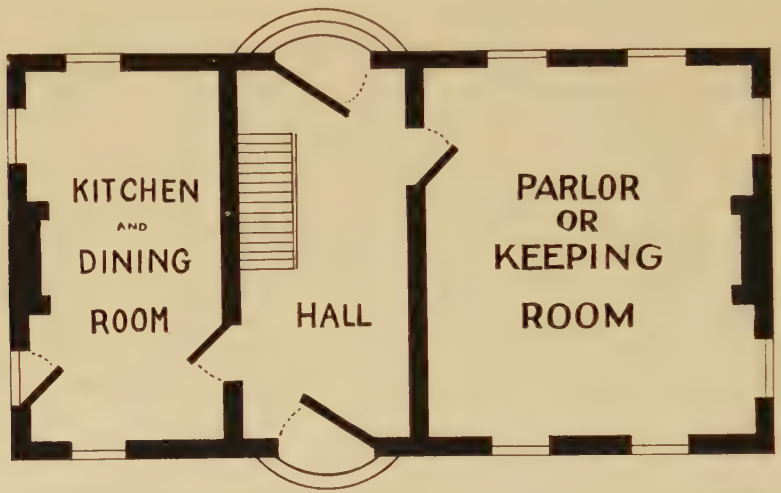
The two small windows at the fireplace end were originally loop holes.

Such is the house planned and built by Adam Thoroughgood. Although later it passed into indifferent hands and stood untended for years, it is now under the care of a sympathetic possessor and its walls seem to smile once more.

To-day the house of Old Lynnhaven stands restored in every characteristic detail, according to the Inventory made by Madam Thoroughgood in Sixteen-forty one and on file in Princess Anne County. Much of the charm of the dwelling is due to the fact that the furniture is stylistic, and on visiting it one is as greatly im-

pressed with the interior as with the exterior. The place is so very old and replete with atmosphere. It has so much history to tell.

All of the rooms are still warmed by logs of hickory or oak which burn in the open fireplaces. Though candles are still used above and below stairs, they are far from those moulded by Mistress Thoroughgood from the myrtle berries picked in her swamp.



A recent floor plan of the house made after its restoration and carefully following the lines of the original dwelling.

Adam Thoroughgood was one of the most conspicuous figures of the seventeenth century in Virginia. Among other offices, he held that of Commander of the County, and was a member of the King's Council. When he died in Sixteen-forty at the early age of thirty-seven, he was one of the richest men of a wealthy parish, and when he was laid to rest in the yard of the Old Brick Church, the Colony was robbed of a fine and influential man.

In the restoration of her old house, Miss Grace Keeler, whose father, Judge Keeler, bought Old Lynnhaven Farm some years ago, has removed an incongruous addition, and in re-furnishing it she was guided by the Inventory made by Madame Thoroughgood just before her marriage to John Gookin.

Brick gateposts bearing the place name inform the traveller where to turn off of the main highway—which, incidentally, was one

of the first roads ever built in America. The lodge is a small log cabin in perfect tune with the estate. The roadway is surpassingly lovely as it winds between red-berried branches of holly and cone-tipped boughs of pine; the tender pink of young oak leaves and tents of dogwood with shallow banks whitened by frail wood lilies in the spring—all tied together with golden streamers of the yellow jessamine.

This woodland stretch breaks to permit the view of well tilled fields; then on again it goes to end in a grove of pecan trees. At the end of the pecan avenue the quaint, lovable, gabled house stands in its setting of green grove, where a magnolia blooms upon one side and box clumps guard the steps.

The old house, which holds one captive with the first glimpse of it, has had stirring times and cruel treatment. As a jewel of Colonial architecture it takes one by storm, for its bricks have been warmed and mellowed by many suns and a human charm emanates from the quiet walls. Birth—life—death—repeating itself from generation to generation has passed through its ivied walls, and he who would find old-time peace for his soul has but to look at this hostage of history which has recently been brought into new life and dignity.

Again the sun pours in through the tiny panes of the deep-set windows; once more the cavernous fireplaces blaze with the glow of burning logs. One—two hundred years are forgotten, and the happy relic of pioneer days seems to have remained fixed at the point in time from which its history began.

CARTER'S GROVE

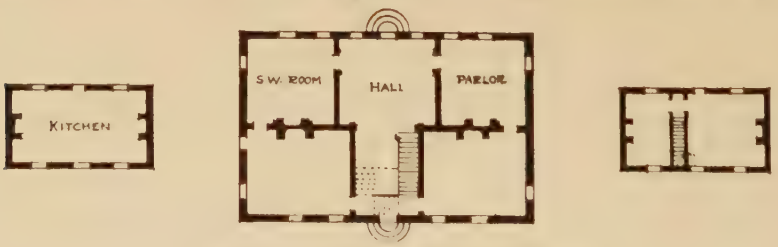
ROBERT CARTER of Corotoman, who obtained the sobriquet of "King," owing to the numerous lands patented by him, owned among these a fertile tract on the James where the river flows the width of seven miles between the two shores. This plantation, while originally a part of Martin's Hundred Parish, founded in Sixteen-eighteen, was given later by King Carter to his daughter, Elizabeth, as her dower when she married Nathaniel Burwell.

The historic estate lies but a few miles from Williamsburg and has its entrance on the modern concrete highway where spirited motors have ended forever the romance of stagecoach and cavalier. The house is set off from the open field by a double planting of cedars of age unknown with a sweep of thickly turfed passageway between. The cedars give way to four lines of locust trees which end at the grove, which suggested the plantation name.

The south door of the old brick dwelling is visible at the end of a vista and two very tall chimneys emerge through the foliage above the hipped roof unbroken by dormers. Nine windows with eighteen panes each penetrate the walls on both fronts, with four upon each side, and the exterior character is emphasized by the precisely made flat brick arches above them. Indicative of the age, the cornice has a dentil course. Circular stone steps lead to the classic doorway where the architrave, pediment and frieze are of moulded brick—a style seldom found in this country, but in common use in English houses of the age. The pediment extends to the belt course, which has six rows of bricks, finished on each side with a row laid up on end. The base course stops one foot above the top step and consists of two rows of convex bricks put together to give a semi-circular effect.

The south front of Carter's Grove, built by Carter Burwell in 1751.

Carter's Grove is a four-part composition, with a main building, a west wing, an east wing and one covered way. In the central portion the bricks are very simply handled, but the covered way which connects it to the kitchen is laid in running header bond and was



Original first floor plan of Carter's Grove.

added much later. Interesting features of the outer walls are white window frames and cornice and green shutters with holdbacks in the form of a bunch of black grapes.

The north entrance door has a classic brick enframement.

A long porch detracts greatly from the appearance of the northern front, and this entrance door, like that on the south, has a classic brick enframement although it follows different lines. Great trees, some remarkable for their foliage and others showing the scars of time—elm, paulonia, catalpa, poplar and sycamore—reminiscent of Colonial horticulture, are scattered over the river lawn. Where the steep bluff begins to fall are the remains of a once beautiful gar-

The hall, panelled in walnut and pine, achieves distinction by ornate hand carving.

The black walnut stairway with majestic sweep is a most beautiful specimen.

den, the terraces of which, in the happiest days of the Colonial era, extended down to the river.

On opening either of the front doors one enters a splendid hall which has all of the dignity, spaciousness and hospitality of the finest southern manour-houses. An arch eighteen feet wide, framed by Ionic pilasters, breaks the hall into two parts just where the stair begins its ascent, and applied strapwork ornaments the soffit of the broad arch.

The hall is panelled in black walnut and pine with fine detail which reflects the exterior character of the house. The rather narrow rectangular panels are bevelled on all edges and stretch from the chair rail, which has a Grecian treatment, up to the modillion cornice. The doorways are flanked by pilasters like those supporting the arch, which appear to rest upon the dado cap extending around the room. The door frames are plain, but their two-foot jambs and broad cap-pieces have an applied design of the Wall-of-Troy. It is probable

that the abundance and the richness of the carving in this hall could not be excelled in all the country, for it seems that every possible space has been decorated with a design made especially to fit it.

Detail of foliated carved risers and chair rail of Grecian design.

The stairway, with majestic sweep, was the centre of elaboration and is a most beautiful and dignified specimen. Developed as an artistic end with very wide steps and five-inch tread, it is the focal point of interest and would add distinction to any house. Famed in the historical and architectural annals of Virginia, this stairway has a most elaborate treatment and the twisted newels, ramps and easings, although put there one hundred and seventy-six years ago, still awaken intense admiration. It is a most beautiful example. The ends of the steps show a foliated design of great beauty. Against the wall and used as pilasters the height of the balustrade, are twist-carved newels at the landings. A stair window throws ample light upon the landing and upper hall. At the ceiling level, below the balustrade, is a rich bit of strapwork evidently inspired by Chinese influence. The cap piece beneath the tail of the platform is also carved.

The hall measures thirty-seven by forty-eight and the ceiling is thirteen and one-half feet high. The chair rail and doors, like the stairway, are black walnut, and the rest of the woodwork is pine, both woods showing their beautiful natural colours. The Wall-of-Troy motif is used with good effect throughout the first floor. The cornices of the windows are formed by the breaking out of the main cornice, a detail frequently found in the houses of Colonial Virginia. Notwithstanding the outside shutters, the windows are protected by inner panelled

Stair landing showing twist-carved newels used as pilasters against the wall.

blinds, and have deep seats between their panelled jambs under cornice and frieze.

With the hall, four rooms complete the first floor; that on the east side of the river front being the drawing room, which shows an elaborate use of hand-tooled woodwork. The Roman Doric cornice breaks out over the chimney breast, the lower part resting upon the pilaster

The drawing room on the east side of the river front shows an elaborate use of hand tooled woodwork.

caps embellished with the same Greek Key motif that is used extensively all over this storey. Panels of no less than six different sizes and bevelled on the edges cover the wall space, the majority being rather narrow. The two between the pilasters flanking the mantel are wide and shallow rectangles. The mantel, an importation, has a cornice into the frieze of which is embedded Sienna marble whose orange tone gives a bright touch of colour to the otherwise white room. The balance of the flanking pilasters and the harmonious relation of the fireplace mould and over-panels form a happy combination.

The southeast room is in pine also, but here it has attained a wonderfully soft tone of red-brown at the hands of time. The chimney breast is sheathed with narrow boards placed horizontally and which, although unusual, give, with the perfectly matched edges, a very good effect. The hearth is stone and the facing of the deep fireplace is white marble. A delicate moulding with carving in high relief, although put there many years after the house was built, commands admiration for the manner in which it borders the architrave in true Colonial fashion. This room is twenty-one by twenty-one, while that on the west side of the hall measures twenty-six by twenty-seven. These curious and various sizes of the rooms give a highly individual note to Carter's Grove.

The hinges, the door knobs and most of the locks are silver plated, and if the floor boards are not very wide, they have the old-time distinction of being held together with iron staples and wooden dowels. The doors are mahogany.

The first storey of Carter's Grove is an unity of pure form obtained by right angles, straight lines and the related tone of the woodwork that has been restored.

The upper hall almost equals in size that of the other storey. An arch twelve feet wide separates the south from the northern end which is now used as a library. Both sections have plain moulded cornices and wide chair rails; both show the natural colour of the pine, and three windows on the water front give an extensive view of James River near its outlet to the Chesapeake. Mahogany book shelves with cable moulding—a comparatively recent addition—are in perfect accord with the rest of the house. All of the bedrooms are large and painted white. Above stairs as well as below the interior woodwork is rich in elaboration of detail. Throughout the house one appreciates the architectural harmony of the interior de-

In the southeast room the chimney breast is sheathed with pine although the rest of the walls are panelled.

velopment which shows a high degree of good taste, wealth and formal arrangement.

According to the best principles of architectural design, the kitchen and office alike in size and form are located equi-distant from the main dwelling. The kitchen has exposed hardwood beams, hand-hewn rafters, and dormers which are visible from the floor, as no ceil-

ing interrupts. It measures twenty-three by forty feet, and is given light by ten large windows with eighteen panes of glass. Although modern conveniences have supplanted antique methods of cooking there is enough left at Carter's Grove to show the quaint kitchen of Colonial times. Originally, both wings were unattached to the "Greate House," but when it was restored about twenty-five years ago a covered way was built to connect the kitchen in Colonial fashion. The now abandoned office stands as it always did. Both of these little buildings are of brick, with alternating headers and stretchers, the contrast being particularly intense owing to the smallness of the bricks.

Detail of pilasters flanking the hall arch and doors showing the fine carving of the Ionic Capital.

Carter's Grove, which crowns a bluff eighty feet above the river, was built for sophisticated living by Carter Burwell in Seventeen-fifty one to supersede the home of his father and mother. A venerable plantation book gives illuminating information regarding the erection of the house which, we are told, was built under the direction of David Minitree, who was brought to Virginia for the purpose. The dwelling is said to have been begun in June and finished in September and to have cost but five hundred pounds, which appears doubtful. It seems hardly possible that so much work could have been accomplished in so short a time and at such small expense with the ponderous tools of the day.

According to the plantation book four hundred and sixty thousand bricks were used in the construction of the house, two hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber, forty thousand shingles, fifteen thousand laths and five hundred and forty square of glass. Not-

withstanding its age of one hundred and seventy-six years, it is today in as splendid condition as when it was erected. David Minitree realized that the interior of a house to be successful should be made worthy and spent much time upon the fine detail.

Twice was the plantation ravaged by the British, once by the Federal troops, but it was left to Tarleton's dragoons to bequeath ineffaceable scars as they slashed their sabres right and left into the stair rail. Crescent marks on the steps are also credited to the Redcoats who are said to have ridden their horses up the first flight. The house at that time is thought to have been headquarters for the English.

Not long after the War of the Sixties, in a burst of mistaken patriotism, the beautiful woodwork in the hall was painted by the owner red and white and blue! Fortunately, the walls were well scraped a quarter of a century ago and the hall then so garish is now an example of quiet dignity.

George Burwell was the last of his name to live at the plantation, and since his tenure the thread of ownership has been broken many times.

Carter's Grove was restored by Percival Bisland in Nineteen-eight; it was unchanged with the exception of a corridor and certain unseen modern conveniences. Mr. Harwood, the present proprietor, although he does not reside there, has the house and farming land kept in beautiful condition. In a reserved spot in one of these meadows, beneath the deep shade of ancient trees, and asleep under mouldy broken stones, there are some generations of the original family who seem to have been forgotten, whose names have been lost, whose lives overlooked in the hurried march of progress.

When Carter's Grove was built neither David Minitree nor his employer considered any part of it merely for show. Neither did they permit anything to offend the most trained architectural eye. The old dwelling left as a monument to their combined genius is still an ideal country house as perfectly adapted to the needs of modern luxurious living as it was for the practical requirements of its Colonial master—Carter Burwell.

THE PAGE HOUSE

Now known as Audrey's House

WHOEVER enters the park-like quadrangle in Williamsburg, known as The Palace Green, will be at first glance enchanted with the front of the town house of Governor John Page, one of the most important men of his time in Virginia, and a member of Their Majesties' Council.

With all of the simplicity of a clapboard cottage and in a setting of dense foliage, the tiny dwelling is given the quality of a folk song. Like the majority of the American houses of the seventeenth century, the Page House is of frame construction, and was probably the work of foreign carpenters and joiners—indented servants, perhaps. The little dwelling, which has so beautifully borne its age, had both care and good taste lavished upon its Colonial construction.

Standing back of an immaculately white picket fence with green gate and gatepost finials, the high-pitched roof and steep gables place it early in the century and, as John Page came to Virginia in Sixteen-fifty, it is probable that the plan for his residence followed those of the smaller English cottages, with wood substituted for brick or stucco. The T-shaped chimneys are placed in an uncommon way. Instead of having been built at the extreme ends, they mount from the slope of the rear side of the roof some feet from the ends. Their tops are barely visible from the street.

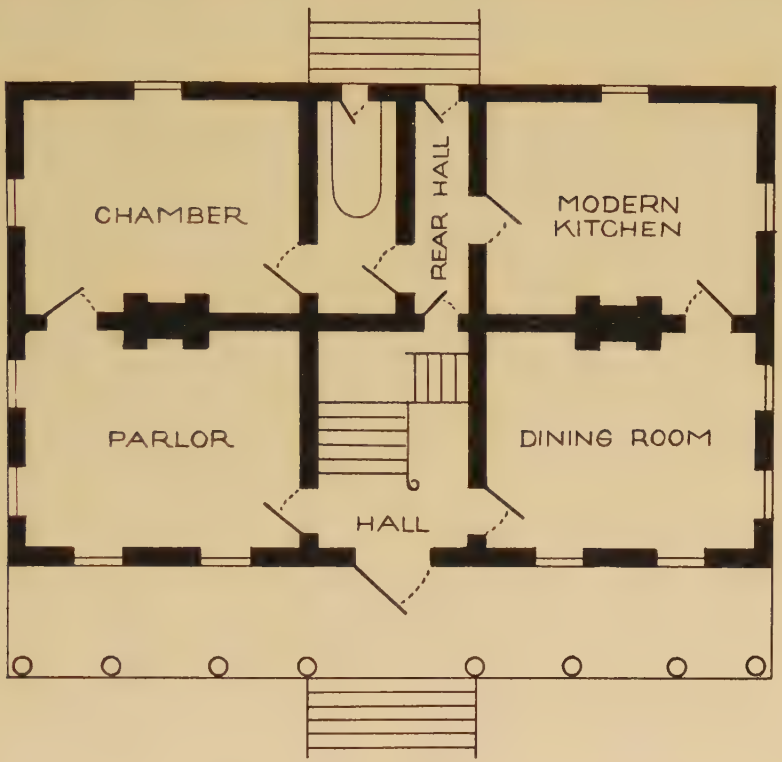
The little building measures twenty-one by fifty-one, and four windows on the front with two on the sides—each with eighteen panes of glass eight by eleven, and extremely heavy muntins—admit the sunshine. A porch drags its way the full length of the house with rose vines and wistaria to screen it, and above this a balustrade, which seems of another century, draws a distinctive line between the first

Town House of Governor John Page, built about 1660. Scene of Mary Johnston's novel, "Audrey."

and second storeys. Five dormers break into the shingled roof, the central one housing a balcony doorway instead of a window.

A massive two-ply door with heavy brass lock and knob is panelled on the exterior and has bias boards on the inner side. This has proved a durable and satisfactory treatment since the time the house was built. A transom was formed by the removal of the two square-top panels, and the hall into which the door gives strikes one very forcibly with the interior beauty, which contrasts greatly with the plain exterior.

The hall appears wider than it is owing to certain architectural strategems of Colonial days. The wainscot which surrounds the wall and climbs with the stair is sturdily panelled. The mahogany hand rail is unusually heavy, and the stairway from every viewpoint deserves great consideration, as its treatment recalls two other famous houses in Virginia — Rosewell and Tuckahoe — all three of which were owned by members of the Page family at various times. The lower or



First floor plan of the Page House.

projecting step is four feet nine inches wide and the rest are four inches narrower. All are of natural wood—evidently pine. The slender and round newel is capped by the graceful hand rail, and both are mahogany. The balusters are painted white, in common with the stair panelling and the exquisitely carved step ends. The latter, decorated with the same running foliated design as those of the North Stair at Tuckahoe and the Grand Stairway at Rosewell, was evidently the work of the same craftsman or of a group of workmen whose habit was to go from house to house using the same plans and motifs. This particular group must have been controlled by the Pages. The half hand rail against the wall, which caps the stair dado, is made of triangular mouldings, with the widest side uppermost. Upon this a candle in an old tin sconce is ready to light the way.

The door frames are light when contrasted with the panelling.

The beautiful stairway resembles, on a smaller scale, those at Tuckahoe and Rosewell.

The size of the house not permitting the use of pediments, the carpenters used at the head and foot moulded frames which extend beyond those on the side. The hall is twelve by fifteen, and an unusual arch leads into an alcove at the rear. A fine old lantern hangs above the stair landing; a tilt-top table stands upon it. A larger table with twisted legs, some India and Windsor chairs, complete this charming hallway whose woodwork and walls are white.

This house apparently so small from without has a depth of two rooms on each side. On the left are the library and a sleeping room. On the right, the dining room adjoins the kitchen, which was transferred from outside to the residence when necessity demanded, and borrowed space from a part of the house unused to utilitarian purposes.

The dining room is almost square and has a wainscot with dado cap in keeping with that in the hall. A large black mantel above the fireplace has upon each side a door. One gives entrance to the service quarters, the other to a closet or built-in cupboard. The furniture is mahogany.

Detail of foliated carving.

The library is by far the most romantic, most charming and interesting room in the little house, for it hides the secret of disappointment or heart-break which led some distraught maid or matron to scratch with a diamond upon one window pane the tragic words: "Nov. 23, 1796. Oh, fatal day." Still other panes are cut with initials or names and dates—"F. B. to S. B. 1710" reads the second to bring forth wonder. "A. Busch 1734" is written upon another. But the bit of glass in the side window with its cry of grief is the one that grips the heart and holds undivided attention. One does not regret the silence of the walls or that the story has never been told.

The hall is furnished as richly as it merits in mahogany which bears the hallmark of genuine antiquity.

The thought of the pulseless fingers which so tremblingly wrote their cry from the inner soul leaves one filled with deep compassion. Like the room across the hall, the library has two front and one side window.

The chimney end is panelled and the fireplace with Victorian mantel is between two doors—one for an interesting cupboard, the other giving admittance to the downstairs bedroom. Upon the white walls hang pictures of interest and a faded and yellowed map. The room repeats the woodwork observed in hall and dining room, and the furniture is mahogany or walnut.

The chamber at the rear of the library has only two windows, with remarkably low sills. Evidently the chief bedroom, this contains in the way of woodwork a high fireplace facing and mantelshelf with cornice and frieze; a dark baseboard and chair rail with moulded cap. The very narrow cornice is also painted a dark colour. A four-poster bed is hung at the top with a white muslin valance.

A charming example of a true Colonial chamber in the Page House.

This, with Windsor chairs and an old-fashioned desk, contrast their colour against the immaculately white plaster walls. Doors of three different types are used here as if to depict the various ages of the house, and on the most important there is an ancient strap hinge. The original fireplace opening once claimed the entire space from side to side of the architrave, but now a small grate gives out the warmth. Beautiful glass candlesticks on black bases strike a note in keeping with the chaste simplicity of the room as they stand on the mantelshelf. In the left corner of the room a narrow cupboard door is hung much higher than the others. Beneath this, the wall for some reason has been left unfinished and a bit of the framework is exposed.

The walls of the first floor are painted white, and there is some mahogany trim, but the majority of the wood used is heart pine; some of the doors swing on antique H or H-and-L hinges.

Not many feet in the rear of the building is the original kitchen,

with its bricks showing a subdued but delightful colour beneath a coat of fast disappearing whitewash. Stone steps lead to the batten door; the roof is steep and shingled, with a T-shaped chimney rising from just one end. In the gable ends of the loft are narrow windows, and the stumpy nine-pane sash on the first floor gives exactly the right touch to this service building, whose lines are so in keeping with the main house. The proportions are delightful. A still smaller building claims the attention after leaving the Colonial kitchen, and this has a high conical roof and is draped with roses.

Detail of chimney end where the high mantelpiece and crude finish give evidence of early Colonial building.

The lawn surrounding the outbuildings is dominated by a giant century-old tree, and an aged pear huddles its worn but still brave branches against the corner of the deserted kitchen. Altheas and crepe myrtles claiming many, many years, are scattered about the lawn in an informal but delightful fashion, and a broad walk is hedged with Boxwood.

In the side garden one heeds the fragrance of the lilacs and lily-of-the-valley in passing through to view the site of the first theatre in America, the theatre which was the scene of Audrey's activities in Mary Johnston's book, "Audrey," which changed the name of the Page House to Audrey's House. Where the Colonial theatre once stood there now stands a one-story brick building which, though exceedingly small, has a battlemented roof. This was the office of Doctor Smith, who owned the property for many years and whose daughters, Miss Estelle and Miss Cora Smith, inherited the charming little dwelling so rich in history and so unique in the annals of Virginia architecture.

The outside kitchen which, though built of brick, is in harmony with the dwelling.

This very small house, with nearly three centuries to its credit, is ideally adapted to the requirements of those who appreciate romantic history. It is this kind of place one naturally expects to be impregnated with the scent of lilacs and lilies; of star jessamine and tea roses, for its atmosphere—even in this ultra-modern age—seems to have been born of lavender and old lace.

THE GEORGE WYTHE HOUSE

PERHAPS the most interesting old residence in Williamsburg is the Wythe House, although George Wythe did not erect it. One does not wonder, however, that the name of this most eminent of its owners has clung to the venerable structure, for Wythe was the first Professor of Law in America. At the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, he taught John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph and James Monroe, together with other students whose names are bravely written in the history of America. George Wythe was a member of the Continental Congress and the first Chancellor of Virginia. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and designed the Seal of his State. Small wonder that his name and fame have lived through the centuries.

Transfers of the property trace its existence back to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the house was erected by Richard Taliaferro, whose daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of George Wythe. It was in this house that the Chancellor lived while resident in Williamsburg.

The large building appears almost square, although it has a depth of thirty-nine feet two inches and a length of fifty-four feet. The bricks of which it is built are smaller than the majority of Colonial days, and though age, with the aid of various vines, has darkened the walls, it is plainly seen that they are laid up in Flemish style. The hipped roof is pitched at a very slight angle and has an unbroken surface, through which two large chimneys with interesting caps rise skyward. The water table, like that at Carter's Grove, consists of extra courses of flat brick stretchers within lines of others laid up on the side. Nine windows—four on the lower

The George Wythe House, as recently restored to its original lines.

and five on the upper storey—penetrate the front walls, and broad steps lead up to the entrance door which, in the restoration of the house, has been made to duplicate the original. A larger porch succeeded the latter in Eighteen-fifty nine. A fine modillion cornice extends around the building. Shaded by trees, which tower above the roof, and embroidered by the leaves of delicate vines and shrubs, the old Wythe House, looking across the Palace Green, tells silently, in its semi-seclusion, the story of the happy life once led within its walls.

Panelled doors, with a four-pane transom above, lead into a spacious hall which measures thirty-three feet six inches long and twelve feet wide. Four large rooms—almost square—open into this central hall on its way through the house. The deep transom above the rear hall doorway is rudely broken by the stair which, from the first to the second storey, climbs at a steep angle, thus forming a triangular transom.

The spacious hall from which four rooms open. The stair climbs from first to second storey with easy tread.

The panelled staircase has been relieved of many unfortunate coats of paint and restored to the natural beauty of the wood. The hand rail springs from the top of a plain square newel post and the balusters—three on each step—are in perfect accord with the well designed brackets. The turning of these balusters is out of the ordinary, and on the whole they seem rather frail for the great stairway with very wide steps and a six-inch tread. This hall, so capable of beauty, must have suffered during its years of neglect, but in the restoration that has been accomplished it has again come into its own. The richly panelled wainscot, painted antique sage green, has walls the colour of cream above it, and a narrow line of black defines the mopboard. The door and window trim are also green, and the combination of colours is delightful.

The door on the left of the main entrance opens into the parlour, which has the dimensions of fifteen feet six inches wide and eighteen

feet four inches long, and is done in old ivory. The narrow line of black between the floor and baseboard is again seen here and gives an effective note. It is hoped that the parlour may be made memorial to George Washington, as it is probable that in this very room the Yorktown battle was planned by the American Commanding General in conference with La Fayette and Rochambeau.

Detail of stairway.

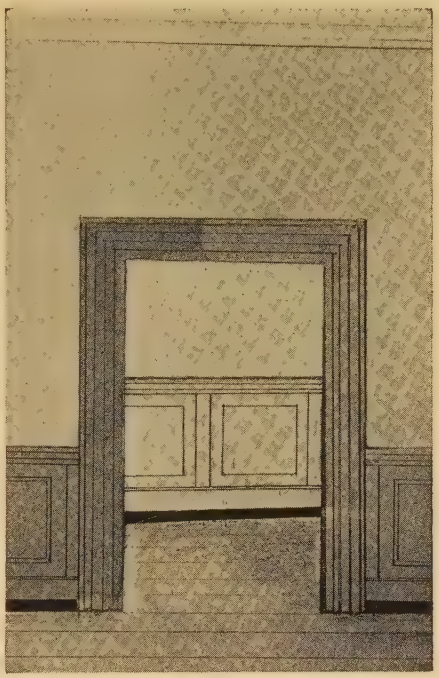
The sitting room adjoins the parlour at the rear, and this measures thirteen feet six inches by eighteen feet four inches. Like the drawing room, it has three windows and a door upon one side, which opens beneath the stairway into the hall.

The dining room on the east front of the dwelling is delightful and has the same ivory dado as the parlour across the hall. A rich modillion cornice accords with the colour of the wainscot, and the walls are decorated with antique paper.

The windows of the Wythe House are charming. Each one has eighteen small panes of glass divided by very broad muntins, and the frames cut into the wainscot almost half its width. The seats are low and narrow, as the frames do not recede much more than twelve inches, but the jambs and cap pieces were panelled by trained craftsmen. The inner window blinds consist of an outer and an inside piece- the former panelled, the latter perfectly plain, the two parts held together by dainty butterfly hinges which awaken one's envy and greed. An unusual bit of workmanship is found in the panelling beneath the windows. At the hands of vandals, some of these blinds were torn away, but one of great interest, from which a loophole once sounded a warning, hangs still at a certain window. When not in use, the blinds fold back into the jambs. In few rooms

will there be found a more satisfactory expression of dignity and worth than in those of George Wythe's House.

The kitchen and service department are in the southeast corner of the house and, at the rear of the building, without disturbing or concealing the ancient brick wall, there has been added a sun porch eighteen by fifty-two feet. This wide porch will serve as the auditorium of the Parish House and will look out upon the restored Colonial garden.



Doorway in hall looking into drawing room.

All of the woodwork in the dwelling is heart pine, and the floors have been repaired, then scraped to show a light colour. The ceilings are twelve feet high.

As the stairs mount to the second storey, they find on the first landing a window in deep reveal. This brings in the light above and below, the upper triangle of the transom also doing its part. Upon its third flight the stairway is concealed by a plaster wall from below, and pendants ornament the ends of cornice and stair stringer. The plan of the second floor duplicates that of the first, with the exception of the room on the southeast corner, which has been cut into dressing room and bath. Each of the large rooms has three windows and a panelled pine wainscot; all have light-coloured floors, and the wall treatment given the house in its restoration is in perfect tune with the period during which it was built.

The Rector's Study has soft gray walls, with antique ivory wainscot, dentilled cornice and other trim. A calm and quiet place of refuge. The library paper seems very gay by contrast, for here the walls are covered with gorgeous Chinese paper, with mandarins and dragons among the colours of lemon and blue and gold. The wood trim is the same shade as the background of the paper, with the

exception of the deep cream cornice. Upon the walls of the bedroom peacocks strut among flowering trees beneath a moulded cornice. The wainscot, cornice, door and window trim is old ivory. Like the first storey, these rooms and hall have, just below the dado, a narrow, black painted basecourse which is of great value in defining the proportions.

Detail of the modillion cornice, in dining room, antique ivory in colour.

The door that was cut in the front of the upstairs hall about Eighteen-fifty nine as an entrance to the balcony above the porch of that date, has been bricked up and a window of the original type has been installed. The upper ceilings are ten feet five and one-half inches high.

In the restoration of the George Wythe House the work has been complete and exact, and today the historic structure stands as it stood when built by Richard Taliaferro about Seventeen-fifty five. Those who have lived in the old dwelling and loved it were, since George Wythe's time, the Skipwiths, and the family of Doctor John Millington, the distinguished scientist and professor at the College of William and Mary, whose tenure was long and happy. It was from Miss Mary Sherwell, whose family had owned the place for many years, that the property was purchased by Bruton Parish Church to use as a Parish House. The two structures occupy the entire square.

During the Revolution, when the Yorktown siège was in progress, the old structure was the headquarters of General Washington, as has been proven by an entry made on a French military map of Williamsburg. The fact has also been established by a notation made in the Diary of Judge St. George Tucker. It is very probable that the famous battle of Yorktown was planned in the parlour of the Wythe House, and many a brave young American bearing an aristocratic name slept his last sleep within these walls before battle. This, among other memories, comes before one on a pilgrimage to the historic building, bringing a feeling of profound interest and a deep reverence for its past. A whimsical interest also arises on hearing the ghostly traditions, for the dwelling is said to be inhabited

A corner of the Wythe House before its restoration. The windows, inner blinds and hinges are very fine. The white spot in left blind was a loop hole.

by a throng of invisible visitors who will assert their presence and protect their rights as long as the ancient house stands.

The sudden death of Chancellor Wythe threw suspicion on his nephew, who was also his heir, and the story tells that he who sleeps in the Chancellor's chamber on the anniversary of the Chancellor's death will feel at the hour of midnight an icy chill and the presence of a being not of earth. Another tale declares that all through the night may be heard the dainty trip of ancient slippers. Now the steps are merry—again pathetically sad—and this ghostly visitor who invades the silent structure is said to be Lady Evelyn Skipwith, a beauty, and a niece of Evelyn Byrd. The room opposite that of the Chancellor is said to be haunted by a young Frenchman, an officer on the Staff of Rochambeau, who died before the battle of Yorktown. These stories of the psychic world add a flavour to the historic walls, and the traditions have come down through so

The Chinese wall paper on the library walls.

many, many years, that now they seem a real part of the building's history.

In George Wythe's time the aristocracy of Williamsburg assembled on the Palace Green — the men brave in silk or velvet attire; the women in fine laces and brocades, their proud faces seen daily along the shaded thoroughfare over which the home of Chancellor Wythe presided.

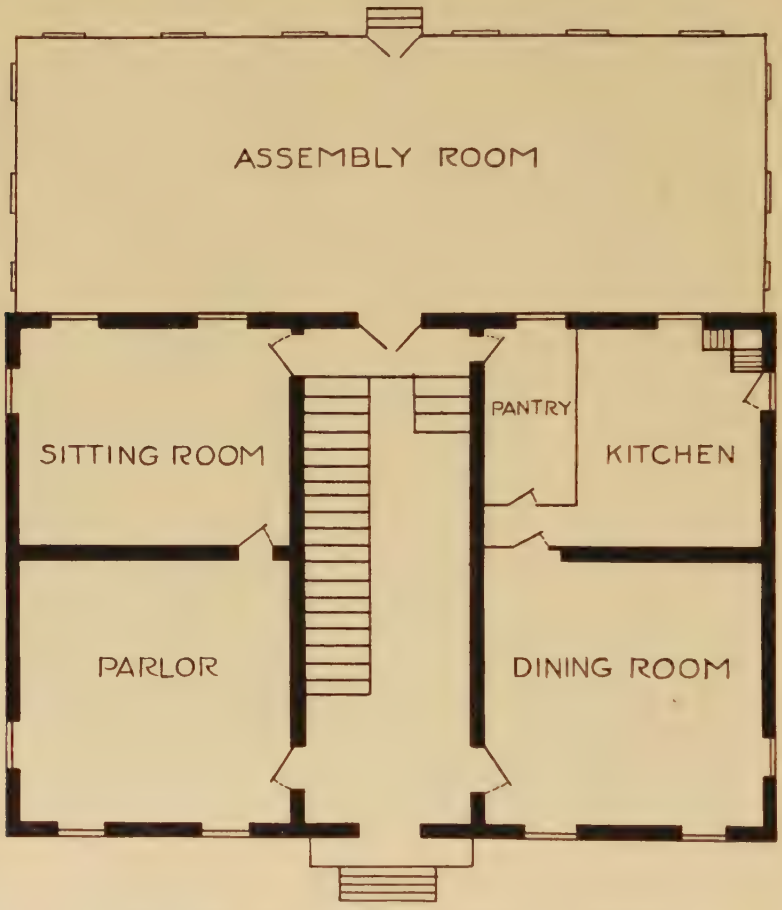
For a number of years the Wythe House was without necessary repairs. Time had played havoc with the exterior cornice and window sills; on the interior the wainscot had fallen victim to dry rot. The water-filled basement weakened the foundation and made the walls damp, thus causing the plaster to discolour and fall, and in every sense the old house was a wreck. Then came the restoration by appreciative hands under the direction of the Reverend William A. R. Goodwin, who, just twenty years before, restored so perfectly Bruton Parish Church. In consultation with the authorities on the Colonial Period with the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Doctor Goodwin, in securing a Parish House, will also have for the use of the Court Church of Virginia a charming home of the Colonial era.

On the walls of one of the upper rooms gay peacocks strut among flowering trees.

After the purchase of the house by Bruton Parish in May, Nineteen-twenty six, the Colonial Dames of America, Chapter Three, of Washington, D. C., assumed the purchase price, and the Colonial Dames of Virginia contributed the funds to restore the dining room in memory of Elizabeth Taliaferro Wythe, whose father erected the house.

The walls and all brick work have been thoroughly repaired; the basement has been drained and given a water-proof floor. The exterior cornice, door and window frames have been restored to the true Colonial type, and the lighting fixtures have been selected by the expert advice of students of the period. The landscape wall paper for the rooms has also been favorably passed upon and, when completely finished, the George Wythe House will be conspicuous among the most beautiful and dignified examples of Colonial architecture in Virginia.

Within a short time the furniture in the various rooms will be stylistic with pre-Revolutionary days, and it is planned to maintain a "Period" museum in the parlour, dining room and front hall.



First floor plan of the Wythe House as restored.

Upon the walls of this part of the house will hang portraits of *distingué* men and women who played brave parts when the Colony, by no means secure, was gasping beneath the great paw of the British Lion. Reclaimed, rejuvenated as in former days, the house will endure as a lasting monument to George Wythe and its restorers.

THE GALT HOUSE

"AT a Grand Assembly begun at Middle Plantation at the house of Capt. Otho Thorpe—10th day of Oct. 1677—in the 29th year of the reign of our Sov. Lord, Charles II of England, Scotland and Ireland" . . . .

Thus is the old Galt House first heard of in authentic, historic form, and thus is its owner proven to have been Otho Thorpe, whose brother, George, was brutally killed by Indians whom he thought friendly. Otho Thorpe was a man of splendid character and was in every way typical of the sturdy pioneers of those first trying days in the Virginia Colony.

There is a tradition that Nathaniel Bacon took refuge in this little house when he fled from Jamestown during his disastrous Rebellion. Whether the building was erected by Thorpe or not is unknown, for the family whose tenure has been the longest had two brothers of the Galt name in Virginia as early as Sixteen-eighty four. These brothers, John and William Galt, from Ayrshire, Scotland, fled from Great Britain after defeat in battle. As officers in the "Rebel" army, which was organized in the cause of religion, a price was put upon their heads, and the two Covenanters were fortunate in reaching Virginia. Samuel, the son of one of the brothers, settled in Williamsburg about Seventeen hundred, and he it was, probably, who purchased the house from Otho Thorpe.

The matter of the builder of the Galt House is immaterial in the consideration of its architectural and historical merits. Erected according to directions given in Hening's Statutes, the early home of Otho Thorpe resulted in a long, low building apparently one and a half storeys in height. This quaint, low browed house, which

stands back of a white picket fence on a quiet shaded street in Williamsburg, claims as its most interesting exterior feature a hooded entrance of a type seldom seen in Virginia. With a shingled roof above the door and supported on rather crude console brackets, the unique pediment springs out from the clapboard walls in a manner that shows its builder was efficient in his line. The steps with brick sides appear newer than the interesting hood, but the uneven sunken bricks of the walk from gateway to house testify to their great age. Along this walk canterbury bells are naturalized, and over an old-fashioned arbour roses of ancient name climb.

One unique feature of the Galt House is the hooded entrance.

The steep, shingled roof of the house is broken by three dormer windows placed with precision a short distance apart in the centre. Never were chimneys built to form a more perfect T, and seldom were such caps put on after the seventeenth century. The roof drops so low that little of the cornice is seen, except the row of blocks on the order of dentils but which are much farther apart. The cornice appears to rest immediately on the window frames. The small paned windows that are an essential feature of the true Colonial house present a curious arrangement on the front. A large window with twenty-four panes of glass admits the light on each side of the entrance door, and one, not more than a fourth of the size of the others, penetrates each end of the building. The only windows on the side are in the gable end of the second storey, and these, like those described, have outside shutters, painted green, which are always effective against white walls.

The house is almost smothered with trees. Elms and locusts

The Galt House. Nathaniel Bacon took refuge here during his Rebellion, and the Grand Assembly of Virginia met here in 1677.

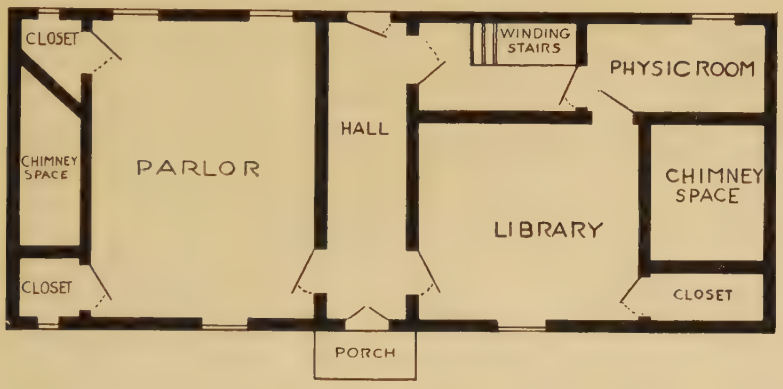
provide dense summer shade, with magnolia and cedars for the joy of winter months. With an octagonal summer house on one side and on the other the original kitchen—where, tradition claims, the first attempt at Indian education was made—in the midst of old shrubs and flowers, the picture presented recalls the days before Seventeen-seventy six. It is a rare pleasure and a great surprise to see so much left of the olden time, and the white and green with the grays of age make the composition very charming.

A basement six feet high with walls one foot and a half thick underruns the building, making it—regardless of its appearance—a house of three low ceiled storeys.

The interior plan is unique in several respects. The bisecting hall which is five feet wide is not in the centre of the house but some feet to the eastern side. Doors near the south front of the hall open respectively into the parlour and library, but the only one near the

The parlour. It was in this room that the Grand Assembly is said to have met in 1677.

north front is opposite the entrance and leads into the modern service wing one step below the level of the main floor. No stairway is apparent, but an opening in the wall near the north door shows, at the end of a deep recess, a winding stair whose exposure would merit admiration. The white plaster walls of the hallway are adorned neither with panel nor wainscot, leaving the chair rail and baseboard to do duty in regard to the woodwork. There are few pieces of furniture in the hall owing to its size, but there is a small "shoe and stocking" chair that is bewitching and most unusual.



First floor plan of the Galt House.

On the left side of the hall is the historic parlour with measurements of fifteen feet six inches by eighteen feet eight inches. One window looks over the street and two over the yard in the rear. A wainscot much higher than the average is panelled in two styles—in squares of fair size below and with small rectangles on the upper part. The moulded dado cap protrudes slightly. A black mantel stands over the fireplace whose space the economic years have claimed in exchange for a small grate, but the chimney space of uneven lines is still five feet deep. On the south side of the mantel a door discloses a closet, but on the northwest end the little room has served a different purpose, for here the chimney takes on a curious form. The theory is that the alcove, two by four and a half, has some connection with a safe hiding place, for it must be remembered that when the Galt House was built the Red Men were more numerous than the Palefaces. The tiny windows at the east end of the building are in these closets.

The library with a store of rare furniture and a door opening into the Physic Room.

This is the very room in which Nathaniel Bacon is said to have taken refuge, and one year later it was the scene of the meeting of the "Grand Assembly." With its wealth of historic lore, the parlour is also rich in furniture, and there is scarcely a piece that is not interwoven with some early legend. The most interesting of all are three Chippendale chairs that were saved when the Capitol was burned. These have low, square legs and lyre or fiddle backs. One sees in them the work of a craftsman to whom the style was new and who essayed nothing but the plainest ornamentation. A walnut drop-leaf table with twisted legs stands in the centre of the room, a tripod table in one corner, and both the walls and the ancient woodwork are painted white.

The library, which is across the hall, is smaller than the parlour, its space covering only twelve by fifteen feet. This, however, is a most delightful room—the uneven lines, the curious placing of the doors, the original furniture, all contribute to its Colonial charm. The chimney end is divided into three parts, the firebreast naturally occupying the largest. Here an open fireplace, with antique andirons and other old-fashioned fire utensils, has panelling all around it. None but a skilled artificer could have arranged such a series of panels of different size to fit so perfectly this particular end of the room. The panelling which is along Elizabethan lines extends almost to the top of the door frames and, though there could have been no shelf above it when built, a plain narrow board with moulded finish now answers that purpose. The treasures of the library are the fine portraits. The three hanging above the mantelpiece represent by their attire three various ages, and others limned by Masters of the art are of bewigged gentlemen, watteau-like ladies and youthful cavaliers with velvet coats and ruffled stocks. On the panelling and the plaster wall beside it, miniatures and silhouettes are hung.

The chairs are original but less elaborate than those in the parlour, but all who are in quest of any form of the antique would be enchanted with what they see in this old room which is lighted by just one window. The chair rail reminds one of that at Temple Farm, and is merely a five inch board along the centre of which two pieces of moulding have been so put together that the deepest side cuts five inches into the room. The baseboard is dark and the flooring is very wide.

The alcove on the left of the chimney stores shelves of books,

but the larger space on the other side is known as the "Physic Room" and into this a library door gives entrance. This tiny room has the curious dimensions of six feet five inches by ten feet five inches, and it was here that the doctors of the family mixed their medicines and concocted tonics from herbs. Such little rooms were the ancestors of the modern doctor's office, and who knows but that they were more satisfactory in the end. At least one of the Doctors Galt was a most eminent man. Though he was at school at Edinburg when the Revolutionary cloud swept with fury over America, Dr. John Galt returned to Williamsburg and in time became Surgeon General on the Staff of General Washington.

The second storey has one large room, two smaller ones, and is reached in poetic fashion by the winding stair.

The peaceful old rooms are just as they might have been when the Colonial family lived there. The low ceilings and the sunshine which pours in through the small panes of glass of each window contribute their share to the home-like atmosphere, and the unaffected simplicity of the architectural treatment all combine to add a peculiar air of distinction to the ensemble, an asset fully appreciated in the tiniest of houses.

Since Samuel Galt acquired the dwelling those many years ago, it has remained in the possession of his direct descendants, the present chatelaine being Miss Annie Galt. In graciously showing the stranger-guest through her little gem of a home, Miss Galt makes one feel how deeply she appreciates her inheritance. Even the iconoclast must admit, after accepting the hospitality of the old dwelling, that in age—in design—in history and preservation, the charming little Galt House is unsurpassed.

THE PEACHY HOUSE

ONE of the most engaging homesteads to be found in a region of singularly delightful Colonial architecture is called the Peachy House, supposedly because the well known family of that name once lived there. This old dwelling overlooks the turfed expanse of the Court House Green in Williamsburg and has before it the ever-present reminder of Sir Christopher Wren in the Court House walls.

Neither history nor tradition gives the date of the erection of the house, which stands on the corner of Nicholson and England Streets, for its early days are enveloped in a film of obscurity. Its date is usually placed between Seventeen-twenty and Seventeen-fifty. Its frontage of sixty-seven feet presents a mass twenty-two feet wide, and the wing, which makes of the floor plan an L, extends almost half the length of the house on the northwest side. The building is of frame construction except the ends, which are brick, exposed on the east but faced with clapboards on the west. The latter is known as stock-brick construction and is seldom found in Virginia. When it is discovered in this section it is considered extremely old. The roof is shallow and hipped, its surface broken only by the two chimneys much lower than the majority to be seen.

The old domicile stands in formal seclusion with no more than its picket fence as guard. The bare, old-ivory boughs of an ancient crepe myrtle lean inquisitively across the gate, and a magnolia tree—a magnificent grandiflora—stripped high of limb to show its strength and with the aged effect beloved by artists, looks capable of ringing the tocsin. A white narcissus next a sky-blue squill, a

The Peachy House, of age unknown, where General La Fayette was entertained in 1824.

great clump of daffodils; the spring bloom of shrubs with the promise of summer, are scattered around the house in delicious confusion.

Painted white, with the customary outside shutters dark green, the Peachy House is perforated upon the front by twelve windows, those on the first floor containing eighteen panes of glass, while those of the second storey have only fifteen. Two windows afford light at each end. True to Colonial times, the long house has very low ceilings, that of the second floor being outlined on the exterior by a cornice formed of blocks enframed with moulding. More than one of these qualities lead one to place the house in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The Peachy House is entered over a flight of stone steps which lead to a flagstone portico, built in the restoration of original material, on the original foundation—a refreshing prelude to the interior beyond. A walnut door opens immediately into a rather small hall which, though of good proportions, is marred at present

The chimney end in the drawing room where the fireplace facing and over-mantel are of Carara marble.

by a twentieth century stairway. It is gratifying to know that its presence here will be brief, for the present owners prefer no stairway at all than one so out of sympathy with their house. Being double fronted, the door at the rear opens outdoors, and this, like those of the rest of the first floor woodwork, is said to be black walnut.

Monopolizing the right side of the building, beyond the entrance hall, is the architectural centre of the Peachy House. Three windows are cut upon each side in the panelled walls, and the chimney end, with outside exposed bricks, becomes the feature of the house by a mantelpiece of Carara marble flanked by two tall, narrow doors, and all in the midst of panelling. The fireplace facing is of the same marble, and this, at the top, curves slightly in the manner of Tudor or Elizabethan days. Above this a long marble panel with deeply bevelled edges stands out in bold relief beneath a moulded shelf, which appears to have added its effectiveness since the firebreast

The west end of the dining room showing a delightful built-in cupboard and unique door.

was placed there. The mantelpiece, the frame, and the over-mantel are all of Carara marble, and combine in one graceful, parti-coloured unit. The chimney breast is absorbed in the thickness of the wall and cupboards or powder rooms are arranged in the spaces at either side.

Each of these doors is very narrow and tall; each has two square panels above and below, with four rectangular panels in the centre. The original locks were of brass and very small, just as the first hinges must have formed H and L. All these, however, were ripped away and sold by an owner who valued money more than art! The panels above the doors and mantel are much wider than are usually seen, and they, with the long, narrow and oblong wainscot, follow the lines of the marble. The refinement of this chimney breast and the bold relief of the woodwork are particularly noteworthy and perfectly in harmony with the best traditions of Colonial building.

There is an unhappy story telling that five of these magnificent

marble mantelpieces were taken away from the house, the one that was left being too difficult to remove. This evidence is found in the deep, harsh crack that extends through the lintel and a chipped bit of marble from the sledge of the defrauded possessor. Here again is a reminder of Sixteen-ninety. Fireplaces of early examples had no mantelshelves, the panelling or sheathing coming to the lintel or its moulding.

Detail of the dining room.

The parlour is panelled on all sides, the panels stretching from dado to ceiling. Unlike many seen, the wainscot has narrow, oblong panels, but the hand rail is independent, with ends mitred wherever it breaks. The work in the room is chiefly by hand; many of the floor boards are original and the light from six windows makes it always cheerful. One envies its great size and, while wishing for the return of the natural wood walls, which by now would be of a glorious hue, the effect of the white-painted walls and gently coloured marble is more than pleasing.

Across the hall, at the foot of the stair, is the library, panelled, and with but two front windows, the extra space having been borrowed for the cupboards at the end. The panelling above the windows compensates, in its unusual pattern, for the lack of extra sunshine and awakens great speculation. A door opposite that of the entrance connects the house with the original stair hall—a fairly large space with a fireplace, two end and one side windows. Double doors between library and dining room form an informal entrance to the latter.

In the library there is a corner fireplace, and this, with five others, are supplied by one chimney. It was in Elizabethan or Jacobean times that one chimney took care of a number of flues. The

The historic room occupied by La Fayette and Rochambeau in 1824.

other Virginia houses conspicuous for this feature are Bacon's Castle, Marmion and Mount Vernon before the remodelling of the latter.

The dining room, like the parlour, is long and impressive, although this, by a pair of doors, can be made into two rooms. The door which gives entrance from a narrow passageway out of the main hall, though single, consists of two pieces hinged together with old-time hinges so it can be made still narrower. Double doors composed of still more doors open or close by hand-wrought iron H-and-L hinges. The windows are all in the northwest end and have a number of opalescent panes of glass and heavy muntins. All of the first floor hinges are H or H-and-L, and the ceilings are nine feet high.

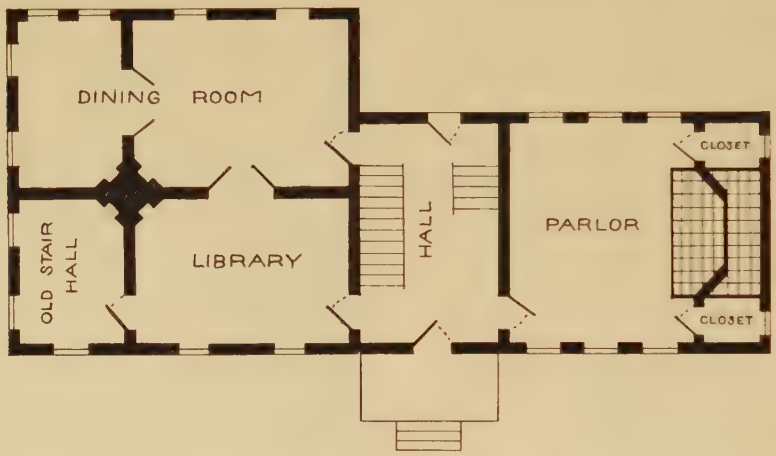
A massive four-poster showing detail of Queen Anne panelling in room.

An ample stair landing leads to the north front of the house and also, by one or two steps at the rear, to a portion which is said to have been added, and will, accordingly, be pulled down. The ceilings of the second storey lack perhaps one foot of being as high as the lower, but the hall of the former is not very much smaller than that at the entrance.

As the parlour below is the centre of architectural interest in the Peachy House, so the great room above is the centre of romantic interest, with the Marquis de La Fayette as the focal point. Just as in the great room below, there are six windows on the two sides of the chamber, and the open fireplace with black bricks is flush with the walls and doors, which permit closets behind them. A mahogany bureau of age unknown is here, a tiny chest of drawers, and a flax wheel upon which all gentlewomen spun in times of war

and stress. The white-painted panelling is of the Queen Anne order—sunk panels and raised stiles—and both door and window frames received the best attention of the early craftsmen.

But the *piéce de rèsistance* of this bright and cheery room is an enormous four-poster bed whose legs have never been cut down and whose top reaches almost to the ceiling. This rare piece of furniture is still so high that steps must be used to reach the candlewick spread, and everything about it bespeaks the long ago—the age thought by modern materialists impossible!



Original first floor plan of the Peachy House.

It was this old-time room that the Marquis de La Fayette left to address the citizens on his farewell tour of Virginia in Eighteen-twenty four. He was introduced by the Governor to the chief officers and leading citizens of the State, to the distinguished gathering, many of whom recalled his heroism and valour when America needed friends—and all from the Peachy House. Rochambeau is said to have been with the French general, and it was this room that the man termed the most romantic figure of the Revolution occupied while visiting, for the second and last time, old Williamsburg. One window pane bears the jewel marks "S. 1765."

The house was then the property of Doctor Giffen Peachy, but it is traditionally related that Mistress Elizabeth Bland Beverly en-

tertained the Compte de Rochambeau here in Seventeen-eighty one, when this same dwelling is thought to have been her home.

Among the melange of lore and legend that envelops the long, low house, there is a tale that would lead one to believe that it was standing in Seventeen-sixteen, that when Governor Spotswood returned with his Horseshoe Knights from the transmontane expedition they were the guests of the Peachy House, known then by another name. There seems scant possibility of there being any truth in this.

After many thrilling episodes the old house quieted down, and the Peachy family lived there happily until almost the end of the nineteenth century, when both in architecture and history it fell into unappreciative hands and the old walls wept at the sorrow that had come. The dwelling became the victim of heinous vandalism about thirty years ago and has been greatly changed since those unhappy days. Stairways from the two halls were sold, and, wherever possible, the panelling was torn out for the same purpose. Five marble mantels and over-mantels like that in the parlour were pulled out for money. The little brass locks were taken away, and a sacrifice of Colonial woodwork and household articles took place within the walls of the historic house. Then came a period of lassitude when nothing was either taken from nor added to the old dwelling.

After one or two changes, the property became the possession of Mrs. Mary Proctor Wilson and her daughter and son, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ball who, with deep sympathy, are bringing back the old lines and tearing away the new. Happily, the family now controlling the future of one of Williamsburg's most historic shrines is faithfully preserving the architectural past that is embedded in the Peachy House.

MORE HOUSES OF OLD WILLIAMSBURG

THERE are in the Library of the College of William and Mary many documents almost unreadable from their faded parchment and script. These creamy papers, which may only be seen under the eyes of a watchful page, are apparently the first records of the magnificent attempt to make of a ridge between two rivers a Capital City. All who are interested in "Middle Plantation"—for that was the first name of Williamsburg—have only to journey from Richmond for fifty miles, then stop where a signpost announces to all the world: "Williamsburg."

In the peaceful little settlement so far from the Old World and so seemingly safe from the persecutions at Jamestown, houses were built not long after the town was impaled by Governor Harvey in Sixteen-thirty two. From then until Sixteen-ninety nine, when the seat of the Virginia government was moved from Jamestown to Williamsburg, some of the most historically interesting and architecturally charming houses were erected, the most remarkable part being that these relics of the seventeenth century are in perfect preservation to-day.

This is a saga of the Colonial dwellings of a Royal town, and it seems only proper to begin the story with the dwellings that face the Palace Green. Although the Wythe House, which has lately become the Parish House of Bruton Parish Church, has been given a chapter of its own, one can not pass the calm old churchyard without a pause—and many thoughts. The churchyard of sunk armorial slabs and mossy table stones; the pink hawthorn of springtime; the ever-constant ivy; the varied colours of other vines in which the

The Saunders House, built by Robert Saunders, and the home of Governor Dinwiddie in 1751.

old church is wrapped, make of Bruton Parish Church one of the most beautiful buildings in all the country.

The majority of Williamsburg dwellings are of the small English cottage type, but the Saunders House, next door to the Wythe, is really pretentious. Facing the Palace Green, this old dwelling of frame construction was built of wide siding at the order of Robert Saunders, whose wife, Lucy, was the youngest child of Governor John Page. The mass of the house is almost square and covered by a hipped roof, within which there seems to be a second and smaller roof from which the two chimneys mount. Four windows break through the lower front of the house—two on each side of the door. Above stairs, however, in a most extraordinary fashion, the left side of the upper front is windowless. The two-storey porch on the east has a well-designed pediment with fanlight, and the upper balcony is made safe by a balustrade. Though once the home of Robert Carter Nicholas, Treasurer of Virginia, and occupied by Governor Dinwiddie when the Palace was undergoing repairs, thanks to modern additions the old house has lost the Colonial atmosphere. The present owner is Doctor Susan Price.

The home of Judge St. George Tucker, Professor Randolph Tucker, and where John Randolph of Roanoke grew to manhood.

For the searcher for pure, Colonial architecture, Williamsburg is the centre of most productive interest. The quiet, inconspicuous houses in front of their gardens and back of their white picket fences, the delicate scale in their design, although the builders may not have recognized it, the number of seventeenth-century houses still delightful and in excellent repair, forces one to admit that no American town possesses such a combination of historic beauty and architecture as Old Williamsburg. Though much could be said of Bruton Parish Church or the Court House and the College guided by Sir Christopher Wren, none of these are included in this claim.

Standing on the Court House Green, from almost any direction one is enchanted with the Tucker House of many angles, now the property of Mr. George Coleman, a relative of the early owner. The building is painted white, and each wing seems to have been built at a different point in time. The central dwelling would not

appear very different from many other houses, but so many divers appendages have been built about it in such a bewitching fashion that they carry the visitor from Virginia to a messuage in the older world. The tiny wings that may have become artistic by chance, the dormers, the inevitable white picket fence, all add to its charm.

In the plan of the Williamsburg dwellings the second storeys do not duplicate the floor below. No little cottage of this richly romantic town is just like any other, but the house now being described is as filled with history as with architectural interest, for it was the home of Judge St. George Tucker, of Professor John Randolph Tucker, and of Judge Tucker's brilliant step-son, John Randolph of Roanoke.

Within, the house is charming. Rare furniture from England—via Bermuda. Heirlooms of many generations. The Lares and Penates of English and American Tuckers and, smiling down upon all, an extremely fine portrait of John Randolph of Roanoke, which shows a very young man with a gentle, almost spirituelle face, which had not been unsweetened by an iconoclastic world. Though the man was forced to change, the smile remains on the face of John Randolph, the most distinguished descendant of the Indian Princess, Pocahontas.

The main dwelling is three full storeys in height, for the basement is high above ground. Three windows penetrate the upper walls, each with conventional green shutters. The lower windows seem placed at random, and the unbroken line of the gable roof is in happy contrast to the wings of the two small roofs which stand close beside it. Each of these wings encountered next the chief building is but a storey and a half in height, with two dormers in each sharply gabled roof. There are two windows and one door on the main floor, while one alone affords light from the east end. This wing also has an old-fashioned uncovered porch on a level with that of the central house, and altogether this tiny bit of architecture would seem to the artist and architect of very great charm. The chimneys, which rise far above the apex of the wing roof ends, are rather low above the undormered central roof. The inevitable white fence, the great trees, and a slender vine of golden jessamine from the woodlands, with the glory of spring-blooming bulbs, present a very lovely effect around the old house.

Not far from the individualistic Tucker House, and also on

The Coleman House, one of the earliest Dutch Colonial dwellings in Virginia.

Nicholson Street, there is another interesting dwelling known as the Peachy House. As the old house played host to the Marquis de La Fayette and the interior presents many very original features, the Peachy House has been dwelt with at length in a chapter of its own.

Just below, and still on Nicholson Street, there is a well chosen setting for one of the earliest Dutch Colonial houses in Virginia. The three-part dwelling consists of three entirely different houses. The main structure has a steep gambrel roof cut off very squarely at the top, from which the stiff little dormers seem to drop, and the unusual chimneys on the main dwelling date it in Sixteen-hundred. A hedge is substituted for the ubiquitous white picket fence, and in the centre a gate painted green provides an entrance. One wing of two storeys and a gable roof presents a very straight front to the world, but the other is charming. It is a tiny bit of a house with a long range from the roof which stands next to it. Different, always

Bassett Hall, where George Washington was frequently entertained before the Revolution, was the home of President John Tyler in 1841.

different, are the houses of Williamsburg. The present hospitable *chatelaine* is Miss Cynthia Coleman, who each autumn matches the colour of great quantities of Saffron crocus with the walls of her house as they raise their gay little heads above summer's dying flowers.

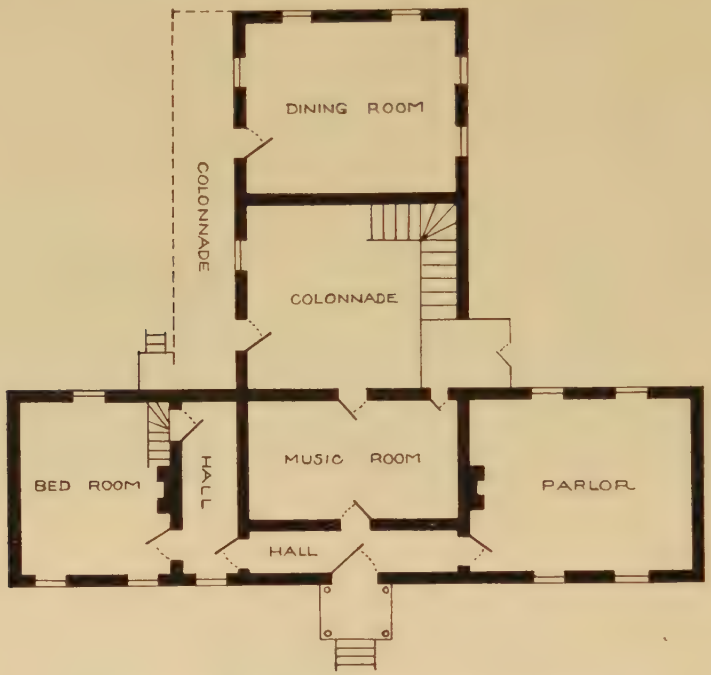
One of the most interesting residences in Williamsburg is Bassett Hall, the town house of the Bassett family, who were of great social renown. This undoubtedly gave the place name, and the old frame house, true to Colonial proportions, stares from its own situation on Francis Street down two other shady walks. The dwelling has all the appearances of an early American homestead which has been left alone. Broad porches cross the frontage and tall chimneys assure the visitor that the house is capable of great warmth within. It was here that General and Mrs. Washington often visited, as the latter was Mrs. Bassett's sister. Thousands upon thousands of jon-

House of Peyton Randolph, first Attorney General of Virginia, Speaker of the House of Burgesses, and President of the first Congress.

quils awaken the lawn each spring—deep gold, pale yellow and snow white. Hundreds of narcissi poeticus and glorious Lucifer—all of them great-great- and multi-great-grandchildren of those imported in Seventeen-sixty five. Every spring bulb and every old-fashioned shrub, many of the great trees, are the descendants of other importations, and some garden fairy plants the garden a different colour each month of the year.

The interior of the house is rich with heirlooms of many generations. The quiet dignity of the splendid hall; the hanging stair somewhat like that at Shirley, but with soffits richly carved; a flaming open fire to cast reflection upon the panelled walls and ancestral portraits. In the dining room there is a rare amount of family plate, of Lowestoft, lovely old willowware and Canton of rare design. The panelling and other woodwork was scraped of many coats of paint and now shows the original soft brown pine, against which the antique furniture shows at its best.

In Eighteen-forty one Bassett Hall was the property of John Tyler, President of the United States, and now its happy owners are the Misses Smith, to whom are due the beauty of bud and blossom. By untiring care and deepest affection every old flower and shrub has continued to thrive.



First floor plan of the Peyton Randolph House.

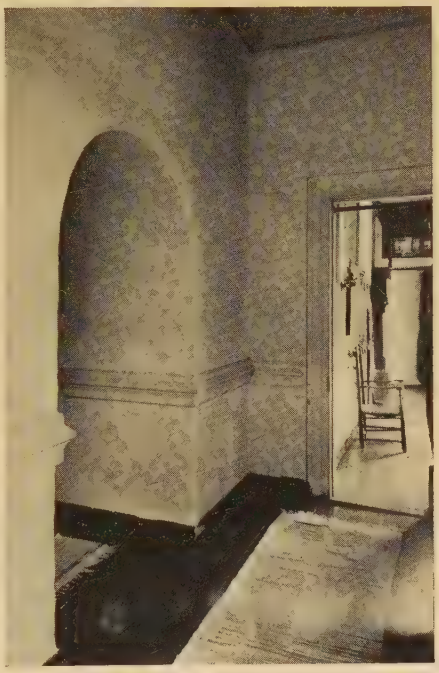
Adjoining the arrow-shaped end of the Bassett Hall lawn is the old home of Peyton Randolph, first Attorney General of Virginia, Speaker of the House of Burgesses and President of the first American Congress. The present owner is Mrs. Rebecca Cooper Reeve.

The first impression of this buff-coloured clapboard house is that it has been completed as the years progressed. The central portion of three storeys seems to have been erected before the wings on either side, because some of the exterior is siding, and this, with various other facts, lead one to that belief. Besides this, it was customary in those halcyon days to build as the families grew, neither

money nor labour being plentiful. However, whoever did build the additions, the work was so skillfully done that, but for these trifling changes, the house would appear of one date. Even the course of dentils that follow the pediment and the pedimented portico are in perfect tune with that of the cornice and gable end of the right wing.

The main building seems a little high for its length, and two very tall chimneys rise above the gable. The house should probably be called two and a half storeys, but the second floor has a very low ceiling, for much space was taken for the attic above. Three twelve-pane windows are cut through the upstairs wall, while the lower storey has only one of eighteen panes on each side of the heavy entrance door, on which a charming antique brass knocker adorns the central rail.

The one-storey wings are just alike but for the cornice on the left one; each have windows similar to the lower windows in the main building, and green slat shutters guard them all.



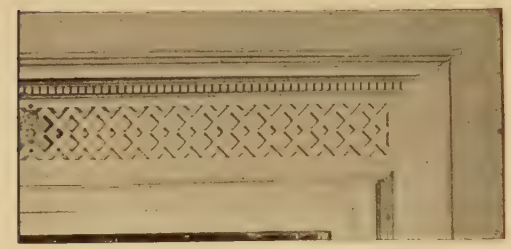
Arch leading from transverse hall into the Music Room.

Overhung by elm and catalpa trees, with ancient roses climbing and twining about both wings, this house of Peyton Randolph's will always be reminiscent of his statesmanship, and the slightly classical flavour that hangs about the exterior gives an idea of the days prior to the accession of the House of Hanover.

Five stone steps lead to the delightful little portico, at the rear of which is the entrance door with a four-pane transom above. One glimpse at the plan and one will appreciate that it was drawn by no architect, for the doors, the windows and the many halls follow uncertain and devious ways. The door opens into a narrow wing passage, which grows wider through the breadth of the main dwelling,

then returns to the narrow width. It ends first at a chamber, then turns swiftly down to the service stair and the colonnade beyond. The hall runs straight across the house front. A well shaped arch—but not built for any particular need—is carved out of the sanded plaster, and this is as plain as any monastery could have. The ceiling here is low, and the only attempted ornamentation is a broad chair rail with moulded, projecting centre.

The parlour is on the right of the house as one enters, the music-room in the centre, and back of this, in the leg of the T-shaped plan, are the colonnades and dining room, each most attractive, with windows on three sides. The main stair ascends from the colonnade, and although there are two stairways in the dwelling, there are but two open fireplaces—one in the drawing room and the other in the first floor bedroom. The parlour occupies the whole of the right wing, and here a beautiful mantel decorated with an interlace motif is rivalled by one of the handsomest cornices in Williamsburg, or in Virginia. While rather narrow, owing, one supposes, to the low ceilings, with a strip of moulding above and below, modillions of the cornice hold one entranced for many minutes in the wonder how at such a far away date it could possibly have been so well made. The mantel is a gem, and one hates to admit that it is years younger than the cornice, but the admission must be made; no mantels were used until after the Revolution, and Peyton Randolph had been glorying in his cornice long before the Colonies won their freedom.



Detail of fretwork on mantel.

Rambling through this beautiful little city one sees on each street façades of houses high in the esteem of architects. One of these, on Capitol Street, is delightful in every line. It has the atmosphere of great age, and although it might be called a four-part composition, has no one roof boundary, the skyline of each having a different height. That is the delight!

The original portion of the dwelling was built very early in Colonial days by John Coke, who came of the Coke family of Trusley, England, and was a man of importance in the Colony. This is

Chimney end of parlour. The mantel enriched with interlace and the modillion cornice are noteworthy.

incorporated in the long, low house, which seems shy as it huddles back of the customary white picket fence heavily hung with vines of green and other vines of colour. The largest of this four-part composition is fully two and a half storeys high, and beneath this the less ambitious buildings seem to hover. The end building is charming. It has a high-pitched roof pierced by three narrow,

The Garrett House, one of the most charming dwellings in Williamsburg.

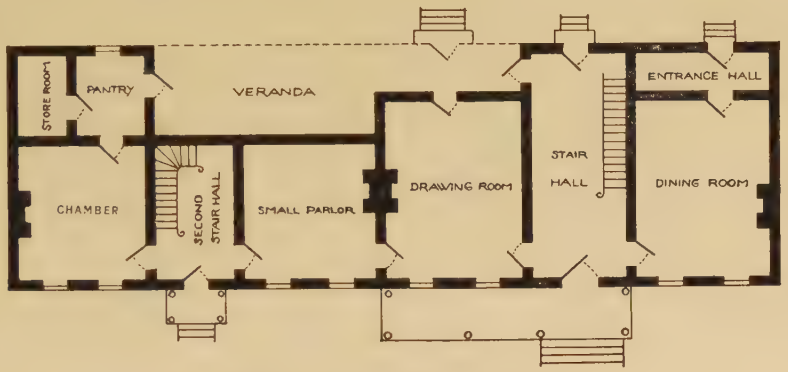
peaked dormers and one chimney, which breaks into the sky some distance above. The tiny building is very, very low, the pediment of its portal touching the line of the roof. Two eighteen-pane windows with eight green-painted outer blinds occupy almost the entire space of the front wall. With trees and vines and shrubs around it, the clapboard house is like a pastoral painted on a Louis Quinze fan.

The next part of the house is three storeys in height, and this, too, has a gable roof, end chimney and two dormers to make the third floor habitable. The second storey has very low ceilings, but it is very light, as four windows of fifteen panes of glass each stretch across the front and probably across the rear. All have green shutters. The balcony on this storey is encircled by a balustrade of Chinese Chippendale lattice of a very ornate pattern. Curiously, the porch below has no railing in front, but has lattice at each end.

The tiny little building next encountered is like the cocked hat of

the *ancient regime*. Its gable roof, half the length of the first wing, is a trifle lower, and two dormers are there instead of three. The same type chimney rises from the same end position. There are in reality two windows and one door on the lower storey, but an ancient lilac bush has so thrown out its arms that now just one window is seen as it peeps shyly out at the street.

The fourth or last addition stands at right angles in front of the other building, and, though this has no dormers, it has a fanlight in its deep gable end. Whether this is merely used as a porch or has living quarters at the rear, it forms a very delightful ending to the rambling, charming house.



First floor plan of the Garrett House.

The Garrett House well represents three different architectural periods—the true Colonial, the Renaissance and the Jeffersonian.

The hall of the west wing is just about large enough for the Chinese Chippendale stair which, tradition says, was put there when the house was built. Such stairways are not common in Virginia. There is one at Brandon, but the rest, it is supposed, are to be seen in Williamsburg. The steps are high and narrow, with each line betraying unskilled workmanship. The plain newel post is much higher than the majority and is built into the lowest step. The angle post is, like the newel, square of shaft and cap, but the sheathing of the stairway, while less than a foot deep at the bottom, is many feet higher at the rear, although the balustrade maintains the same width. The lattice is very narrow and is interlaced in two directions between the sheathing and an interesting hand rail. At regu-

The famous Chinese Chippendale staircase of the Garrett House.

Detail of Chinese Chippendale stair. The scalloped effect is caused by the wall stringer showing through the lattice.

lar intervals upright pieces make of the lattice squares. The portico has at each end balustrades which show the same oriental influence as the stairway within. A rare old Chinese lantern hangs above the stair, and the doorways, wall stringer and balustrade are of walnut. The entrance door, with its mark of the craftsman, stands immediately beneath the one landing; the door frames are white, the floors

very old, and an antique chest fills the space on one side of the white plaster wall.

On the west of this hall is a small bedroom, on the east, the small parlour, with doors leading into both direct from the entrance. The right-hand room has an open fireplace, and it is into this chimney that the drawing room fireplace opens. This was the line, too, where the first addition probably was made. The hallway, following the Colonial idea, extends from front to front, and though longer, is but little wider than that along Chinese lines. A plain and heavy arch spans the hall where the steps —unusually narrow for the period— begin their rise. The stairway is distinctly angular. The mahogany or walnut newel is round and slender, except at the top, where it flattens out into a small square to uphold a turned ball. The hand rail and angle post are also of dark wood, and the latter is enough like that at Stratford to prove its Colonial identity. The side is panelled, and the wall stringer meets on the landing a wainscot sheathing of very wide boards. This is very narrow, merely an upper piece of the wall, but the latter is covered with what has helped make the Garrett House famous—imported wall paper with an all-over design of conventionalized leaves.

Chamber in the south wing room.

Upon the walls hangs a most interesting collection of Indian relics, and next them stand card and tilt-top tables and a chair inspired by Chippendale, but made by some craftsman on this side of the ocean. The woodwork of the hall is painted white, and from the key-block of the broad arch hangs an antique lantern that would be a prize in any collection.

The dining room is entered from the south end of the hall, and

The stair hall. A rare collection of Indian relics is seen in the right foreground.

here is more old-fashioned wall paper in soft shades, a pleasant background for old silver, china and mahogany—the inheritance of long ago.

The parlour completes the first storey of the main house, and is given great interest by the Chinese wall paper which dates from Seventeen-fifty, when *chinoisiere* were in favour. The condition and the colouring of the paper in the drawing room are remarkable, because it is the first brought to Williamsburg. The design consists of small landscapes in rococo frames on a seeded background, and narrow decorated strips of paper are used to simulate panelling. The landscapes of different types alternate on the supposed panelling. A provincial cornice of many moulded lines slopes toward a narrow moulding above it and forms, in a way, a coved ceiling.

Whatever may belong to a post-Revolutionary day, the majority of the Garrett House and its surroundings is very old. Trees, lopped by storm, but clinging fast to the life that is left. Crepe myrtles,

Tazewell Hall, home of Sir John Randolph, with notable interior detail.

grown high above their normal size, and narcissi, which count the years by their production, are softly padded over the lawn and the garden of other days. The present owner of the rare old place is Miss Lottie Garrett, whose family have long been in possession.

There are no great houses in Williamsburg, great in the sense of towering storey above storey or spreading over acres of ground, but in the true sense there are many great little houses in the great little town; houses that saw the beginning of the nation; houses that heard the planning of the coup that won liberty for America; houses that have been content with the simple beauty of their architecture which, after an existence of more than three hundred years, appeals to us so strongly.

One of these dwellings that catches—then holds—the attention is on England Street and is known as Tazewell Hall. It is larger than the majority of the old buildings and has not an attractive exterior, but that may have been caused by the many changes made

in it and the fact that once it was moved. The house is built on a simple rectangular plan, with walls of siding and shallow gable roof. The four chimneys which stand on the ends of the roof are small in proportion to the house, and the two dormers are also incidental. Twelve windows are cut into the walls on the first and second storeys, and the two-storied porch pays tribute to classicism in the pediment which, though plain, has good lines; in the centre, instead of a rose window, there is what might be called an elliptical fanlight, with keystone above. All of the front windows maintain the same size and number of panes, and all have the customary green blinds. The upper balcony has a railing with dark hand rail as protection, but the lower has no balustrade. The entrance door is very wide.

This is the house built by Sir John Randolph, or by his father, William of Turkey Island, for his son, Sir John. Not only was the master of Tazewell Hall Speaker of the House of Burgesses and a distinguished barrister, but his brothers all held positions of honour.

First floor plan of Tazewell Hall.

The entrance door to which allusion has been made has eight deeply bevelled panels and an enormous brass lock with H-and-L hinges of extraordinary size. This door gives entrance to a surprisingly beautiful interior which is at once appreciated in the hall, measuring twenty-five feet wide and twenty-eight feet long. There is no cornice, but there is a slightly coved ceiling, to the lower part of which the capitals of pilasters extend. The white plaster walls are broken on the side by these fluted pilasters, so placed that the effect is that of panelling, although there is only a panelled wainscot around the hall. The floor boards are old and the charming stairway is one of the most beautiful in Virginia. While in certain ways it is a counterpart of the main stair hall in the Garrett House, it has far more distinction, having more space from which to ascend. This stairway is by no means of perfect regularity; the first step ends at the door frame of the dining room, the second is made narrower by a pilaster; the third is made still more narrow by the corner of the pilaster, and so they go until the fifth is reached, and they begin

The spacious hall and very beautiful stairway.

to bend with the wall stringer to the stair window. The steps have a natural finish, while the stringer is dark with a white moulding above. The dainty newel and angle posts are mahogany and the rest of the stairway is painted white. Two very slender spindles stand on each step—proof of an early day—and the risers are carved with deep, modillion-like scrolls. Though the tread is rather high as far as the landing, it lowers as the stair continues to climb, giving it in every way a scholarly appearance. There are three types of door frames in the hall. That for the entrance is walnut framed with white. That leading into the dining room has a dark enframement and the drawing room is entered under a broad arch, whose use appears to have been diverted, for, from the pilaster caps and between them, the space has been sheathed with plain boards. Curiously enough, the arches at the chimney end which stand opposite those in the hall retain their graceful lines.

Entering the drawing room, one is immediately impressed with

Detail of stair showing carving of the step ends.

the charm and cheer of the room. Of large proportions, and with regular lines, the room is an admirable background for any furniture in line with its time. The impression stirs memories of English drawing rooms—past and present—where restraint and dignity and a somewhat formal elegance are the dominant characteristics. The special feature of the room, architecturally, is the chimney end. Here the fireplace opening is faced with dark gray marble, beneath

The drawing room, where no finer woodwork can be found in Virginia. The arches, panels and modillion cornice are very lovely.

the architrave and its facing of the same marble. The chimney breast is panelled, and where it ends on the sides the arches begin to prove their beauty. These are not very broad, but they are beautifully deep, and each permits space for an alcove of varied uses. Each alcove has in it a window the size of the others in the house. The modillion cornice shows the touch of a master craftsman—particularly where it breaks out over the firebreast with a round frieze. The wainscot is panelled in squares and the dado cap is of three parts, with ovolo moulding, which is largest and in the centre. The panelling, except above the mantelpiece, is done in the French fashion, wide panels alternating with very narrow stiles. With the exception of door frames and doors the woodwork of the room is painted white. This room is well designed, and the beautifully executed woodwork can not be excelled in Virginia, all of which is well set off by the proportions of twenty-five by thirty-five feet.

Archway between hall and dining room.

When Tazewell Hall was built, Sir John and Lady Randolph were among the most popular hosts in the Colony, and no one visiting Williamsburg was considered of consequence without being entertained at their residence. There was a son, Edmund, in the family, and two charming daughters, so no one wondered at the popularity of the Randolphs of Tazewell Hall. Then a black cloud rose over Virginia and, in common with the other Colonies, when the roll of the Loyal Americans was called, the name of Sir John Randolph was not on the list. Lady Randolph is said never to have given up her dish of tea and Sir John continued to be "My Lord." When Lord Dunmore was to embark with his family for England, the Randolph family were included, and tradition tells that it was just before this voyage that John the father and Edmund the

son parted forever. The elder could never give up surveillance to his King; his son was a true American.

Edmund became the next owner of the estate, and the very year that Dunmore sailed he married Miss Betsy Nicholson, a belle of Colonial days. The old house of the Randolphs has known the best of the Colonies. It has grimly watched the tea-drinking in a home divided against itself. It has been moved from its original site, has known the ignominy of additions and alterations. It has existed through the least artistic period the world has ever known and it will, we trust, continue to live through the period of enlightenment that is on the way. The present and most hospitable owner of Tazewell Hall is Mrs. Peyton Randolph Nelson, a relative or connection of the original family.

Of such are the old houses of Williamsburg—houses over which time and storm have passed gently, touching some with the moss of unavoidable decay, some with the heartrending scars of certain unhappy years, but all with the greens and grays of age.

The secret of Williamsburg's fascination lies, of course, in its history, and all through the town may be found the buildings closely identified with the very dramatic incidents that marked our beginning as a world power. Founded by the makers of history, each house is cherished and revered, and as the years have lengthened into centuries a romantic atmosphere has enveloped every old dwelling which stands today in the midst of gardens blooming in the gentle dignity of more than three hundred years ago.

YORK HALL

IN the historic province of Yorktown, not far from the river's edge, stands a picturesque old dwelling that carries one back to the days when George III ruled over the English dominion on both sides of the broad Atlantic. This ancient house was built by William Nelson in Seventeen-forty.

Thomas Nelson, the emigrant, was born in Penrith, England, in Sixteen-seventy seven, and came to Virginia about Sixteen-ninety nine. Five years later he settled permanently in York County, where, according to the epitaph on his armorial tomb, "he completed a well spent life in 1745." Thomas was succeeded by his son William, builder of the house and who has since been known as President Nelson because for some years he was President of the Colony.

There is a pretty legend, which says that Thomas II, the little son of President Nelson, though but two years of age, with dexterous assistance managed to hold in his tiny hands the brick used in laying the corner stone. The massive structure is placed on a terrace above the street corner with brick walls surrounding it upon all sides. On the west there is a modern garden which follows the lines of the old Blow Garden in England, a garden of boxwood and crepe myrtles, with almost every sort of flower, all dominated by a Chinaberry tree. Upon the north is the street.

In rather a provincial way the house appears to attempt the realization of a foreign ideal, and is a fine specimen of Flemish pattern. Heavy chimneys with very unusual caps arise above both gables, in the east of which embedded cannon balls are a reminder of a distressing chapter in the history of the place; for two years the Revolutionary war bore hard upon the old dwelling and left it injured and defaced. The cornice is very elaborate, and the delicately arched

York Hall, known originally as the Nelson House, was built in 1740.

window frames are spanned by flat brick arches, the middle voussior of which is white stone. The stone quoins of the house "key" perfectly into the brick, and between the first and second storeys a belt course traverses the field of the wall.

Within the past few years the shingles of the roof have been replaced by slate of varied hue, and in order to make the attic habitable according to modern ideas, dormers were cut out of it. Four windows look out over the tidal reaches of York River and over the rear, while three more penetrate the sides. In a way, the entrance might be called a porch chamber, as it meets such a need by having brick walls with an archway. Originally there was but one entrance arch and no windows, but in the restoration of the house a second arch was cut and windows added.

Going through the arch one enters a large wide hall with two rooms on each side—the dining and drawing rooms, library and study. The walls are panelled from base to top with pine painted

The hall where tesselated floor and impressive stairway are among the few changes made when the house was restored.

old ivory, and the cornice is puritanically plain. A floor of white and black tesselated marble supplants the older one of wood.

Like the floor, the impressive stairway is more modern than the house, but these are among the very few changes made in the house. This stair of mahogany finish replaces one with a balustrade made of three rectangular rails. The balusters are delicately turned; the newel swings out farther than the majority of Georgian design, and the hand rail is mahogany. Half a hand rail separates the dado from the upper panelled wall. Although modern, the stairway follows beautifully the lines of King George's day, and forms a very distinctive part of the composition of the hall. The furniture is Louis XV.

The walls of the drawing room—also panelled—are painted the colour of sand, with the bevels picked out in a deeper shade. They have been purposely mellowed to give the effect of age. The cornice is more formal than that in the hall, and from the ceiling hang

the tinkling, iridescent pendants of a crystal chandelier. Pilasters, with the customary mingling of reeding and fluting, decorate each side of the fireplace, and their capitals seem to be the result attained by an untrained artisan who, with meagre information, attempted the Corinthian order. The window frames are arched as on the exterior and give within a very graceful line. Each has eighteen panes of glass and a comfortable seat. In the old fireplace, flames still leap about the quaint andirons, and rich mahogany gleams where once loomed more ancient walnut. This spacious room has in both colour and furnishings the beauty and wealth characteristic of the houses of Tidewater Virginia in Colonial times.

The original stairway with balustrade of plain, rectangular rails.

The pine panels of the dining room are painted two shades of gray, and splendid proportions and great dignity mark the room. An application of segmental columns stands on the sides of the flush chimney breast and windows; these too, show the mark of the inexperienced journeyman. The denticulated cornice has great vigor and the treatment of both panels and windows corresponds to that of the drawing room. The fireplace is faced with light marble cut on Elizabethan lines, and hanging above the marble shelf is a painting of merit. The majority of the furniture is Chippendale, in the midst of which a lacquer commode is permitted.

The small chamber leading to the secret stairway of Colonial days was sacrificed for domestic purposes in the restoration of York Hall, as the house is now known; though the stair was removed, the panel in this room which gave access to it may still be seen.

The library on another side of the house has panelled walls of that curious orange colour so popular when America was very young,

The many repairs to the dining room were so successfully accomplished that it remains a fine example of the Colonial builder's work.

and the bevels give an almost eastern touch by being painted black and lighter ochre.

Above stairs the chambers duplicate the first storey rooms, and here the woodwork, like that of the rest of the house, is heart pine. All of the rooms are painted two shades of the same colour.

For many years the panels were whitewashed; for other years they were painted an ugly buff with stippled surface. In the restoration the walls were scraped of layer after layer of paint, but when this was all removed, the wood beneath was found to be a delightful shade between mahogany and rosewood.

The little boy who held with such effort the brick for the corner stone developed into a conspicuous figure of Colonial America. He was a member of the Williamsburg Convention of Seventeen-seventy six, signed the Declaration of Independence, and was made Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia Militia as the result of having

equipped three hundred troops at his personal expense. He gave so much of his estate to the cause of patriotism that it was not remarkable that he died a very poor man. When Lord Cornwallis took Yorktown, he selected General Nelson's residence for his headquarters, and at the request of the owner the Continentals under the direction of La Fayette, opened fire upon the Nelson House, as the cannon balls so firmly embedded in the east wall will testify. One shot did great damage to the dining room; others tore the wall, while General Nelson calmly looked on.

Detail of recessed window between applied segmental columns.

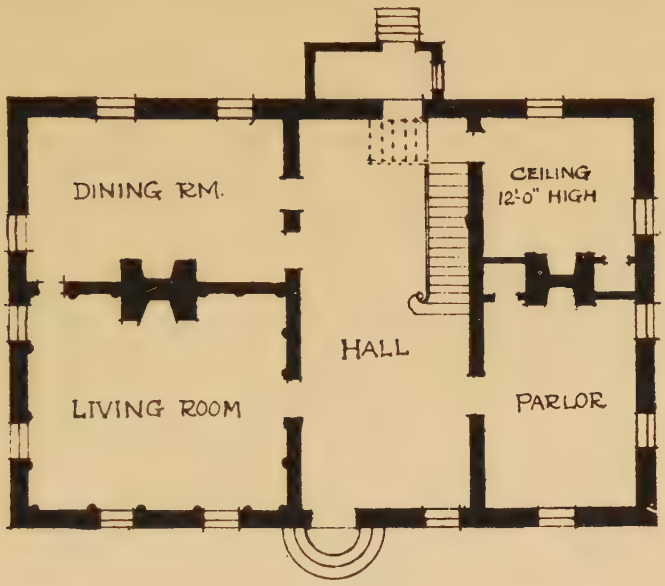
Although he was left an ample fortune, Thomas Nelson II loved his country far too much for prosperity, and the scars made by the Revolution remained without and within the historic dwelling. In Eighteen-twenty four York Hall again came into the limelight, for it was here that the Marquis de La Fayette was entertained when he visited Yorktown the last time.

The old building suffered again during the War between the States, but today York Hall dominates Yorktown as the Nelson House did in the olden time. When the property came into the possession of Mr. George Blow in Nineteen-fourteen there was much repairing to be done, and so well was this accomplished that the house still remains a splendid example of the Colonial builder's art, and one feels the splendour of its brightest days within the panelled walls of the spacious rooms.

The stately house, of great height, curiously enough, seems shy. It hides back of great boxwood clumps which tower above the ivied wall and it is now reaping the benefit of the repose due after the vicissitudes of its early days and the anguish of Seventy-six.

York Hall appears far away from the present, a bit—a real glimpse

of the past, and as year follows year and century merges into century its atmosphere of peaceful age will gain in startling contrast to the modern restless day.



Original plan of the first floor of York Hall.

Yorktown has changed, is changing daily, but the old Nelson House remains much the same. It has seen a meadow transformed into a thriving little city; it witnessed the climax of the war drama of Seventeen-seventy six and it still exists as if to prove to twentieth century iconoclasts the great charm of the true Colonial house.

THE SHEILD HOUSE

A SHORT distance from the sandy beach of beautiful York River there stands upon a corner of an ancient city's thoroughfare an old brick house. It is not a large dwelling but is supremely beautiful with its aged bricks, and with ivy and rare coloured vines climbing at will over the walls and chimneys. The creepers shoot up to the delicate cornice and give an unparalleled Colonial effect.

Rising upon the lot marked "56" on the original plat of Yorktown, the house was erected about Sixteen-ninety three, and shows in every line the architecture that was born in the reign of Charles II and is more or less Dutch Colonial. The curb roof and dormer windows show the Dutch lines, while the dentil cornice and vine-hung T chimneys bespeak the latter influence. The well laid bricks in a Flemish pattern of which the walls are built are a tribute to the originality of Inigo Jones.

Now the residence of Mr. Conway Sheild, examination shows that the builder of the house was Thomas Sessions, who purchased the site in Sixteen-ninety one. The property was not sold without restrictions, however, for with it went the requirement that within two years from the date the lot was bought a house should be standing on it. Sessions was evidently satisfied with his bargain, and the next heard of his property was in Sixteen-ninety nine when the house was given as a boundary line. This seems to prove the date of the building.

The chimneys rise high enough above the slate roof to become important features of the exterior composition, and the five dormers, spaced with meticulous care, have twelve panes of glass. Four windows of eighteen lights break through the front walls, with one of the same size on the west side and one much smaller just below the roof line on the second storey. The denticulated cornice

The Sheild House, built between 1691 and 1699, is the most lovely house in old Yorktown.

which ornaments the front only is so low that it rests almost on the window frames where shutters painted green are in harmony with the vines.

The brick walls are very lovely—the faded black of the glazed headers, the salmon colour of some of the bricks—the brown of others; the grays of yesterday, the greens of today, make the exterior surprisingly beautiful.

The portico on the river front was added after the house was built, for its slightly slanting roof is above the cornice line, thus hiding the dentil course for as many feet as the porch is wide. The basement entrance on the west side must always have had at least a hood. The basement is high above ground, which makes the house three storied. A flight of steps reaches the porch from the side and a massive door swings open to reveal a delightful glimpse of the seventeenth century interior. The entrance door is at least eight feet tall, and eight bevelled panels alternate to form double crosses.

None of the rails or stiles measure exactly the same, and on the street front of one of the latter is an antique knocker. The door hangs on old H hinges which are unusually large in order to bear its weight.

The hall to which this great door gives entrance is ten by eighteen feet and its dominant note is struck in the archway which forms an alcove on one side and has at the rear a door companion to that on the front. Reeded pilasters are placed against the frame of the archway which on each side extends about two inches. The bases of the pilasters are the type frequently seen in Colonial work, but the capitals, with plain, deep frieze below, show the crude handiwork of an early carpenter. They are merely narrow mouldings which project at an angle beyond the frieze. The arch that spans the opening consists of four parts and seems a bit shallow for the height of the frame, and the spandrel with mouldings and bevelling is wider on one side than the other in order to meet certain architectural exigencies, another indication of the ancient journeyman. The simulated keystone is properly in the centre, but its lines and the manner in which it is placed are worthy of observation by the student of seventeenth century methods. The wider part is reeded and is below the top of the arch, the upper portion being above, but the builder was not particular about having the two exactly in line. The wide chair rail extends more than an inch beyond the surface of the wall, but the baseboard is narrow.

The entrance door is eight feet high, and swings on antique H hinges which are unusually heavy.

A door on the side, but near the front of the house, has an enframement which is mitred at the corners, and this opens from the hall into the reception room, which is almost square. The door is

The arch that spans the hall near the rear is a delightfully provincial attempt at the classical.

of the six-panel type and has H-and-L hinges; and opposite it on the east side of the room is the large fireplace with wooden mantel above. With the exception of a two-inch mould around it, the fireplace is unfaced, the vertical and horizontal boards of the mantel leaving a full view of the brick lining within. An excellent moulding follows the outer edges of the boards, extending even beneath the mantelshelf. The moulding was evidently cut when the shelf was put on and now goes only as far as the brackets which support the latter. The extension of the top of the mantelpiece shows that the latter has been in the house many years.

The three windows—two in front and one on the side—are worthy of study. Set back in deep reveals with vigorous muntins dividing the panes of glass and with panelled inner "window shuts," as Colonial blinds were called, this feature of the Sheild House is worthy of admiration. The blinds fold back into the deep-panelled jambs when not in use and afford, with the outside shutters, great protection. The cap piece of the window frames has one narrow sunk panel and a larger oblong panel fills the space beneath the window and above the seat. In a most unusual manner for walls neither panelled nor wainscoted, the panelling incident to the windows continues from the frames to the floor.

An original etching of General Lee on Traveller hangs above a candle-stand, and much of the furniture in the room is in character with the dwelling.

Across the hall is the Colonial chamber with the same style windows and an open fireplace. The chair rail here duplicates that in the hall, and many of this exact type are found in the earliest period of Virginia houses. This was because its simplicity made it possible for many to be built by inexperienced men. The baseboard is narrow and appears to extend beyond the lower panelling of the windows. The walls of the chamber are papered, and on one hangs a frame of rare prints taken from Godey's Magazine. Another wall displays within a framed glass a large number of Confederate stamps. All of the woodwork in this part of the house is said to be heart pine and all of it is painted white.

The only stairway in the delightful dwelling ascends from one side of a transverse hall which is only three feet wide. This stair seems so very old, for the steps are worn with the tramp of many feet during many, many years, and the balustrade is crude but in-

The mantel of the reception room is painted white, and with projection of top piece and moulded edge is—without the shelf—a very old style.

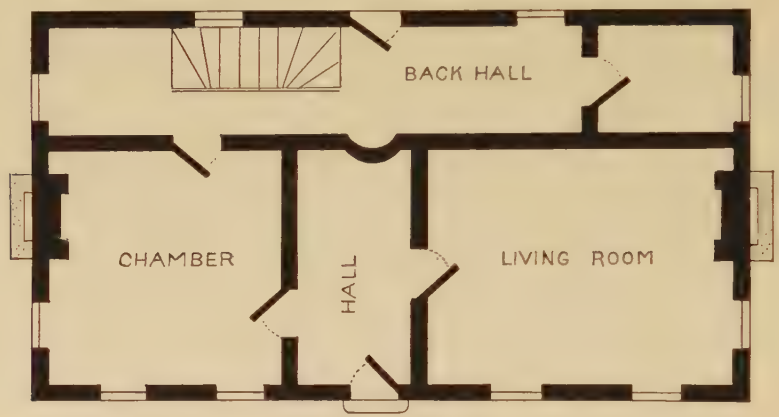
teresting, being formed of two narrow rectangular rails exactly like the original in the Nelson House across the street. The inconspicuous stairway not only ascends to the second storey but descends to the basement as well. Just beyond the steps and at the end of the narrow hall is the dining room. Though faithful in detail to the spirit of Colonial days, in the Sheild House are gathered the essentials of comfort which are not permitted to interfere with the effect of age.

The third floor has a hall and two large rooms. Each storey has a different plan. Perhaps it is in this that rare papers are stored away among other unseen treasures of the old brick house. So many there are and of such interest are they that it would take a long, long time to complete the examination of them. Family papers tracing the descent from the beginnings of the Virginia Colony—ancient deeds, one of which is dated Seventeen-twenty two and

One of the many windows with small panes, fat muntins and panelled inner blinds.

relates to the famous Swan Tavern; the register of that popular hostelry which read, through the years of the Revolution, like Burke's Peerage. Still other deeds to which are affixed the signatures of some of Virginia's most distinguished men and letters—scores of letters where one may read of the hopes and fears, the loves, the lives of many generations ago. More modern registers contain a wealth of autographs of personages of today.

Being as close as it was to General Nelson's home when Lord Cornwallis had his headquarters there during the Yorktown siege, it is scarcely possible that this cottage-like dwelling could have escaped sad memories of the Revolutionary War. When La Fayette, acting under the orders of General Nelson, bombarded the latter's splendid home, some shell aimed at the larger must surely have inflicted damage to the smaller houses across the way. Neither history nor tradition can recall the story of the part the Sheild House took in Seventeen-eighty one.



First floor plan of the Sheild House.

During the sad conflict between the States, when Yorktown was held by the Northern army, this residence was used as headquarters by the Federal officers, and when the Marquis de La Fayette revisited the scene of his early and dauntless valour, he recalled the quaint little house in the shadow of his commanding general's home.

Many have been the owners of this jewel of a house which, with a background of splendid trees, still stands beneath the brow of York Hall, or the Nelson House. The four wars it has witnessed may have been the cause of a constant change in the names of its possessors. But the tenure of no family has lasted anything like as long as that of Mr. Conway H. Sheild, whose family since Nineteen-one have called the enchanting little place home.

The Reverend Samuel Sheild, of York County, who was awarded the Botetourt Medal for classical learning at the College of William

and Mary in Seventeen-seventy three, was one of the great-grandfathers of the present owner of the house. Robert Sheild, the father of Samuel, was a captain during the French and Indian Wars of Seventeen-fifty six

No one of prominence visits Yorktown without asking to see this quaint old house, and in the register kept by Mrs. Sheild will be found the names of Presidents and Cabinet officers; of authors and artists; of foreign ambassadors and heroes of the wars; of governors; of officers of the military and the navy. The list is long and is fraught with intense interest.

This small building of great individuality seems to speak of the tranquil beauty of life within its ancient walls, and its story belongs to a country that should revere its record as one of the few houses which has withstood the wash of Time, the roar of war and the unfortunate changes of the modern day.

TEMPLE FARM

THREE QUARTERS of a mile from Yorktown, basking in the serenity of its mellow age, there is an old house which stands alone and apart from every other dwelling in the world. Surrounded by a grove of walnut and locust trees, with here and there a gnarled catalpa, this rambling structure of clapboards painted white strikes a responsive chord in every loyal American heart.

Known now as Temple Farm, this historic property came into legal existence in Sixteen-thirty three. The land was leased under the name of York Plantation, to a man by the name of Baker and others by deed of Sixteen-thirty four.

On this spot a few years later stood the house of Nicholas Martain, a leader of the first American rebellion. Martain it was who led the Colonists when they captured the arrogant Sir John Harvey, then governor, and sent him back to Great Britain.

In July, Sixteen-forty six, George Ludlow, of an influential English family, obtained a large patent, six hundred acres of which had belonged to Baker. Ludlow's tract, "beginning at the mouth of Wormeley's Creek and from thence running to the river 555 poles unto certain marked trees." Upon the death of George Ludlow, the estate was inherited by his nephew, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Ludlow who qualified on the property in Sixteen-sixty.

After the death of Thomas, his widow married the Reverend Peter Temple of York Parish and moved with her family to England. In Sixteen-eighty six, "Ludlow's Land" was bought by Lawrence Smith, a man of consequence in Virginia.

There is a pretty story which claims Governor Spotswood as the owner at a later date, although the research of Dr. Lyon Tyler would seem to have disproved the tradition. However, the story is

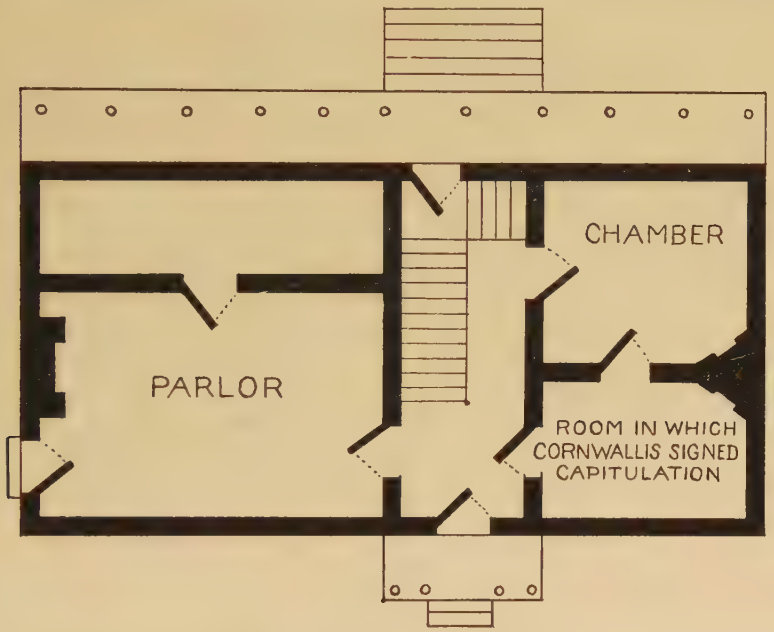
Temple Farm. In the room on the right hand corner was signed, October 19, 1781, the most momentous document in the history of America.

so old and so much credence has been given it that it does not seem out of place to pay a tribute to this scion of the ancient Scotch family of Spottiswoode.

The first of his name in Virginia, Alexander Spotswood came over as Lieutenant Governor under the Earl of Orkney. He reached Hampton in June, Seventeen-ten, and was rowed in a Bedford galley to Jamestown. This man who had followed Marlborough and been wounded at Blenheim—an autocrat and an aristocrat—has been called the greatest of Virginia's Colonial governors. He stood for many things, among which were changes in the mode of granting land and the collection of Quit rents. At the time that he was developing mines, he was projecting an Indian school and rebuilding the College of William and Mary after it had been burned. His most romantic episode, however, was in leading his Horseshoe Knights on the memorable transmontane expedition. He toasted

King George from a mountain top September fifth, Seventeen-sixteen, and christened the river that ran through the fair valley the "Euphrates," which is our Shenandoah.

The central portion of the house at Temple Farm is said to have been there in Spotswood's day, and this is reared upon a rectangular



First floor plan of Temple Farm.

plan which afforded much interior accommodation for the material and labour. The front displays a breadth of sixty feet with a depth of thirty. A modest cornice finishes the eaves, and five dormers pierce the roof—part shingle, part tin. The tall chimneys are shaped like a T, and on each side of the first floor four windows look outward. An attractive little porch on the river front opens directly into the house where doors of six rectangular panels stand at each end of the hall which is twelve by seventeen.

The door and window frames are put together by mortise and tenon, and a dark baseboard finishes the walls at the floor. The chair rail protrudes to an unusual degree and shows three distinct mouldings in place of the one ordinarily used. The white stair-

The hall is austerely plain in woodwork and design.

way which begins at end of the hall has a mahogany hand rail, and this rises from within a curious newel. The steps of natural wood are narrow, and a stringer, also very narrow, takes the place of brackets. The spindles are perfectly square. The walls are painted cream colour, and all of the woodwork, except the steps, hand rail and baseboard, would undoubtedly disclose the soft colour of pine beneath the white paint. The west door leads out to the porch which runs the length of the house. A wide stair window lights the only landing which is a little over four feet wide, and this has square-capped angle posts where the balustrade changes direction.

Four rooms fill the space of the first floor, each of a different size. The largest is twenty-two feet square, and was undoubtedly the Colonial drawing room, where Colonial balls "were made," no other room being large enough. A much worn and shallow step drops from this room to the level of the latter-day kitchen and more modern addition containing the service quarters. Back of the drawing room

is a small, narrow room, and opposite the latter the characteristic chamber is but little larger. Between this and the historic room on the river front are double doors.

The southwest room measures twelve by eighteen feet, and in it the very soul of the house is found, for here it was that Lord Cornwallis met George Washington and signed the most momentous document in the history of America. In George Washington's Diary, under date of October seventeenth, Seventeen-eighty one, one reads: "About two o'clock, the enemy beat a parley and Lord Cornwallis proposed a cessation of hostilities for 2 hours, that Commissioners might meet at the house of a Mr. Moore (in the rear of our first parallel) to settle terms for the surrender."

The greatest scene of American history was played on the stage set in this simple little room at Temple Farm that October day, one hundred and forty-six years ago. The most interesting architectural detail in the house is found in the same room across which the fireplace cuts diagonally. A crude mantel and curious window frames show an unskilled attempt at a certain elaboration, and both walls and woodwork are painted white. The frames of the doors leading in and out of the room are provincial, and like those of the rest of the floor, the ceiling here is about ten feet high.

Above stairs the ceilings make the rooms seem low-browed, and here the walls are cream. The hall is rather large, and some of the rooms have fireplaces in the corners.

Temple Farm has had its place in fiction, with the Colonial governor as the hero, but what Bishop Meade wrote many years ago is true to-day: "Its capacity for improvement is very great." The house has changed hands often, and at the close of each tenantry the interior seems to have parted with some portion of its early grandeur. During the Revolution it was known as The Moore House, as its owner was Augustine Moore, and later it became the property of William H. Shield, who thus described it: "The house at Temple Farm is built of wood and is in a rather dilapidated condition at present. The original building was very large and consisted of a centre building with two wings, either one of which was as large as the present house, which in fact was the centre building."

The plantation, supposed to have been loved by Governor Spotswood, has been a place of many masters, to none of which is credited the place name. It was known as Temple Field for a time, and next

was called "Temple Farm." There is a legend about a classic temple said to have been built in the garden by Sir Alexander, and to this for years has been attributed the origin of the name. However, this is altogether untrue, and no doubt the name, first Temple Field, then Temple Farm, was suggested by that of Mrs. Thomas Ludlow's second husband, the Reverend Peter Temple.

The door from the hall into the room of the Surrender has, like the rest on this floor, rectangular panels and provincial frame.

Shaded by hoary-headed trees and strewn with periwinkle and violets, this now neglected Acre of God has frequently been pointed out as the burial place of Alexander Spotswood. There is little truth in this, for as Spotswood was on the eve of departing for Carthagena, he died in Annapolis June seventh, Seventeen-forty. The only Colonial tomb that has been identified at Temple Farm is that of Major Gooch, who died in Sixteen-fifty five.

Throw memory back to Seventeen-eighty one, when the Revolutionary armies were drawn up along the road leading through Temple Farm. These two historic lines stretching for more than a mile, just twenty yards apart—the Continentals commanded by George Washington on the right, the French under Rochambeau on the left. At two o'clock a scarlet column advanced slowly and in perfect order. The silence was profound as the English troops moved toward the field selected for laying down their arms.

Cornwallis, suffering the depths of humiliation, did not add lustre to his name that fateful day, for he plead "indisposition," and ordered General O'Hara to act in his place. Tears rolled down the faces of some of the Redcoats as they threw the arms, with which they had lived for nearly five years, upon the ground. Others, in

the deep degradation of the moment, turned away or hid their faces.

Silently one leaves the old house to dream in the summer sunshine—leaves it to the story writers who have made so much of it. Let them re-weave the spell that will bring back to the old messuage the river view of London ships loaded with finery for the daughters of the Colonial governor. Let them visualize the vanished scenes of Colonial brilliancy, the drama of love and war.

The type of holdback used on the exterior shutters at Temple Farm.

To-day the visitor to Temple Farm leaves it with a feeling of profound reverence for its Colonial association. The place should occupy forever a shrine in the hearts of the American people, for within its confines—after many hopes and times of suffering—the brave Colonists saw the close of the Revolution which ended the British Empire in America.

TODDSBURY

CONSIDERING the many counties of Virginia—their ages or beauty or history—Gloucester, one of the oldest and most beautiful, has suffered more in the preservation of its Colonial houses than any other.

Being a shire of Tidewater, Gloucester was naturally among the first settlements, for the early Colonists were at first too timid to venture from the water highways. Not only was the settlement of this part of Virginia extremely prosperous, but the families who made their homes on Ware or North Rivers came of the best blood in England and commanded great wealth. Before the Revolution the County of Gloucester was one of the gayest places in the new country. There were fox hunts and horse races with other sports on land. There were balls for the women and elections for the men, and for both there were the beautiful rivers for amusement.

The county was notable for its great houses, its churches. The finest architects available at that early date were employed. When one could not be found, master-builders with scores of drawings were brought from England, with a corps of workmen and cargoes of material. At that time everything was done in Gloucester upon a most lavish scale. But a great change has taken place in the Tidewater county. The rivers are there, the people; many splendid late Georgian dwellings, but the fine old walls of the houses of Indian days have succumbed to storm or fire or war. Warner Hall, with its line of princely masters and undoubted history, has gone. Fairfield, a noble Jacobean dwelling on Carter's Creek, Rosewell, upon which a fortune was wasted by its builder, and Hesse, have long since gone or been so embedded in modern construction that not even the shell remains. Nothing original is left but little Toddsbury.

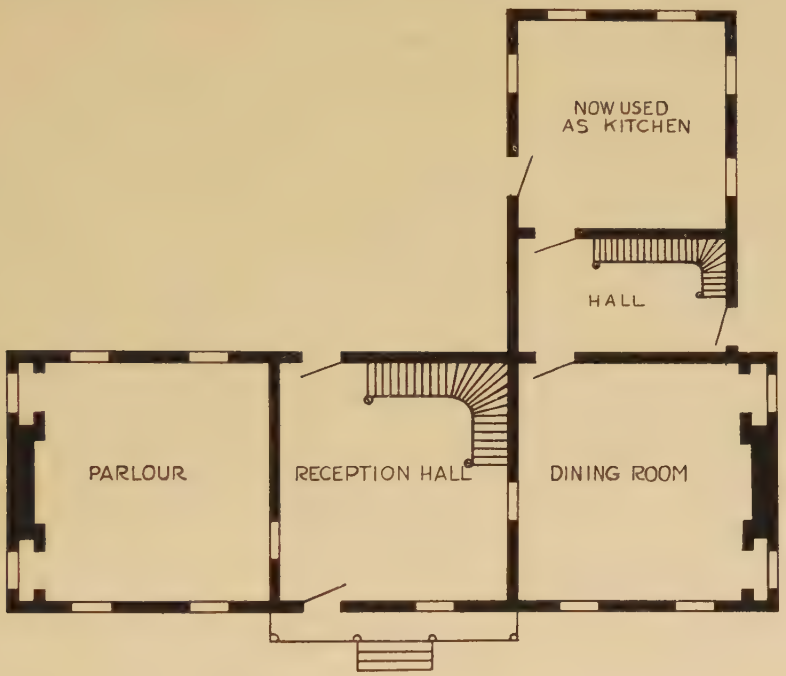
Toddsbury, said to have been built by Thomas Todd about 1658, the most famous Colonial house in Gloucester County at the present time.

This plantation was patented by Thomas Todd early in the seventeenth century. It would appear that he had a house on his Gloucester property in Sixteen-seventy six, for with his will, in the Clerk's Office at Towson, Maryland, there is a letter addressed to his son and heir, "Thomas Todd at his home on North River, Gloucester, Virginia." The first Thomas Todd emigrated to Maryland, but shortly after this took up lands in Virginia. Though the house is typical of the seventeenth century, it is hardly possible that in such a short while he could have erected a building so perfect when he was living in Maryland. The date of the building of Toddsbury, however, is given as Sixteen-fifty eight.

Whether it was the son or the father who built it, the house is a joy to owner and visitor. When the little manour-house was erected the wish of the well-to-do planter was to possess a pretentious home, to hold his tobacco until he could save enough English pounds to house his family as he wished. One is now so

grateful to Thomas Todd because he essayed to be original and succeeded so well that his quaint little home is loved by every one who sees it.

Architecturally, Toddsbury is a rarely perfect little building, with every line drawn as clearly and meaningly as if planned by the



First floor plan of Toddsbury.

most efficient modern architect. Built of brick covered with stucco, it is a house true in every angle to the Dutch Colonial type, founded upon hand-hewn beams, with thick walls capable of showing the beauty of doors and of windows set back in deep reveal. Commanding one of the most beautiful marine views in Virginia, and right on the brow of old North River, the small building, which attracts attention from every one who passes, is entirely without affectation, and even a superfluous examination shows the Colonial workers' most skillful touch.

The house has a frontage of sixty feet and a depth of twenty. The

The entrance hall where on the stairway landing a grandfather's clock marks time.

gambrel roof is shingled, and, where it is cut off in Dutch fashion, the sharp caps of the dormers stand exactly in line. Where the roof begins to slant, the line continues around the pediment of the quaint porch chamber. Two chimneys of fair height terminate the cement ends, and a third—probably from the wing—is visible from the centre of the roof. The dormers are narrow and unpretentious, proving pleasant instances in the roof rather than a dominating influence. Each have fifteen panes of glass, while the four windows with narrow shutters that light the first floor front have just three panes more. Two windows are in the north end on the first storey and four afford bright light in the porch chamber. Four slender columns rise almost from the lawn to uphold the portico and small chamber above, and an ancient wistaria, with other screening vines, add great beauty to the exterior during spring and summer. At the rear, on the south side, a wing twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet

long gives the dwelling the appearance of an L, which, like the main portion, is surrounded by a skillfully made dentil cornice. The dormers and six narrow windows light the wing, which is occupied by a hall, a modern kitchen and a second stair. Here chimney pots project slightly above the chimneys. All of the first storey windows at Toddsbury have slat shutters, and a three-cornered porch—one half for each wing—gives an unique effect.

Detail of stairway showing original "Witch Door" which leads into the dining room.

Though the latter opens into the secondary hall, the main entrance is from the west portico, where a door gives immediately into a hall twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide. It is incredible how a house as delightfully small on the outside as Toddsbury could produce such space upon the interior, but this is very true. As soon as the hall is entered it strikes one as being as large as almost any other in Virginia. The stairway, too, is a marvel. Ascending as it does from the rear end of the hall with pleasant tread and gentle sweep it appears as imposing as that at Wilton, although the latter will show much larger dimensions. The balustrade at Toddsbury is delicate and slim, three spindles rising from each step, while the hand rail which outlines them is mahogany on top. The newel is small and has a dark wood cap, square of line in order to accord. The brackets are turned by hand in a graceful pattern and are very much like those of other Virginia stairways. The dado which ramps along the wall opposite the high hand rail is a very beautiful piece of work, and this, with the exception of the dado cap and half hand rail, is, like the rest of the woodwork in the hall, painted white. The walls of the hall are white plaster. The cornice is exceptionally fine, with

a course of heavy dentils running above the frieze with a denticulated line.

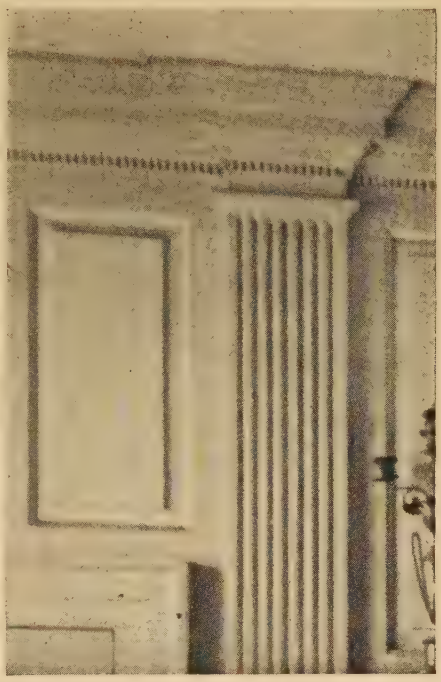
The sincere detail of the woodwork at Toddsbury shows the spirit of delicate beauty which is neither heavy nor ornate, but well repays critical examination.

Detail of hall cornice.

The drawing room is on the left side of the hall, and here one finds white panelled walls which harmonize with the chimney piece as it was originally, but for a moulded mantelshelf. Below the latter is a long, narrow panel between the mantel and fireplace facing. While the walls are panelled and the cornice carries a frieze ornament of very small dentils, the drawing room is in no way as elaborate as the dining room, whose ingress is from a door near the stair. This room is entered on the right side and measures twenty-one feet one way and twenty feet the other.

The dining room possesses as much beauty as the most fastidious person could wish. It is ornate and yet simple; of strong character, yet with a most delicate finish; the maple panelling is different from any in the house, and the room is harmonious and beautiful and livable. The chimney end is exquisite. Where doors are found in other rooms, arches are seen here, and where closet or powder room is elsewhere concealed, the open arches permit alcoves. Fluted pilasters with inconspicuous caps stand on narrow bases to support the graceful

arch head, with panelled triangles as spandrel ornamentation. A keyblock, the exact width of the moulding of which the arch head is made, is fluted, then springs fan-like to give the effect of a cornice breaking out. The sides of the alcoves are panelled, the window seats, too, and the inner window blinds are given a quaint and prim effect by rectangular panels above and below a central panelled square. A note of interest is that these blinds stop at the sill below the windows of eighteen little panes separated by broad muntins. The rest of the house with all of its charm and beauty could easily be forgotten from one of the window seats, where a green lawn, misty shores and restless water carry one's thoughts to the sea—to the sea of life and love and then—eternity.



Detail of panelling, pilaster and cornice in the drawing room.

The panelled alcoves conceal cupboards, and that between chimney piece and arch pilasters is said to hide tiny secret chambers behind the mantel, the same little hiding places being also found between the dormer windows. The physical and architectural beauty of the Toddsbury dining room will never be forgotten by one who has visited this jewel of a house.

Four bedrooms and a fair sized hall complete the second storey, and each of these is finished with the same type woodwork as the rooms below. The porch chamber with its four windows is most unusual and delightful and measures twelve by sixteen feet. The dimensions of the remaining rooms are almost square—eighteen by nineteen feet.

The plantation passed from the Todd family upon the death of Christopher Todd, the great-grandson of the *émigré* who left it to his nephew, Philip Tabb. The latter, with his wife, Mary Mason Wilkes-Booth, were among the most remarkable characters in the

One of the four second-storey bedrooms, rich in woodwork of splendid detail.

social life of Gloucester County, and at this time the gayest sort of life is said to have been led at little Toddsbury.

The lawn is studded with large and small trees about the old house. On the shore, lapped by the water on three sides, is the cemetery, where, among many tombs, is one dated Seventeen-three. There is said to be no larger family plot than the one beneath a blue myrtle mantle at Toddsbury. The garden, with walls half brick, the other part of pickets, takes from the lawn the needed size for another beautiful spot.

In Eighteen-eighty the estate was bought by Mr. John Mott, whose son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Mott, still make their home there. It is not difficult to see that this family tenure of nearly half a century has brought into their hearts a love for this gem of a house and everything about the ancient plantation.

The guest with vision will find at Toddsbury things of yesteryear beside which the restlessness of the present century seems

jejune enough. The house is a picturesque bit of Virginia history associated as it is with the pioneer settlers of the Colony. Rich memories of those who made America, of their ideas and manners, are still retained and cherished within its restful walls.

This story of house and plantation—of Colonial days or of the present time—should be cherished not only by Virginians, but by every American who reveres the traditions of the few old homes which have existed almost as long as the nation has been founded.

ROSEGILL

THE great plantations of the Rappahannock River are linked together by ties of affection and consanguinity, very interesting on the part of those involved in them in the acceptance of the relationship and of great value in any genealogical search in this locality. The Beverleys of Blandfield, the Carters of Sabine Hall, the Robbs of Gaymont, the Garnetts of Elmwood, the Sales of Farmer's Hall, the Tayloes of Mount Airy, the Brookes of Brooke's Bank, the Wormeleys of Rosegill, with other families of distinction have married and intermarried until it would seem that one huge family tree would have a twig for each. In tying the name of family and estate, authentic genealogy is given in very few words.

In writing the saga of Rosegill, there is but one family that comes to mind—and that is Wormeley, whose country seat on the high bluff of the Rappahannock is strikingly individual. Certainly no Colonial manour-house was ever built at greater care or cost.

This magnificent plantation came into being shortly after the settlement of Jamestown and can be traced back to the year Sixteen-forty nine, when Ralph Wormeley—who, with his brother, Christopher, had emigrated to Virginia in Sixteen-thirty—received a Crown grant of thirteen thousand acres. There seems to be no definite knowledge of the exact year the dwelling was erected, but it was undoubtedly begun by the patentee who soon after his arrival in the Colony became a member of the King's Council and of the House of Burgesses. The same year that Ralph Wormeley received his grant, Norwood, the traveller, speaks of Rosegill. His "Voyage to Virginia" states that he landed at the Ludlow plantation on York River where he was well entertained. "But," he continues, "It fell out at that time that Capt. Ralph Wormeley (of

Rosegill, showing manour-house between kitchen and present dairy. Founded by Ralph Wormeley I, about 1649.

His Majesty's Council) had guests at his house (not a furlong distance from Mr. Ludlow's) feasting and carousing that were lately come from England, and most of them my intimate acquaintance. I took a sudden leave of Mr. Ludlow, thanking him for his good intentions towards me; and using the common freedom of the country, I thrust myself amongst Capt. Wormeley's guests in crossing the creek and had a kind reception from them all which answered (if not exceeded) my expectations." From this, one finds without doubt that there was a dwelling at Rosegill shortly after the settlement of Jamestown.

The handiwork of the builder of Ralph Wormeley's great house faithfully carries out the aggregate of the contemporary phase of domestic architecture in the country from whence he came. Until after the Revolution there was no line of any consequence drawn between builder and architect, and as the owner of Rosegill was, like William

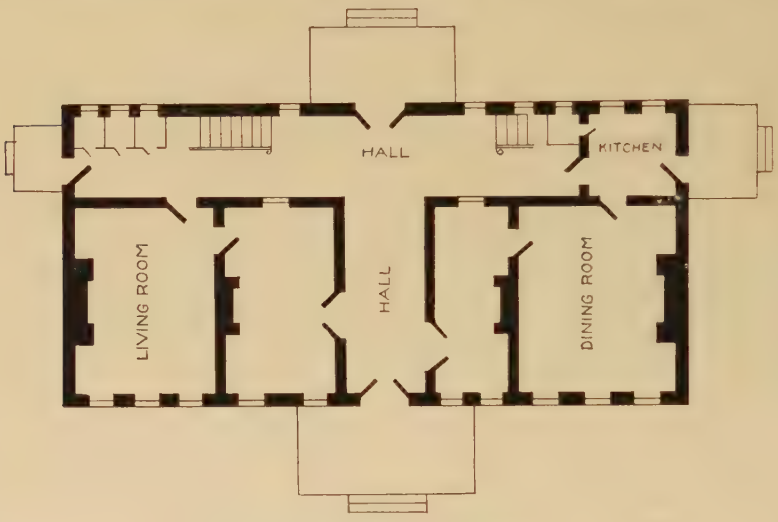
Byrd later, a cultivated amateur, his knowledge of construction, though superficial, united to an academic understanding of the necessary principles of architecture, enabled him to play a very important part in the house he built. Then, as now, Rosegill crowned a steep hill above the village of Urbanna, overlooking from the water front on the northern flow of the river, the opposite shore five miles away. On Halkuyt's map, the Rappahannock is called "Toppahannock or Queen's River."

In a description of this very large house given many years ago one may read: "The house was built of red brick. It had a chapel, a picture gallery—a noble library and thirty guest chambers. It stood overlooking the mouth of the river and a high wall at the water's edge protected the lawn." This sketch does not apply to the Rosegill of today, so must be treated more as tradition than history. At present, though it still remains a "superb building of early Virginia," the walls are part brick, part siding, and all are painted white. Nor does the lawn run direct to the water's edge, for a beautiful grain field waves between the two. Today one sees no building capable of entertaining a great number of guests, the third storey of the house being the only large space and this can accommodate fourteen beds.

These, however, are but minor criticisms, for Rosegill is still a "greate house" just as the plantation, although smaller in acreage, is a splendid modern farm. Full eighty feet long and half as wide, with a height of three storeys protected by an unbroken gable roof, the three-part composition, consisting of the main dwelling, the kitchen and the dairy, although all stand independently of each other, presents a view of Colonial magnificence. In the erection of these three buildings to serve as one there is no loss of the correct sense of form as that sustained in the utilitarian era of the nineteenth century. The distance between the dairy and kitchen from the dwelling is much greater than between the unattached wing and the main house at Carter's Grove, but the balance is perfect and the effect even better than if covered ways had tied the three together. The Master's House and the service buildings are double fronted, which is of great advantage to the lawn.

The formal entrance front of Rosegill is on the river, for when the plantation was founded the gentry used altogether the water highways, each family possessing one or more galleys manned by

negro oarsmen. The first storey is built of brick covered with a white cement wash, but the other two are of siding which may still have brick underneath. The gable roof appears to be of very low pitch owing to the extraordinary width of the central dwelling, and the most important exterior feature is the chimney line where, holding their caps high up towards the clouds, the four chimneys on the main house with two upon each of the lesser, gives from a distance between foliage broken lines, the effect of a tiny village. Forty win-



First floor plan of Rosegill.

dows, the majority of twelve-light proportion, cut into the walls on both fronts and the two set in the gable ends, having such a large space to make light, were given sixteen panes of glass.

The "Home House" stands in the centre of the lawn and to reach it one must pass through a gateway marked by ivy-hung locusts and a long line of cherries which, should one arrive upon a warm April day, are tumbling masses of cloud-like bloom, making Rosegill ethereally lovely. There are gnarled mulberry trees—beloved of the Colonists—on the lawn; there are maples, too, which, with the spruce and holly, give the pleasaunce, even in winter, a virile note. A small portico covered with vines is the landward entrance and here the ancient flagstone floor is given sincere admiration.

The narrow entrance hall where it opens into the main river hall.

Double doors of three panels each give into a secondary hall, the latter leading to the spacious hall of great length which parallels the house from end to end, and is very uncommon regarding a number of features. The narrow passageway in the centre of the house has shallow pediments above the doorways, but its main mission is to connect the two fronts of the house without attempting beauty, but in a perfectly practical way. There is no door between the two halls, simply an opening, very tall, but not wide, with a leaded glass transom within the frame.

The long hall is most impressive. The walls are plastered and papered in a monotone, and there is a chair rail extending around them which is almost twice the height of those popularly used. The plain sides of the door frames are absorbed at the foot by the deep baseboard, and inside windows in curious fashion penetrate the inner wall between the hall and the room beyond. The rest of the windows overlook the river and between them is a doorway through

which a charming vista can be obtained. The inner blinds of the windows are plainly panelled while the jambs and cap pieces show the same treatment. The window and door heads maintain in the hall the same pediment shape crudely executed. Two Windsor benches quite properly are all needed as furnishing.

The long, wide hall presents the unusual spectacle of two stairways rising within a few feet of each other—as Colonial measurements were counted. Everywhere Rosegill was planned for ease and comfort and never more so than here, where Ralph Wormeley justified them in the consideration shown to his guests and employees. The great length of the hall was the unique excuse for the two stairways, both of walnut in its natural colour and both following the same design. Plain round hand rails begin at the turned newels which appear to have been made at a later day, and two square spindles stand triangularly on each step. The stringer runs below the stair brackets which are carved with a Vitruvian scroll. The hall cornice is partly moulded and partly plain.

The music room is crossed in reaching the parlour, which has beautifully panelled walls, supposedly of black walnut, grained. The panels are remarkably broad, the stiles very narrow and, in the space formed by the chimney breast, low seats are below the wainscot where the dado cap is carried along, not continuously, but is mitred against the wall, door and window casings. The firebreast attains an effect of formality by the pilasters fluted of shaft beneath provincial Ionic capitals. The plain frieze between the moulding above the fluting and the cap is seldom seen in the Colonial architecture of Virginia. The cornice of the parlour is one of the best to be found in the Colonies of any date, and the dentils with which it is decorated are of the best workmanship. The lower part dropping to stand upon the pilaster caps makes the cornice very high where it breaks out, but where it extends around the ceiling its depth is only from the denticulated course to the ceiling. One wide rectangular panel fills the area between the pilasters. Unfortunately, both the hearth and the fireplace facing are modern, the first being large, contrasting tiles, and the other brick laid in headers and stretchers. The architrave is white Italian marble and a vivid note of colour is added to the rather sombre room by two blocks of orange Sienna marble set into the white marble frieze below the shelf.

Three windows on the landward front have, below cap pieces, inner blinds and panelled jambs, delightfully comfortable seats, which are twenty inches deep and seem very near the floor. The drawing room measures twenty-four by twenty-seven feet, and the ceilings, like those of all the first storey, are eleven feet high.

The smoking or "Little Room" across the hall is rendered unique by two inside windows which open into the long hall and here one finds again deeply recessed seats and inner window blinds. Here, too, is an open fireplace, upon the modern mantel of which stand serried rows of silver loving cups which would have delighted the heart of any Wormeley of Rosegill.

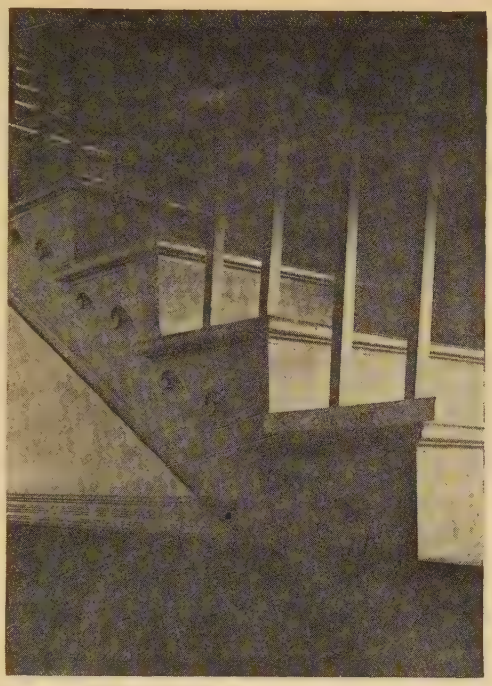
The dining room corresponds on the left of the lawn entrance to the parlour on the right both in finish and size. The same beautiful panelling, the same dentilled cornice wainscot and chair rail awaken in the appreciative observer deep admiration again. The plaster ceiling has a Victorian frescoed ornamentation. Although the entrance door is plain, the inside door is worthy of the keenest study. The alternating narrow, rectangular panelling and the same arrangement of four that are oblong and of larger size, are so deeply bevelled on each edge that some of their size is taken away, giving to the panels, in consequence, the effect of standing out in relief.

The second storey is very much like the first, with a long hall between the stairways. The floor is finished with the same thought and care as that below. The treatment of the walls and the high ceilings produce, in common with the entire house, an effect of luxurious and comfortable ease. After reaching this floor the stairway continues in cruder fashion to the attic which, without any partitions, is said to be or to have been reserved for bachelor guests.

Following the best Colonial standards, the main dwelling stands between the two smaller buildings which have much the appearance of English cottages. Though one may have been school house or office, it is now used as the dairy, but the other until recently has probably always been a kitchen, though the latter-day cookery department was some time ago removed to the east end of the main house. These little buildings are charming in every line. Each has, like the great house, a shingled gable roof, but each has also on both sides dormers with hipped roofs, and chimneys rise from the two ends of each. The dairy has two arch-headed windows containing twenty small panes of glass and arched shutters; on the side

The long river hall presents the uncommon spectacle of a stairway rising from each end.

round topped windows are used. The original kitchen—forty-eight feet long and twenty-one feet wide—has arched windows, small river portico and quaint dormers, the chief difference in the two outbuildings being the vines which cover the kitchen. The curviform opening is fifteen feet wide and five deep. The antique crane swings as it always did, and into the bricks of the fireplace, which appear rather new, there is set in one corner a stone much worn from sharpening many knives. The mantelshelf and side framing, of course, were not there in Colonial times. Queerly enough, in a building supposed to be devoted to supplying the great house with food, there is a very interesting staircase between the two rooms which leads to the loft. It is said that when Senator Cochran owned Rosegill he used the old kitchen for oyster roasts as famous as any ever held by Ralph Wormeley.



Detail of step ends showing a carved decoration of the Vitruvian scroll.

The broad lawn, where graceful vase-shaped elms have supplanted more ancient trees and maples have been used for their quick growth in the place of dying paulonias, ends in a river walk thirty feet wide where great knots of boxwood, old shrubs and the over-lapping branches of trees not old, form a veritable pleached *allée*. Honeysuckle wraps with affection the bole of an ancient tree; ivy gives the age of locust trunks to which it clings and rose bushes, scattered first here, then there, make of the lawn a beautiful informal garden. It is said that once two lines of giant roses outlined the river walk and that from this the name of Rosegill was given to the place. But this sounds a bit too modern, for roses were not thought of as place names in Sixteen-forty nine. The name evidently recalled to

The panelled drawing room is notable for a superb cornice and Sienna marble mantel decoration.

Ralph Wormeley I, or to some of his descendants, one that was loved by him in another country.

Ralph Wormeley II was a student at Oriel College, Oxford, in Sixteen-sixty five, and upon his return to Virginia became the most powerful man in the Colony. Although in appearance he was a modest country squire, a mighty fox hunter and connoisseur in horses, he was Secretary of State, Collector and Naval Officer of the Rappahannock River, President of the King's Council and a member of the House of Burgesses. His Inventory, dated Seventeen-one, shows the value of his library, one of the best in Virginia, then names of the rooms at Rosegill. "Parlour, chamber, chamber over saloon chamber, chamber over the parlour, nursery, old nursery, room over the Ladyes Chamber, Entry." The Inventory speaks of the "Home House" to which were attached eight English servants, among them a shoemaker, a tailor and a miller. Ralph II left a personal estate valued at three thousand pounds.

The dining room follows the design of the parlour in its panelling.

Here the Wormeleys lived in princely splendour on their plantation, their house filled with a fortune in silver plate and china and cut glass which was constantly in use in the hospitable domicile. This happy Colonial life continued until it was rudely interrupted by the Revolution, for Ralph Wormeley V was one of the last members of the Royal Council in Virginia. While he did not leave America, he was a staunch Royalist and became obnoxious to the new spirit of Virginia. He was so careless as to what he said or wrote that the Colonial government banished him to his father's shooting box in Berkeley County under bond for ten thousand pounds for good behaviour. He lived, however, to outgrow his love for the English Court and to become a member of the General Assembly of the new Virginia. After his death in Eighteen-six his plantation was sold and one of the most picturesque *régimés* of the Colonial era came quietly to an end. The reign of the Wormeley family at Rosegill lacked but twenty-three years of having existed through the entire

The river front of the original kitchen which duplicates the school house now used as a dairy.

Colonial period. They also were for another quarter of a century brave in their allegiance to the new Republic—a record second to none in America.

In connection with subsequent ownerships, there is a pretty story tinged with pathos regarding the struggles of Captain Bailey who lived at Rosegill for some years. As an orphan lad, with no home but the great wide world, he sought fortune from this same wide world, and his career began on merchant vessels. Born in Lancaster County, every time he returned from a voyage he cast envious glances at Rosegill, declaring that if his life were spared he would spend his last dollar to get possession of that famous house. He visited many countries and sailed over all the seas; he was shipwrecked but stood the hardship manfully, declaring to those with him that he would be saved to become the master of Rosegill. He stood any and everything with the hope of winning the fortune necessary to give him the wonderful plantation. At last his fortune was gathered; he had

The interior of the kitchen whose arched fireplace opening has a width of fifteen feet.

money that would bring Ralph Wormeley's homestead into his possession, and at the first opportunity, almost like a fairy tale, the estate was his to command and his boyhood dream had come true.

Captain Bailey is said to have removed some parts of the dwelling and changed others, but unfortunately there is no authentic record of the changes made by him. He loved the place as he did few other things and the fact of possessing it, instead of lessening its value, made Rosegill all the more worthwhile to him. The same lavish hospitality was dispensed by him as by the founders.

In Nineteen-one the estate, which had lost many acres with the passing of years, was bought by Senator J. H. Cochran, from whom, a few years ago, it became the property of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Browning Smith. The house, the lawn, the outbuildings and waving grain fields are in beautiful condition. Throughout its many years the old homestead has been happy, not feeling the pangs acutely suffered by so many of Virginia's Colonial estates.

The golden age of Rosegill was, however, in the days of Ralph Wormeley II, who was considered the "most powerful man in the Colonies." Cultured—witty—capable—a man of great learning, fashioned in the friendship of the highest English nobility, with boundless wealth and a vast acreage of land, he was a Cavalier among the many notable Cavaliers of his country.

CHELSEA

A SLOPING lawn, a bit of crescent beach, the scant shade of cedar trees, and Chelsea has been found—Chelsea with a water front extending for two miles along the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers. The house, however, is more frequently reached from the landward side.

To find this main entrance, one turns from the hard surfaced highway into a woodland road which continues for some miles in the midst of picturesque glade and greenery. At the end of this, old tree trunks with caps of lead mount guard upon the outskirts of the lawn shaded by paulonia and catalpa trees, the hallmark of horticultural antiquity. Upon this lawn crepe myrtles grow to the size of trees; great knots of boxwood screen the porticos of the Dutch wings about which roses climb, and with an occasional elm or an ancient linden to accentuate the outline, the esplanade is worthy of the estate.

The house faces the river, and from the rear centre a wing with gambrel roof extends at right angles giving it the appearance of an architectural T. The rectangular front building of but one room in depth was what was known in Colonial days as a "single house" in contradistinction to the "double house" of two rooms depth. The builder was Augustine Moore, who came to Virginia during the first century of its existence and erected his dwelling in Seventeen-nine.

Augustine Moore, the progenitor of the American family of that name, left England in Seventeen-hundred with a grant of eighty-six hundred acres of land between the Pamunkey and Mattaponi. He gave his Virginia plantation in what is now King William County the name of his ancestral English seat whose founder, Sir Thomas Moore, was Lord High Chancellor under King Henry VIII, and was beheaded by that monarch for refusing to sanction his divorce from Catherine of Aragon.

The river front of Chelsea, built by Augustine Moore in 1709.

It is thought that the first house at Chelsea was the little Dutch wing of the present, which shows peculiarities of Seventeen-hundred in its gambrel roof, size of one and a half storeys and the five dormers which break the Dutch roof upon both sides. It is built of brick with dark vitreous headers and is almost as long as the main building.

What might be called the head of the T is a narrow rectangular mass, and like the older wing is of brick laid in Flemish bond. A porch of two storeys overlooks the river front and this, although of more recent date than the house, affords a very wonderful view of the picturesque Pamunkey. These double porticos, though much smaller, are quite like those at Shirley, and one wonders if the friendship of the daughter of the house with the master of Shirley brought about the addition. Very tall chimneys rise from the ends of the shallow hipped roof and a characteristic cornice finishes the eaves. Four windows with eighteen divisions of glass spread across the front, and the two in each end, while just as high, are only two lights

The splendid stairway ascends from the left side of the hall which extends through the head of the T formed building.

wide. The outside shutters are painted green, the rest of the woodwork is white, and the measurement of the frontage is sixty feet.

The open door upon the front reveals the characteristic Colonial hall twelve feet wide and twice as long, with panelled walls. On the left side is the stairway with twist-carved balusters and plain stair brackets. The column-like newel projects some distance beyond the balustrade. The steps are finished in natural wood and the mahogany newel, hand rail and half hand rail against the wall give an agreeable relief to the otherwise white wood finish. The dado cap is also dark and the splendid six-panelled doors are walnut, hung on H-and-L hinges. At the ceiling height the stairs break to form two sets of steps, one giving access to the riverward rooms, the other going into the Dutch wing.

The door leading from the hall into the library has a plain frame, but that of the drawing room is elaborated by pilasters on both

The library, of good proportions, has splendid architectural detail.

sides. The library is of fine proportion and architectural detail. In size, eighteen by twenty-one, the room is panelled and has two windows on each front with deep seats. The marble mantel is painted white and above the arched fireplace opening hangs a good portrait. On the mantel shelf are two original glass hurricane candle shades, said to have been at Chelsea for many years. In line with these the panels take on great interest. The rather small walnut doors on either side lead to convenient spots where undoubtedly Colonial maidens labouriously powdered their hair.

Across the hall is the drawing room—the ball room of early days—where Governor Spotswood's daughter danced the minuet when George II was king. Here the practiced eye will recognize some of the best woodwork in Virginia. The panelled walls are interrupted at intervals by pilasters one-half reeded, and the remainder fluted, which completely surround the room. A characteristic Colonial touch is, that although the intervals are regular in effect, they are not perfectly equal. The jambs of the windows in deep reveal are ornamented with sunk panels with raised centres, and Ionic pilasters flank them all. Arched alcoves at the chimney breast have on one side built-in bookshelves which curve in the manner of old shell cupboards. Narrow windows light each alcove, in front of which the classic treatment of the archways is pronounced. Here again a Victorian marble mantel is painted white and the distinguished portrait above it is lighted by the flame from candles in old brass holders. The drawing room is twenty-four by thirty-six. When the Colonial Moores lived at Chelsea the walls of the parlour were hung with a fine collection of family portraits—some by Sir Godfrey Kneller, one by Peale, but the majority from the brush of Bridges who visited Chelsea for the purpose of painting them. These portraits, now in the possession of Mr. Bernard Jones, a direct descendant, have been defaced by the cuts of sabres inflicted when Chelsea was raided during the Revolutionary War. That of Sir Alexander Spotswood shows a high bred Royalist dressed in crimson velvet made somewhat frivolous by gold waistcoat and lace sleeve frills. A suggestion of Blenheim Castle appears in the background.

History records that in Seventeen-sixteen Governor Spotswood and his venturesome Knights "came to Mr. Austin Moore's house upon the Pamunkey River, where we were well entertained. We had good wine and victuals." This was their first night out,

One of the drawing room windows in deep reveal and flanked by pilasters.

but on their return these Knights of the Golden Horseshoe were again entertained at the plantation. Some years ago a piece of coloured glass was dug up at Chelsea which appeared to be the stopper of some bottle, and on it was stamped a tiny horseshoe as if in memory of the picturesque expedition.

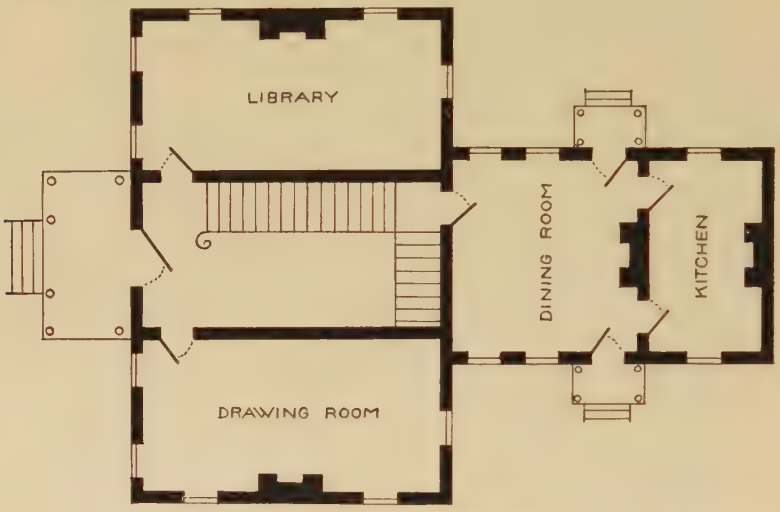
The entire first floor of the old residence is panelled and

The drawing room where the panelled walls are interrupted at intervals by pilasters.

painted white and all of the rooms have four windows of the same size. The house shows in the refinement of its interior detail that it was modelled after a certain English prototype, for the ideal of the Colonial builder was to have his dwelling conform to those in current use abroad.

The dining room and kitchen are in the Dutch wing, and here the earlier date of this building is again emphasized by the simple wainscot which outlines the wall. The second storey of the wing is almost entirely occupied by the hall which extends the entire width and most of the length, being rendered very light by the dormers, beneath whose broad seats—now posing as cupboards—a secret passage is said to have run. The walls are finished with rough "plaister" above the wainscot, and like those of the river chambers the wing has ceilings much lower than the first floor. In one of the front or river rooms the panelling is held to the chimney end and this like the other speaks of the old time belle when one reaches the tiny

powdering room. In one secluded spot, perhaps a powdering room upstairs, Madame Kate Spotswood Moore drank her dish of prohibited tea after it had been banned by loyal ladies. This haughty dame and Colonial belle was also *une enfant gaté* owing to the adulation that had always been hers. But long before the war her attitude had changed, for both her husband and son fought right through the Revolution, and Alexander Moore the latter was aide-de-camp to La Fayette.



First floor plan of Chelsea.

Colonel Bernard Moore was not only a member of the House of Burgesses for years but was prominent in Virginia in many other ways. His mother, who died just four years after the manour house was built, was survived by his father for twenty years. Upon the death of Augustine Moore he was laid to rest by his wife in the garden at Chelsea, and their son Bernard became master of the estate—his wife, who was the daughter of Governor Spotswood, thus becoming the hostess.

Before and after the year Seventy-six, George Washington frequently visited the rare old plantation, and in his Diary were many such records as "dined" or "stayd at Colo. Bd. Moore's." Being in the very centre of a group of handsome country seats such as Eltham

and Elsing Green, not far from Yorktown and near Williamsburg, life at Chelsea was very gay during the brightest period of the Virginia Colony.

Colonel Moore was the guardian of Alexander and John Spotswood, the nephews of his wife. The boys were sent to Eton in Seventeen-sixty by Colonel Moore who agreed that each was to pay a year "25 lbs. for board, 1 lb. for fire, 1 lb. for candles, 1 lb. for mending." That they developed into splendid men is proven by the fact that during the Revolution Alexander became a general and John a colonel in the Continental army.

The third master of the historic estate was Bernard Moore II, and the tenure of the original owners lasted until the extinction of the male line, when it became the property of the Robinson family. London, the body-servant of Colonel Bernard Moore, was living at Chelsea in Eighteen-thirty one, so less than a century has passed since it left the possession of the founders.

The present owner of the beautiful plantation is Mr. P. L. Reed, who with deep sympathy has preserved the old landmark and left the original lines unchanged.

Standing before the venerable building watching the river flowing past on its way to the sea, one's thoughts linger on those who first loved the ancient messuage and watched the same river flow. There is a rare aura about Chelsea, an intangible atmosphere which brings back the spirit of the Colonial days, although they are forever irrecoverable.

It has been said that in no country are there fewer old dwellings than in this new America of ours. As this fact becomes appreciated, all who care for the permanent and the traditionary things of life will turn more and more with delight to such homesteads as time-honoured Chelsea.

MOUNT AIRY

AS the Colony grew and spread fruitful arms beyond James River into the salty lowlands of other water highways, John Tayloe, first of his name emigrated to Virginia in Sixteen-fifty and took up extensive lands in the valley of the Rappahannock. Four thousand of these fertile acres he reserved for the "Home Plantation," and the site chosen by him as the best was a broad ridge, which, though one mile away, gave from its summit a sweeping view over woodland and meadow to the distant river.

It was, however, left to his grandson, Colonel John Tayloe II, to erect the manour-house considered by his grandsire, and this he did on a monumental scale in Seventeen-fifty eight. It is presumed that he called his great inheritance Mount Airy because the beautiful spot seemed so high up among the clouds.

The first view of the magnificent house and its immediate surroundings works like an intoxicating perfume, such as must have been wafted in the old days from the orangery when the trees were blooming. The formal approach is on the landward front, and after the motor circles about a large mound it comes to a standstill where broad stone steps lead over the terrace to the forecourt and superb holly trees of age beyond the ken of man give both winter and summer a strong note of colour. At the top of the steps two large stone urns carved most beautifully in classic style give a distinctive decorative tone to the composition. A wide walkway extends from here to the house which stands on a second terrace, and presents to the greatest advantage the Palladian scheme of advanced outbuildings connected with the main dwelling by curved and covered ways almost hidden by a rare growth of vines and enormous trees.

Upon the river front, Mount Airy is in the midst of spacious ter-

Mount Airy. Built by Colonel John Tayloe II in 1758 and one of the most famous Colonial seats in America.

raced gardens which follow punctiliously the lines of the house. Bound by a stone retaining wall upon each side, this magnificent garden when filled with bloom seems flung like a basket of flowers against the hillside—lilacs in hedges against a background of Irish yew; tall spikes of Vanhoutte's spiraea grown through the flaming bloom of cydonia japonica. Every colour of spring flowering bulbs, every shrub, and quantities of the legendary and rare saffron crocus in the fall. Upon one side are the picturesque ruins of the ancient orangery—five moss grown arches of most classic line, ivy clad and creeper fringed, recalling the monastic ruins of ancient English estates. Within one cloistered angle grows an enchanting weeping willow, the spread of whose branches makes shelter for a wondrous bed of lilies.

Mount Airy is justly thought by many architects to be the most ambitious house built during the Colonial period in Virginia. The

house is also thought to have been inspired by a design of Palladios' which is illustrated in his Book No. 2.

Upon a brown sandstone base about four feet in height, the three-foot walls of the building are reared, a course of light-coloured stone from Acquia Quarry appearing at the first floor level. The central pavilion on both fronts is of the lighter coloured stone laid in regular courses, and quoins of the Acquia output carry this decoration past a band course on the brown wall, where the second storey begins. Upon the sides, the belt course doubles. Four sturdy chimneys with ornamental caps rise near the centre of the shallow hipped roof, their grouping from the side view of the house appearing very imposing. Three small, frameless windows pierce the front of each projecting portion of the house above the loggias and have, in common with the other windows of the second floor, twelve small panes of glass. Upon the sides, between single windows, the central portion achieves success by the Palladian windows. All of the windows have an enframement of stone and most of them are embellished with light stone architraves. The basement, which appears well above ground, receives light from very small windows, and gives the building the right to be classed as three storied.

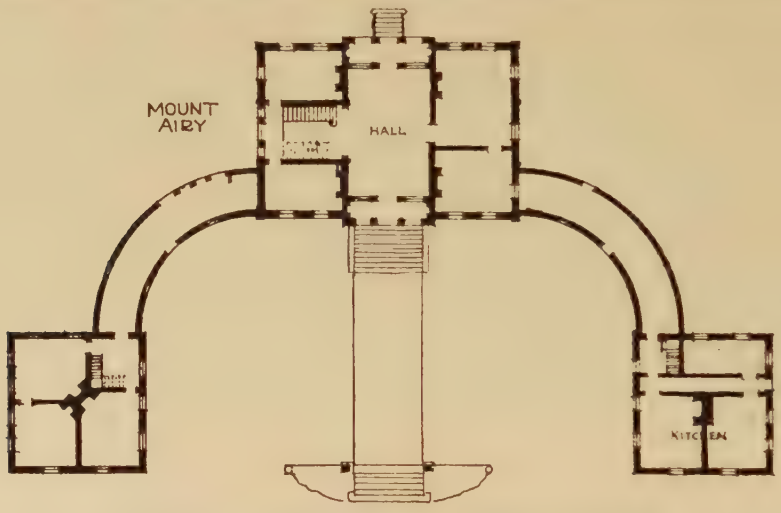
With roof upon a level with the sills of the first storey windows, the long, covered ways in semi-circular style, upon the land front, draw towards the imposing manour-house—at a convenient distance—wings of two low storeys upon each end. The corridors have on each side two narrow windows and one door, but the large square wings have their brown stone walls punctured by three lower and three upper windows on the sides. One wing is still true in furnishings to its original use, and once a year is said to resume its Colonial occupation. The other wing, with original wainscot was, before the Revolution, the office, school house, nursery, or guest house.

Both fronts of the dwelling have much the same appearance; only in the delightful loggias does one note a difference in treatment. That overlooking the forecourt is notable for four square stone columns with cut corners and heavy bases. The floor of tesselated marble is in harmony with the niches on each side, and these also are of marble, their pediments of classic style supported by carved consols. The ceiling, too, is ornamented, its coved outline bringing to mind a choice Italian feature. This northwest front is very beautiful.

The southwest façade of the house looks down upon its terrace to

the old Bowling Green where, half hidden in a branch of red berried yew, is an ancient bowl of lignum vitae which, put there perhaps for a moment, has remained year after year until now it has become a part of the tree which has grown about it. Two of the arches of the entrance here are entirely screened by flowering vines—clematis, star jasmine and wistaria. One foreground is all boxwood.

The intimate connection of the house and garden is one of Mount Airy's greatest charms, for as Colonel Tayloe built he wove his house



First floor plan of Mount Airy showing forecourt

into his garden, meaning the one to depend upon the other in the making of a perfect whole. That he succeeded need not be mentioned, for now one steps from the garden into the spacious hall which extends through the house from one front to the other. This is said to be the first example known of the hall of any great house being without a stairway. In Eighteen-forty four the dwelling was the victim of fire which left the exterior intact; upon the interior, however, the loss was great. The damage was repaired by William Tayloe, who owned the plantation at the time, but certain architectural details were not replaced—for the taste of the world had changed! Both in the building of the house and its later restoration the attention of the first artisans of England and Virginia were engaged.

The classic loggia overlooking the forecourt has marble niches at each end and a tesselated marble floor.

Old mahogany furnishes this "greate" hall—an antique music box, tables, chairs of the best construction, and a rare old English clock which has counted the hours for the Tayloe family until they numbered nearly two hundred years. On the walls hangs a famous set of Boydell's Shakespearean prints. A narrow passageway extends from the larger hall to the east end of the house, and this gives entrance to the drawing room and library.

The drawing room walls are lined with portraits. Heirlooms in the form of Intaglios, choice Sèvres china and miniatures are seen everywhere.

The drawing room is charming with its walls presenting a family portrait gallery and innumerable interesting heirlooms which escaped the fire. A beautiful portrait in a rococo gilt frame is said to have come from Sir Joshua Reynold's magic brush and represents Anne Tasker, the wife of Governor Ogle of Maryland. This was evidently made when she went over with her handsome husband. In her court costume of shimmering satin, with her lovely child upon her knee, she is a radiant creature, even upon cold, lifeless canvas. On the mantel below there are bits of choice Sèvres, Intaglios and miniatures, while the marble itself is carved with two of the most popular Colonial motifs—the egg and dart and the Wall of Troy. A brass frieze beaten into an intricate design is set within the architrave above the fireplace opening, and this strikes a very different note from any other Colonial Virginia house. A frieze takes the place of a cornice where wall and ceiling meet, and has between two wider mouldings a line of rope moulding. Very narrow mouldings placed equidistant from each other and the frieze give the ceiling a coved effect, and here another unusual note is struck. The two windows on the front and one on the side are in deep reveal, their frames being, like those of the doors, of black walnut or pine.

Across the narrow hall is a most delightful library where an open fireplace brings a glow when needed beneath a very fine old mantel. A collection of very small pictures of the members of the first American Congress show the work of St. Memin, and this, of course, is among the greatest treasures of the house. Still other relics are the old prints of famous race horses that hang about the room. The bookshelves are filled with the choicest books, and a quietly colourful family portrait accentuates the charm of the room whose east end and intimate old window with deep seat are loved by all who know them.

The dining room is on the opposite side of the house, and this is a never-to-be-forgotten room. The doors are walnut with deeply bevelled panels; the windows have inner blinds of three parts, and these with the door frames are painted white. In the dining room one sees in many particulars the antique at its best, for every piece of furniture, each bit of silver plate or glass are of great age. Upon the otherwise plain walls hang the pictured notabilia of the Tayloe family, the portrait of Colonel John Tayloe II, the builder—dashing, handsome, and looking very much alive—peering down from its

The never-to-be-forgotten dining room enriched with the pictured notabilia of the Tayloes. Sheraton, Chippendale and Heppelwhite supplied the design for the antique mahogany. The array of silver and cut glass is bewildering.

place of honour above the mantel upon the work of his time. Some were limned by Sir Godfrey Kneller and other Court painters, others by Hudson, Sully, and still more artists of international reputation. The Mount Airy gallery is said to be unequaled among any collection of family portraits in Virginia. The very large door opening on the north of the room discloses, in a hall of its own, the only stairway in the house, which, though not put in until after the fire, is worthy of great admiration. It is a charming winding stairway of true Colonial lines and deserves a more important situation.

That the owner of Mount Airy was strongly under the influence of the classic when he erected his dwelling is very evident. He must have had a thorough knowledge of the details of orders, for his house shows the fine academic spirit which swept into England in Seventeen hundred. As it was customary for skilled craftsmen

and master-builders to come out from England at the bidding of the gentry of the Rappahannock, it was not at all difficult for Colonel Tayloe to obtain exactly what he desired. The brown sandstone was quarried on his own land; that of Acquia came from Virginia also. But the Chippendale and Sheraton mahogany; the store of silver, mostly of Georgian pattern; the cut glass Hurricane candle shades and other accoutrements of the dining room; the interesting Tinsel Pictures hanging on the chimney breast, with still other heirlooms, were imported. All of these happy reminders of Colonial life and living still remain in the house.

Life at Mount Airy was very beautiful when the Old Dominion was young. Philip Fithian, tutor at Nominy Hall, who preserved so much of the social history of the Rappahannock River section, wrote in his Journal April seventh, Seventeen-seventy four: "We set out about three; Mr. Carter travels in a small, neat Chair, with two waiting Men—we rode across the country which is now in full Bloom; in every field we saw negroes planting corn, or plowing, or hoeing; we arrived at the Colonel's about five, Distance twelve miles. Here is an elegant seat!—The house is about the size of Mr. Carters, built with stone—& finished curiously—and ornamented with various paintings—and rich Pictures. This Gentleman owns Yorick, who won the prize of 1500 last November—In the dining room, besides many other fine Pieces, are twenty four of the most celebrated among the English Race-Horses, Drawn masterly and set in elegant gilt frames."

Beyond the portals one turns to gaze through vine-like shadows at the superb old house—at a corner of the terraced garden. The symmetry of the composition is breath-taking, and the visitor keenly appreciates that the continuous tenure of the original family is absolutely necessary if any plantation is to retain its rare atmosphere of Colonial days. In architectural style, Mount Airy is most imposing and, happily, its environment has changed but little since the house was built.

Here, as the very heart of his little principality, Colonel Tayloe set a bit of old England with his race track and bowling green; his garden and orangery. The race track is no longer used; the orangery is in ruins, and the bowling green a lawn. But the house he built as the centre of his paradise is even more impressive today than when the Colonial master-builder completed it in Seventeen-fifty

eight. Happier in fortune than most of their contemporaries, and most appreciative of their splendid inheritance, the family who have continuously occupied the manour-house since their grandsire's time are by direct descent in both name and line the great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren of the founder of Mount Airy.

SABINE HALL

THE house which Colonel Landon Carter caused to be built for his family in the year Seventeen-thirty stands in Lancaster County, high above the sparkling Rappahannock, and is one of the handsomest in Virginia.

Captain John Smith, on his visit to this section in the very first days of the Colony, wrote of the locality chosen by Colonel Carter: "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." Not only is the river hallowed throughout its tidal length with matchless characters of history, but its head is near Fredericksburg, one of the most historic towns in the country. All of this combined gives Sabine Hall many natural charms which in the colonization period invited families of position and wealth from old England to build here a home.

The plantation, consisting of thousands of acres, was cut from the vast domain of Robert, called "King Carter," for his son Landon, and the care given it by the latter showed how deep was his appreciation of the gift.

The main mass of the house measures forty by sixty feet, and attached to this on the west side is a long, low wing which has the appearance of being of greater age. The walls of both parts are brick and though a cement wash has covered them for many years, they still permit the headers and stretchers of the original Flemish bonding to be seen. The formal entrance is on the landward front where a columnar porch is a latter day addition. The hand-hewn cypress columns of the Tuscan order rear upward to the frieze of the classical pediment and in them one sees the transference of stone to wood. The background of the columns is the north façade of the dwelling, and the floor of the portico supported by them is

Sabine Hall, built by Colonel Landon Carter in 1730.

given character by well laid flag-stones. A gable spans the frontage of the portico in forming the pediment, whose apex is on a line with the centre of the hipped roof. The four chimneys are incidental, as they rise but a few feet above the roof ends.

Thirteen small paned windows stretch across the front, six on the lower floor with eighteen panes of glass each, while the seven on the second storey have only fifteen panes. The base course of slight projection is in a line with the porch floor, and below this two small glassless windows prove the basement to be a little above ground. A flight of stone steps—the lowest being on each side one foot wider than the rest—takes one to the flagged portico, at the rear of which are the formal entrance doors. The enframement of the doorway is very unusual in Virginia and is worthy of great consideration. The cut stones are about twice the size of a brick where they form the frame, which may be considered an adaptation of the Greek or Roman order. Above the door the stones assume the form of

crossettes, between which and the doors a square transom is transformed by a fanlight with leaded glass which has spandrel decorations of lead. Narrow flat stone arches with projecting voussoirs cap every window, and the central window on the second storey has also an enframement of stone.

But for a broad verandah which runs the length of the river front, the garden front would duplicate in detail the other. Here, eight columns sustain the roof bordered by a balustrade of nineteenth century lines. On the river front of the one storey wing, a porch also follows its length and there two windows on the sides have only twelve lights. Green slat shutters correspond with those of the house, but the dentil cornice is much more interesting than the plain cornice of the main building. This gable wing over which ivy climbs with abandon has two chimneys—one at the north end and one in the centre. It is of brick construction, but has for years worn a coat of cement. The two portions of Sabine Hall are whitened to give a note of tidy domesticity.

Within the pretentious entrance of the eastern front of the dwelling is a hall ten feet wide, its length pursuing a line at right angles to the façade, for which light is obtained from windows on each side of the two doorways.

There is an ancient Grecian legend which tells that all those who have two loaves of bread should sell one and buy "hyacinths" to feed the soul. In the wording the reference is not to the delicate flower of spring but to things of permanence—the effect of proportion—the relation of height to the width and length of houses—the placing of a window, or door—the effect of spaciousnesss.

It is in the "hyacinths" just described that Sabine Hall is rich, and as soon as the hall is entered the charm of the consistent Colonial architectural detail is fully appreciated. The effect given by the panelled walls and the rare furniture is entrancing. Heart pine from the Virginia woodlands is used for the panelling, which mounts from baseboard to cornice, and is painted in two shades of the same colour. The portion known as the wainscot is made of square bevelled edge panels, while those above the dado cap are very slender.

A transverse hall is entered beneath an arch supported on panelled pilasters standing against others of fluted design which are as high as the wall. The square bases of the latter are panelled and their capitals, which melt into the cornice, show provincial work-

The hall ten feet wide which pursues its length straight through the house provides an archway from which the stairway ascends.

manship in all of their parts. The fluted keystone from the bottom of the arch to the top of the cornice slips around the panelled soffit. The deep moulding across the spandrel top and between the pilasters makes the cornice appear much lower at this point. Priceless portraits under the patronage of "King Carter," father of the builder of the house, look with disdain upon the present century and its desire for nothing but ease. King Carter's likeness was from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds; that of his son, the Councillor of Nominy Hall, being also credited to Sir Joshua. Other portraits which are very beautiful are the work of artists of lesser note. The furniture is antique mahogany.

The cornice, the archway and the pilasters are painted white, and the dark baseboard has a narrow white mould above it. Great beauty is found in the same spirit of form which prevails in the furniture, the woodwork and the portraits that hang in the hall.

The stairway presents the uncommon spectacle of rising in a hall of its own from the foot of the archway between the main and transverse halls, and the latter connects with the wing. The smaller passageway is panelled and painted like the larger, but the stair is of natural pine and is neither panelled on the side nor beneath. The balustrade of twisted spindles, guided by the hand rail, curves out gracefully to the very slim newel post which stands at the end of the projecting lower step. The plain, deep frieze falls below the upper hall where the banisters end, to the level of the first floor ceiling, and fluted, applied newels are on the wall side of the stairs. The balustrade and wall stringer show the natural colour of the wood, but the steps and risers are, curiously, painted white.

On the right of the small hall, doors open into the drawing room and library, while the dining room occupies the space between the outer brick wall and the stair hall.

The drawing room, panelled and painted, has as its chief architectural embellishment a very beautiful cornice, and most elaborate joinery is found here. The perfect condition in which the woodwork still is proves the integrity of the Colonial handiwork. The room is stacked with a bewildering array of antique furniture—the tables, chairs, mirrors and other pieces being extremely handsome. Portraits also adorn the walls of the parlour, and double doors, panelled in rather an original manner, lead to the library. In these, two square panels alternate with two that are rectangular, the rails and stiles varying in width. None but a Colonial carpenter would have built such doors with jambs and cap pieces panelled in rectangles in an extraordinary way.

The library is by far the most interesting spot at Sabine Hall. The treatment of the walls here corresponds to that of the rest of the storey, but the cornice with its well made moulding and delicate dentil course is considered by many the finest in the dwelling. Fluted pilasters, above which the cornice breaks out, flank the black mantel with a plain frieze; this has slender colonettes with well carved Corinthian caps. The library is the most historic room in the house, for here are treasured autograph letters with the signatures of Washington, La Fayette, Richard Henry Lee and others of Colonial and Revolutionary fame. Here also is the table—worn by the years and hallowed by association—around which sat Royal governors and American generals, members of His Majesty's Coun-

The arch between the halls. The stairway of natural pine is neither panelled on the side nor underneath.

cil and, later, Presidents of the United States. When Colonel Landon Carter held council with George Washington regarding the

Morristown campaign, it is said that this same old table was a silent witness to the conference. The library is suggestive of every kind of warmth and comfort.

In the dining room a bewitching sideboard holds a wondrous store of family plate treasured by the descendants of the founder of the plantation, whose descendants now assemble about the Colonial table in the centre of the room. Again one finds walls panelled in the heavy type of heart pine which is always effective.

It is above stairs that one feels the atmosphere of the olden time. The hall panelling, although painted and maintaining two shades of one colour as below, has a dado with oblong panels and stiles the size of those above the dado cap. The deep cornice is denticulated and on the walls beneath it hang still more family portraits which add a human quality and awaken in the least sentimental the legends heard of the long ago. The splendid upper hall is now used as a billiard room and from it the spacious bedrooms open.

A quaint brick lodge is the first interesting glimpse of the old plantation, and from this a tree-studded park of twenty-five acres stretches toward the manour-house. A stately avenue of forest trees winds through the pleasaunce, giving at unexpected moments charming glimpses of the Rappahannock River. The driveway upon reaching the lawn forms a circle in front of the house.

Standing as it does at the rear of the vast lawn and between two enormous trees, Sabine Hall, with a background of smaller trees and flowering shrubs, is restful and filled with charm. It is, however, on the river front that one lingers, for here right at the porch steps begins the garden—a garden of almost every old and many new flowers; a garden of rare beauty and joy. Beyond the gigantic oak tree that is the major note among the flowers, are the orchards, then the fields and meadow lands which slope to the river edge. This west view is very lovely.

Life at Sabine Hall was very merry in the Colony's Colonial days and the Diary of Colonel Carter bears testimony to this fact. But the Journal of Philip Fithian, tutor of the Colonel's nieces and nephews at Nominy Hall, gives the most vivid glimpses of this picturesque day at first hand. Writing of the daughters of Sabine Hall, the tutor observes, "Toward evening Miss Betsy Carter, Miss Polly Carter, and Mrs. Turberville came over to see our girls. Miss Betsy plays the harpsichord extremely well, better than any young

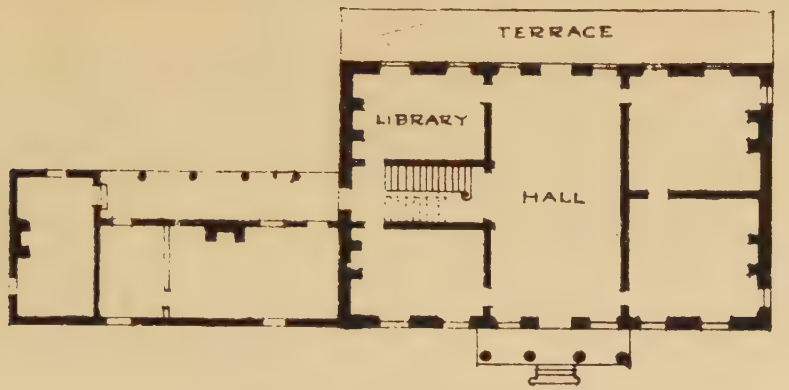
The stairway has three twisted balusters on each step. A deep, plain frieze falls below the upper balustrade.

lady I have seen in Virginia." On another date, Fithian writes: "Col. Carter gave an entertainment yesterday to celebrate his Birthday and had a numerous and gay company."

In considering the manner in which the Virginians lived in Colonial times, the same Journal records in regard to the Carter family: "Half after eight we were rung into supper. The room looked lumin-

ous and splendid; four very large candles burning on the table where we supped; three others in different parts of the Room; a gay, sociable assembly and four well instructed waiters."

Such was the life at Sabine Hall, a life fraught with danger but filled with pleasure; a life of dignity and culture. It is highly agree-



The first floor plan of Sabine Hall.

able to know that this Colonial homestead has not yet left the occupation of the family that founded it, and that children of the eighth generation still play happily about their ancestral plantation. Sabine Hall is now the property of the Wellford family, direct descendants on the maternal side of Colonel Landon Carter.

The history of the past and the present are united and exemplified in this splendid old dwelling whose walls have witnessed the coming of the Cavalier, the passing of the Indian—the rise of our great Republic, the trials which arose when it was torn asunder by war, and its boundless expansion in modern times.

MENOKIN

COMING down the King's Highway from Washington, not far from Stratford, the road swerves sharply to the right to reach a very narrow bridge leading across a shimmering sheet of water. Down to the very water's edge great trees grow like those about Alpine lakes, and a roadside sign announces to all the world that the place is "Menokin Mills." The Indian name at once awakens the memory of the home of Francis Lightfoot Lee, and investigation proves that the sleeping pond was once part of his Colonial property.

Born at Stratford in Seventeen-thirty four, this brother of Richard Henry Lee was educated by a tutor who instilled into him the many necessary things to be known by a man of fortune. Although he spent much time abroad, it was to Mount Airy that Francis Lightfoot Lee went for his bride, Rebecca Tayloe, whom he married April twenty-eighth, Seventeen-sixty nine, and whose father, Colonel John Tayloe, gave her a thousand acres crowned with a house.

The young Lees pitched their home in the centre of a great, broad field, and chose for its design the modified type of the smaller English manour-houses of the Tudor period. Colonel Tayloe, having been so very successful in the erection of his own house at Mount Airy, it is possible that he had in mind some such arrangement for the future of his daughter's dwelling. He chose for her home the same brown stone for which Mount Airy is famed, and he had the outbuildings so placed in respect to the main house that with little effort they could be connected by arched ways.

The house at Menokin is of massive masonry and impressive proportions. The hipped roof has level eaves with two tall chimneys in the centre; the walls are thick and the cornice plain. The band courses at the second floor level, which are double across the front of

Menokin, built by Francis Lightfoot Lee about 1770, is a house of massive masonry.

the house, are, with the lintels, of dressed sandstone. The lintels of the second storey and the basement, incised in imitation of flat arches, span the openings whose broad frames, like all the rest in the house, are also of brown stone. Sandstone quoins carry out the contrast with the white lime mortar with which the exterior walls are covered. With the exception of one corner which has peeled, Menokin shows a white surface.

The house is almost square, as it measures forty-five by fifty, and like all country seats of its period, is double fronted. Wide and greatly worn stone steps lead to a tumbling porch which bears the evidence of a date much later than the dwelling. Two cement washed pilasters—which might be called architectural gaucheries stand on each side of the entrance and mark, upon the exterior, the walls of the house within. The charming fan light above the door seems out of keeping with the heavy pilasters. Double doors opening beneath an arch with deeply panelled jambs lead right into the stair hall.

Measuring ten by fifteen feet, this hall is notable for a panelled staircase which, at a very steep angle, rises direct from the front door. The moulded hand rail is thrust into a square newel below a crude cap, and the balustrade is formed of four square spindles on each step, this being the only one of the kind in Colonial Virginia. Instead of fitting gracefully into the angle post where the stair changes direction in its hasty upward flight, the hand rail adjoins the post at the bottom, leaving the rail of the second flight to stand almost the height of the post above it. The risers are ornamented with hand-tooled scrolls which follow the Greek wave motif, and the stairway has a corresponding half hand rail against the wall where the joints of the wainscot parallel those of the stair flight and landing. An uncommon feature of this hall is the nine-inch board which defines the level of the first floor ceiling along the wall. The large room on the right is now used for the kitchen, but, judging from the spot where the original kitchen stood, this must have been the dining room. A pine wainscot is its one distinctive feature now. On the opposite side of the hall a door at the stair foot opens into the present small dining room. But small as it is, it has built-in cupboards, a panelled firebreast and wainscot. The wall is broken where two windows in front and one on the side have comfortable seats, and the room is almost square.

The charming fan light above the entrance door is not in keeping with the heavy pilasters.

At the end of the stair hall a door with simple enframement leads into the "greate hall," about twenty-two feet square, which still fills certain customs of a more ancient day. The large room is surrounded by a wainscot with projecting chair rail and baseboard of grained pine. The hall is large and dim, and it is furnished in last

In the entrance hall, at a steep angle, the noteworthy stair rises direct from the front door.

century fashion. The white plaster walls permit space for two windows with wide seats and inner blinds; above each of the three doors—one of which opens on the south front—are plain, heavy door heads. But the most important detail of the whole interior is the broad chimney piece, which is panelled in front but plastered on the sides. The mantelshelf has at the bottom a dentilled fret, below which a richly carved frieze of intricate design demands attention. The panelling above the mantel is of great interest. The customary sleeping chamber opens off the right, and this, too, has a panelled chimney piece. The deep, splayed jambs of the first storey doors and windows are panelled; all of the walls have wainscots, and at the ceiling there is a denticulated cornice.

The door of simple enframement which leads into the "greate hall."

Detail of stairway showing risers with applied scrolls and the four spindles on each step.

On the second storey four rooms and a hall repeat the plan of the first floor, and here the windows are most interesting, showing as they do only nine small panes of glass, with muntins of extraordinary width.

The chimney piece which is the most important interior feature.

The first-floor windows have twice as many panes. The rubble-stone office building, also coated white, is enlivened upon the lower floor by brown stone trim. Eight lights of glass form windows of this storey, and only four appear in those above.

The long gone kitchen which stood among apple trees, exactly opposite the office, must have duplicated the lines and material of the building that remains. The architectural details at Menokin were

evidently worked out from some book on the subject, and executed by provincial carpenters.

Colonel Francis Lee had a very deep love for this house and his tree-girt plantation. Whether he named it because the Indian translation of it meant good growing land, we are destined never to know, but we must question the statement of some antiquarians that the name was originally Monocan. In Menokin, the *o* carries the accent; in the other name the accent is on the *Mon*.

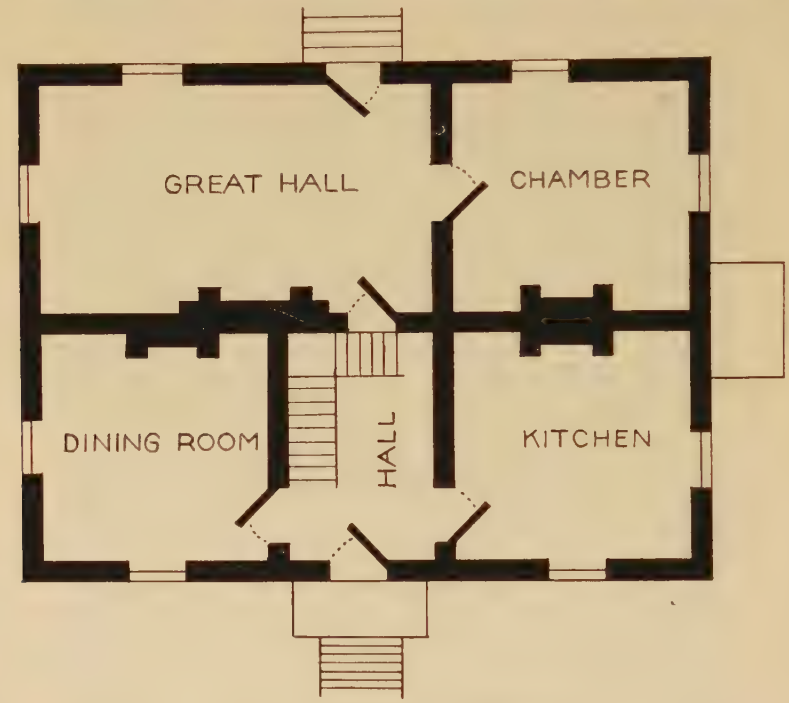
The mantelshelf with dentilled fret and richly carved frieze below.

In the days of Colonel and Mrs. Lee the plantation was the scene of much gayety and Colonial entertaining. Francis Lightfoot Lee was a member of the House of Burgesses, of the first Congress, and affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence. Known as a distinguished statesman and orator, this man, who out in the world was diffident, showed at his best among his friends in his home. In Seventeen-seventy nine he withdrew from Congress and retired to Menokin—"to which both his temper and his inclination led him with delight." For the rest of his years he led a quiet country life—reading, farming, and enjoying the companionship of his many friends.

In the Journal of Philip Fithian there is more than one line in regard to this old homestead. "Mrs. Carter," he writes, "and Miss Corbin, after breakfast rode to Colonel Frank Lees." Again one

may read, "Dined with us Colonel Frank Lee and his lady." And in the gossipy Journal of a Young Lady in Virginia, written in Seventeen-eighty two, the gadabout wrote with envy, "Cousin Molly and Mr. Pikard go to Menokin today."

The steps from the garden porch are extremely high, and the view from them is enchanting. Standing on the topmost of the



The first floor plan of Menokin.

steep terraces, smothered with the fragrance of the jasmine and the rose, it is not very hard to give fancy free rein to race back to the days of charming Rebecca Lee. It is easy to picture her there in hooped petticoat and quaint Watteau walking among the sweet old shrubs or the flowers upon the terraces.

In its day of decadence the old garden is lovely still; and though the pear trees have passed their fruiting time, and the fig trees refuse to bear, the black walnuts still do their part along with the damask and musk cluster roses.

Francis Lightfoot Lee, the fourth son of President Thomas Lee, and his charming wife, died in Seventeen-ninety seven within a few hours of each other, and Menokin reverted to the family of Colonel John Tayloe.

For many years the old place has been the property of those unrelated to the Lees, and its successive owners have borne the names of Booten, Howard, and Bellfield. Early in the last century an Episcopal Academy was conducted at Menokin, and the present owner, Mr. A. H. Bellfield, was a pupil in what for forty-six years has been his own house.

Regardless of a certain dilapidation, the old dwelling has charm as well as distinction, and domesticity is the note which permeates it. For all of the faded glory that surrounds it, the old house upon its hill top stands splendid and solitary. In the midst of the space upon all sides, its stateliness and past grandeur are still apparent. Although sorrows and cares have multiplied about the venerable homestead in latter years, the hospitality characteristic of the first owners is still extended to stranger and friend. Before the old hall hearth-stone sit kindliness and good will, while the spirit of charity —gracious and generous—abides within the walls like a visible benediction upon the inmates and the guests.

STRATFORD HALL

IN a far corner of Westmoreland County, recently made accessible by the thoroughfare known as the King's Highway, there has stood for one hundred and ninety-seven years a sturdy brick house which has sheltered more men of historic and political distinction than any other in Virginia.

This old dwelling in plain view from the country road looms against a tree-fringed background and is unlike any residence in America. The massive solidity of the early eighteenth century homestead captures one even before it is known to be Stratford Hall, the home of the Virginia Lees. The dwelling stands true to its builder who had known and loved such houses in "Merrie England," and though the walls seem to rise from the ground of a low situation, the structure in reality crowns the summit of a high bluff some distance from the Potomac River.

The estate was founded by Richard Lee who came to Virginia from Stratford-Langton in Essex, England, in Sixteen-forty four and bestowed upon his new home in the wilder country the name of his earlier surroundings. The property was inherited by his son, Thomas, who became one of the most brilliant men in the Virginia Colony. When Sir William Gooch, Governor of Virginia, was recalled, it was Thomas Lee who was appointed President and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony until the King thought proper to appoint him Governor of Virginia. Unfortunately, he died before his honourable Commission reached him.

Thomas Lee was the builder of Stratford Hall and, though the present residence was not the first he had erected on his property, it was built upon a much grander scale when the earlier dwelling was burned by convict servants whom Colonel Lee, sitting as Magis-

Stratford Hall, built by President Thomas Lee after his first house had been burned by convict servants.

trate, had sentenced to be punished. The loss by this fire of Seventeen-twenty nine was fifty thousand pounds and included cash, family plate and valuable furniture. Three hundred pounds were given Thomas Lee by the English Crown in appreciation of the loss sustained by its agent in the faithful discharge of duty.

The great house that succeeded the more primitive residence stands in the centre of a quadrangle at the corners of which are the outbuildings. Although Stratford has been called a building of a storey and a half, this is misleading, as the high basement forms the first storey, and the floor above, the second. The walls are built of brick, which in the remarkably high basement are larger than the rest, and are laid in Flemish bond. The remainder of the dwelling shows English bonding. Another curious fact about Stratford is that in the basement the window panes are eight by ten inches while those of the second storey are much larger. The latter contain

eighteen panes each and the former has sixteen. Each window is spanned by a flat arch of bricks of pinkish tone and all have slat shutters of faded green.

The early Colonists seem to have had a penchant for houses in the shape of letters. In Virginia, T, E, L and H are represented and the Lee homestead portrays the lines of an H. A central building, twenty-five by thirty feet, has a gable roof and upon each end wings of the same height which measure thirty by sixty feet are placed at right angles and have hipped roofs. From the centre of each wing roof, four sturdy chimneys, united by the same number of brick arches, present an individual effect. The arrangement of these quadruple chimneys permitted space for a secret room eight feet square whose walls are discoloured by the flame of lamp or candle. Hidden by a plank to which a spring was attached, the tiny chamber, evidently known in the days of Indians, was unknown by later generations until a carpenter inadvertently touched the spring releasing the board.

A long flight of stone steps leads to the classic doorway with brick enframement.

A long flight of greatly worn stone steps with wrought iron railing leads directly to the south entrance, which is the most formal of the three in the house. This outside stairway rises from a very small paved forecourt where the old bricks are almost smothered under violets and periwinkle. The door one enters above the little court has a classical enframement of brick, being one of the three in Virginia, and when slightly open gives an enchanting glimpse of the interior, a glimpse whose prophecy is more than realized when one stands within the great hall, which still maintains the traditions of the old English hall and is here, in the second storey of the house. This splendid saloon has great distinction. The walls are covered

One end of the great hall showing built-in book shelves, pine panels and Corinthian pilasters of walnut.

with very wide panels of natural colour pine cut to fit each space. Every panel is flanked by Corinthian pilasters of black walnut, the doors, cornice, hand rail and baseboard being also of the rich dark wood. The great height of the room is ameliorated by a coved ceiling which curves up from the cornice below—a very happy use of perspective. At both ends of the hall, bookcases are built into the wall between the pilasters, and these have very small antique brass locks with pulls, and brass H hinges of two parts which can be snapped or unsnapped at will. The cornice is very deep and breaks out above each pilaster, with which the course of dentils is in perfect accord. The hand-rail protrudes and the wainscot panels follow in width the same lines as those above.

The four windows are set in deep reveal and have delightfully comfortable seats. The furniture is stylistic. The large mahogany sofa is said to have been at Stratford ever since the house was built, and all of the rest—which is cane—is reputed to have been in the hall beyond the memory of many generations of the original family. The wood detail is characteristic of Seventeen-thirty.

The eight-panelled doors at either end of the saloon open into cross halls each of which extends through a wing to end at the east and west porticos. In the west hallway a door on the right takes one into the drawing room where the floor is covered in Victorian fashion. The panelled dado, however, is true to type, and this, like the mantel of a later day, is enriched with gouging. The cross against "witches" stands out in relief against the two upper panels of the door and gives every evidence of having been the work of someone unskilled. The door frame, too, is rather crude, but the manner in which the moulding is fitted to form the "dog's ears" is admirable. A modern brick facing proves that some space was taken from the original fireplace opening, and the mantel although of very good lines shows the mark of post-Revolutionary days.

Across from the parlour is a charming chamber, all white and old fashioned blue with the exception of the splendid mantel of natural wood embellished with simulated pilasters on each side. The four-poster bed is draped with blue, and the delightful little arch headed cupboard between the mantel and the wall is worthy of the best modern architect. The walls and dado cap are painted white, the baseboard black, and the space between chair rail and baseboard is of a very soft light colour. At the rear of this is the Green Room, also a sleeping chamber.

The hall showing one of the narrow halls that lead through each wing.

The absence of a stairway on the main floor is noted at once, but this is explained when it is understood that the original is in the basement of the west wing. And a charming stairway it is. Occupying the space opposite the alcove leading to the Green Room, this delicate stair, in an uncommon way, descends between the walls to a landing with just three steps below. The balustrade has plain spindles, but the mahogany hand rail is very beautiful and frail in size and design. From the landing it swings out gradually, then suddenly turns swiftly to cap the newel but little larger than the balusters. Although the brackets are uncarved, they are of beautiful outline, and these with balustrade and risers are painted white. A wide, low window lights the stairway, and another just below the steps of natural finish affords light for the small square hall from which access is had to the dining room.

The east wing duplicates the arrangement of the other. This also has a stair basement, though of nineteenth century date. Across

the hall from the stairway are two chambers—one of which was once the dining room, but the room of greatest interest and human quality is in the southeast corner of the house.

This room is not notable for architectural detail or for any particular decoration. It is just a plain, simple room such as any American family might have, and yet—its walls are hallowed, for within them came into being three of the nation's greatest men—Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee and General Robert Edward Lee. The modest chamber has walls of white plaster surrounded with a pine dado painted dark brown and with a gouged dado cap. The mantel is also delicately gouged, and above the shelf, in the oval gold frames of long gone generations, are pictures of some charming women of the Stratford family. The dark cornice is puritanically plain and the walls are discoloured by the smoke of many years.

Still another likeness, although hung high upon the wall, catches the eye of the visitor, and this, from the brush of Sully, is of Anna McCarty Lee, the second wife of Light Horse Harry Lee and the last of his name to live at the old plantation. The portrait represents her in the prime of life, a haughty personage with head tossed proudly to the side as if disdainful of all the world. The thought of the human beings this room has sheltered—still and pulseless long ago—awakens in one a growing pain that cannot be defined. A door on the inner side leads into the old-time nursery where the baby Lees, doomed to be famous, romped and played as other children do.

Stratford Hall shows certain architectural styles of Queen Anne's reign interpreted—with the exception of the carved capitals in the saloon—by Virginia house-wrights. The woodwork is of the type that had been in use for fifty years when the house was built, and it suits perfectly its purpose and place.

Steep stone steps with an iron railing climb up against the wall to the small eastern portico like that on the west side, although the latter has no outside entrance. The east steps mount from a flagstone pavement and were, judging from their nearness to the outside kitchen, evidently the service entrance. In dutiful fashion, ferns and mosses cover the well worn niches in the steps, and over the balcony above, a clematis paniculata throws its blossoms like a mantel of white lace.

The four outbuildings centred by the great house are stable, office, milk house and kitchen, each about thirty by forty-five feet, and all

Detail of the parlour showing good mantel and gouged wainscot.

with quaint curb roofs. All but one have two tall chimneys which rise from the roof centre and are held together at the top somewhat like those of the main building. Stone walls eight feet high link one of these to the stable on the west side while a twelve foot crumbling brick wall encloses the kitchen square. The latter has an enormous fireplace where, tradition relates, a whole ox could be roasted. The broad-throated fireplace opening is twelve feet wide

One of the bed rooms, which is charming in white and old-fashioned blue.

and has at each end a swinging crane. The arched top is eight feet high in the centre, and here there is an oaken lintel as black as ebony and as hard as lignum vitae. This gives an idea of the amount of entertaining done at the plantation when the Virginia Colony was in its youth. These quaint outbuildings seem to stretch friendly arms out to the rolling grain fields.

Where the Colonial garden once gayly bloomed, one sees occasionally a stray shrub or flower, but the trees that were but saplings when the dwelling was erected amply compensate for the loss of all colour but green. An enormous linden throws out its arms between the dwelling and the kitchen; a leaning hemlock stands very near the house; and a pear tree has been so bent and warped by storm that an artist would delight to make use of it in a landscape composition. Beyond this there is nothing left of the garden but crepe myrtles and old fig trees.

The fig trees were quite noted in the early days of the Republic,

The original stairway which descends from the main floor in the west wing.

for one reads in "The Journal of a Young Lady in Virginia," an entry of October, Seventeen-ninety two: "Cousin Nancy and myself have just returned from taking an airing in the Chariot. We went to Stratford, walked in the garden, sat about two hours under a beautiful shade tree and ate as many figs as we could."

The brick wall that surrounded the cemetery is rapidly falling away and the vault that was once within the burial plot was in such a crumbling state that the owner of Stratford had it pulled to the ground, placing in its stead a large mound with the stone from the grave of President Lee upon the top. Thomas Lee was buried at Pope's Creek Church, five miles away, in Seventeen-fifty six.

Old Stratford has been the setting of striking bits of Colonial life. Notwithstanding the many miles between the estate and the nearest plantation, the family of President-Governor Lee never felt the pangs of isolation, for they were either entertaining their neighbors and friends or the latter were playing host to them. For the older

This room is not notable for architectural detail, but as the birthplace of Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee and General Robert Edward Lee.

people there were cards, and chess and light wines for amusement. For the younger generation besides "Button" and charmony there were weekly dancing classes held at the various plantations. Considering the class at Stratford the observant Fithian wrote in his Journal, "About six in the evening the Chariot returned with Bob, Miss Prissy and Nancy from the dance at Stratford—Miss Prissy told us that they had an elegant dance on the whole—that Mr. Christian, the Master, danced several Minuets prodigiously beautiful, that Captain Grigg danced a Minuet with her, that he hobbled most dolefully, and that the whole assembly laughed." This Captain Grigg receives frequent mention in the diaries of the Rappahannock and Potomac River gentry; he must have been quite an original and amusing character.

The rapidly increasing wealth of the Colonial families brought about new luxuries and there is a record of a foreign order sent by

General Henry Lee for a new style lamp to be shipped to Stratford. "You will very much oblige me," he wrote, "by getting for me one of the most improved modern lamps of polished tin, such as Doctor Franklin brought over with him for giving greater splendour of light to a Parlour where we sit. If, in order to use the lamp, any explanation is necessary, let such explanation accompany it."

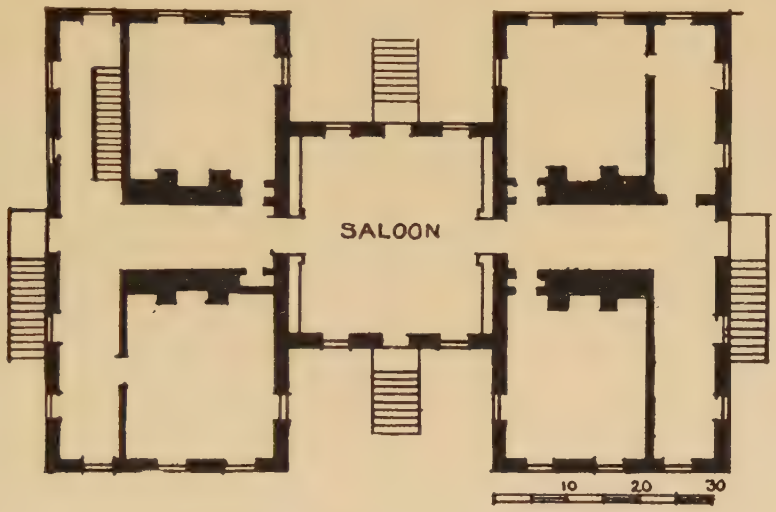
A doorway with "ears" frames a door panelled in Queen Anne style.

The old forecourt has been the scene of fascinating bits of eighteenth century life. It was here that President Lee would enter his coach and drive to Williamsburg with six outriders as protection. Again, the hunt would meet before the great house—the baying of the long eared hounds, the pink coated huntsmen, the dancing horses ready to be off, making a picture which has never been equalled in the modern day. Here the guests would leave their Chariots for a ball to be held at Stratford Hall—beautiful maids with powdered hair and stiff panniers, pompous dignitaries conscious of their prominence, gay gallants whose manners were the latest in evidence at the English Court.

Such was the life at Stratford Hall—amusement, leisure, and great display. As some one has said, "Just such a life as by all the rules would produce a race devoid of any solidity of mind or of character." And yet—this was the life that in reality produced more than one generation of famous men, not only of Virginia, but of America. Stratford was the home of twelve members of the House of Burgesses, four of the King's Council, four of the Convention of Seventy-six, two Signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress, and Governors of Virginia. Not only has the plantation been called the birthplace of genius

and headquarters of fashion, but it has achieved a place in history beyond that of any other Colonial Virginia estate.

Stratford Hall has neither been restored nor afflicted with additions. The worst that can be said is that a verandah was once torn away. This must have been from the north front, for at present there is no entrance at that point, though a door is there.



The second or main floor plan of Stratford Hall.

The life of Stratford has been long—its importance has been monumental, and though it does not now boast the acreage of former days, more than twelve hundred acres are still attached to the manour-house.

The last of the Lees to live at Stratford was Charles Carter Lee, and from him the estate went to Mrs. Starke, the sister-in-law of Major Henry Lee, who lived there until after the War between the States. Upon her death, the house and one thousand acres was left to her nephew, Dr. Richard Stewart, whose son, Charles Edward Stewart, now controls the splendid property.

The old dwelling is a history in itself and a rare illustration of the life and customs of the period at which it was built. Since its walls were reared, the glorious history of America has been made, and many of those prominent in the making were born under its very roof.

MARMION

WHEN the Northern Neck of Virginia was granted to Lord Culpeper in Sixteen-eighty one it became the abode of many families of America's early days. In this section George Washington, James Madison and James Monroe were born within a short distance of each other among other distinguished settlers who followed the course of the beautiful Rappahannock. Among those who took from the primeval forest their Virginia home was William Fitzhugh, son of a barrister of Bedford, England, who came to the new country in Sixteen-seventy. Four years later this *émigré* married Sarah Tucker, who was so young that he is said to have sent her to England after the ceremony in order to perfect her education. Upon his death in Seventeen-one his splendid estate of fifty-four thousand acres, in three counties, was divided among his sons, John the fifth receiving as his portion the plantation his father had named Marmion, in memory of Lord Marmion, the last to bear the title. It has often been erroneously stated that the name was suggested by the poem of Sir Walter Scott. On the other hand, Scott says, "I have not created a new family but have only revived the title of an old one in an imaginary personage."

A saffron coloured roadway climbs up the hill and through a woodland meadow burnished in St. Martin's summer with the tawny colour of goldenrod and purpled with daisies. The end of the drive marks the beginning of the pleasaunce studded with ancient pines and walnuts; with locust trees over-run with ivy, with maples and old pecans. Walks paved with large, square bricks burnt upon the plantation, lead to the entrances on both fronts, and embedded in that of the west are cannon balls of three grave wars—the Revolution, the War of Eighteen-twelve, and that of the Sixties.

Marmion, built by John Fitzhugh. The house that was on this land in 1674 was probably incorporated in the present dwelling.

Tradition says there was a house here in Sixteen-seventy four. That this was incorporated in the present dwelling; supposed to have been erected by John Fitzhugh, is perfectly possible. The inheritance of this fifth son was "2,273 acres of land, £120 sterling and eight pieces of silver plate." As he married Anna Barbara McCarty before Seventeen-nineteen, it is reasonable to suppose that his house was built by that time. On the death of John Fitzhugh in Seventeen-thirty five, the estate became the property of his son, Major John Fitzhugh, who married Elizabeth Harrison of Brandon. The Philip Fitzhugh mentioned in records in King George County as the owner of Marmion in Seventeen-eighty must have been the son of the Major.

About Seventeen-eighty five Marmion came into the possession of Major George Lewis, grandson of Colonel Fielding Lewis and Betty Washington, and his direct descendants boast an unbroken tenure of a century and a half.

Marmion stands as staunch and firm to-day as it did when built those many years ago, and in considering the earlier Colonial houses it is justly regarded as one of the finest examples. Like all of the first Colonists, John Fitzhugh followed tradition as far as he could and essayed original departures only under the stress of necessity. He built his residence on the general plan of its day, and recent artistic criticisms of the old dwelling prove that he built well.

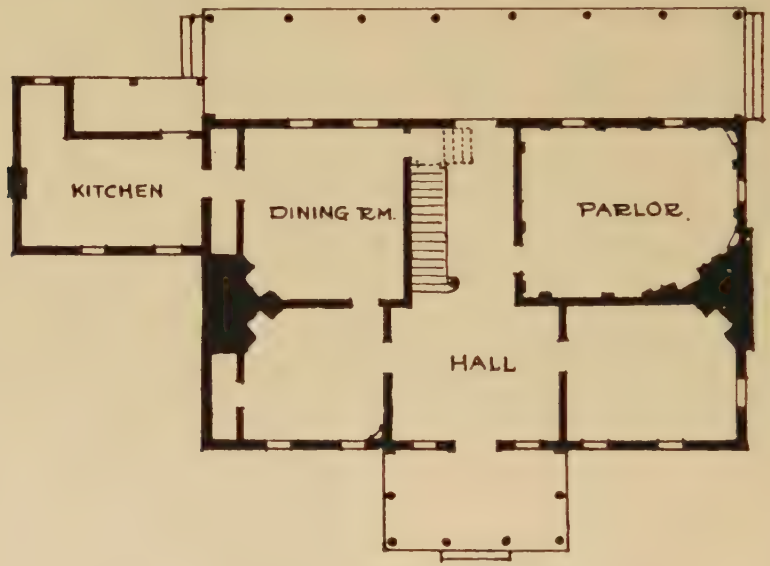
The substantial frame structure stands in the center of a quadrangle formed by the dependent buildings. The shingled roof is what is known as a curb with the main slopes sharply truncated at the top. The building is thirty-three feet wide and fifty-four feet long and a block cornice surrounds the exterior walls. The west portico marks the formal entrance and a "peaza" runs the length of the landward front where it overlooks the Potomac River. Sturdy chimneys rise above the roof at each end, and that on the south is curiously shaped to make a space eight by eleven for a secret chamber.

The south chimney, of curious form, was so built to permit space for a secret chamber.

A drastic departure from symmetrical Colonial lines is appreciated the moment the house is entered, for the hall that bisects it is not in the centre. H-and-L hinges permit the entrance door to open and close without the fear of ghosts because the initials are said to mean "Holy Lord." Still more superstition arises from the cruciform panels of the door, made, so it is said, as a guard against witches. The door has two companion windows.

The hall has a panelled wainscot which, after reaching the normal dado height, is capped, then allows the panelling to continue for another foot and a half. The top of the wainscot is more than five feet above the floor. A modillion cornice follows the course of the

walls at the ceiling and this, in common with most of the other wood in the house, is heart pine lightly grained in the natural tone. Midway, and from beneath, the splendid walnut stairway rises to the landing dignified by a grandfather's clock, and a beautifully panelled dado follows with precision the ascent of the stair on the opposite wall. The stairs leap from a spiral newel concealed by surrounding balusters which support the hand rail, ending in a horizontal scroll



First floor plan of Marmion.

like that at Westover. Each balustrade shows a different style of turning and two stand on each step.

On the right of the entrance is the quaint old "sitting room" where an old fashioned bell rope hanging at convenient height recalls the happy days when there were many to respond to its slightest jangle. But the most delightful feature of the room is the corner fireplace panelled in natural wood, with two snug little cupboards—one above and one below—built into the left side. One feels here that the subtle delicacy of treatment given by the early American architect-builder is rendered more interesting by his measurements. The room is perfectly symmetrical in no way, and that is a great part of its attractiveness. One corner is cut off diagonally by the

The corner fireplace of the sitting room has bewitching cupboards built in the left side.

chimney piece, which thus effectively conceals the secret chamber, and the simplicity of the fireplace is carried out in design, construction and finish. The harmonious relation of the moulding and the unbalanced panels form a happy composition. Two windows, each with twelve panes of glass, bring in the light which shines on a painted chair, originally the property of Uriah Forest of Revolutionary fame. There is a small chair, too, and one that quickens the pulse when the thought is born that by its aid the children of seven generations of the Lewis family took their first steps. The chair back has been worn perfectly smooth.

Across the hall is the library which repeats the general design of corner fireplace, panelled end and built-in cupboards. The panelling of the chimney piece, although irregular, is bold in scale. The library has tiny secret places which spring up on all sides, each hiding treasures of Colonial days. A family portrait looks down on the present generation from its ancient place on the wall, and a

The hall has woodwork of heart pine and a stairway of black walnut.

The dining room, entered from the library, has the corner chimney characteristic of Marmion.

well built wainscot, like that of the sitting room, was there long before the panelling came.

The colour of the natural wood and the moulding, delicate and graceful, give a refreshing variation to the unconventional library.

The dining room is the one next entered, and here there is a priceless store of old family plate and cut glass. This has the characteristic corner firebreast and panelling into which serviceable cupboards are built. The furniture denotes the different periods of American craftsmanship and the dado corresponds to those in the other rooms. The majority of the window panes show opalescent glass, and some have "bull's-eyes." One window in particular is pointed out with particular pride, for in this most of the glass is original. It was probably brought from abroad in sheets and then cut into twelve panes for each window. The sturdy muntins are ample proof of a very early period.

One piece of the silver belonged to George Washington; some

The eloborate panelling of this room at the Metropolitan Museum was taken from the walls at Marmion.

cut glass decanters were the property of his aunt. Looking at Marmion's old silver in Marmion's old dining room, one thinks of the lavish Colonial parties in which both played a part, and studying the slim-legged race horse whose picture hangs on the chimney breast it is not difficult to bring back the gay days when duels were fought in the cause of honour, and trysts were kept in the name of love; when some hearts were broken and some hearts were healed, beneath the broad-spreading roof of old Marmion.

The modern centre of interest in the house lies in the first floor chamber which was originally the drawing room, for this is where the woodwork was stripped to make a "period room" at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The story of this beautiful room is very delightful. According to authentic family tradition, in the year Seventeen-eighty two, Philip Fitzhugh found upon the bank of the Potomac River a dying Hessian soldier. Filled with compassion,

the master of Marmion had the ill man brought to the house where he was so well cared for that he recovered. Eager to prove his deep appreciation of the great kindness, the soldier offered to decorate the parlour walls according to the fashion of the day in France. When his offer was accepted he immediately went to work, and all of the paints used for landscapes, cornucopias, and so on, he skillfully made from the plantation clay. The result of his effort may now be seen in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. The room shows a hospitable solidity—and yet a soft harmony, and the proportions are rendered gracious by abounding fullness in curvature, in the Ionic capitals, the arches of the fireplace, the cupboards and the painted decoration. The Chippendale mirror that hangs above the sienna marble fireplace facing also was taken from Marmion, and this is a fine example of the mirrors popular late in the eighteenth century. It was said to have hung at Marmion since the building of the house. The walls of the room have the marbleized effect so much used abroad at that date.

Detail of the painted decorations of the "Marmion Room."

But in stripping the old walls of their panels, the soul of the room was not touched; the historic atmosphere remains undisturbed, and the change which has taken place in the walls has but added interest. Now it is a most comfortable sleeping room dignified by the four-poster that once belonged to Chief Justice Marshall, a kinsman of the house. In size it is eighteen by twenty-one, and one window looks out of the end with two others on the side. New woodwork of old-fashioned design replaces the panelling of which the firebreast was robbed.

A spacious upper hall lies in the centre of five sleeping rooms, in one of which are stored treasures of Colonial relics and rich antiques.

The chimney end of the "Marmion Room" showing the Chippendale mirror, said to have hung in the same situation since Marmion was built.

With the exception of the stairway, the woodwork of the first storey is pine finished in natural colour faintly grained, and has a soft mellowness about it now. In this as in other things, Marmion expresses certain changes which took place within the Colonial period regarding style. In this respect too, the hinges and locks are important features adding greatly to the distinctive results. There has been no attempt, apparently, to space the windows and doors symmetrically on the river front, but uniform green shutters protect them, and these have upper and lower parts, both panelled.

The old kitchen which stands on the southeast side of the quadrangle has the cavernous fireplace of Colonial days with blackened lintel and massive crane, bespeaking great feasts in the past. What can be more convincing than an old time kitchen in whose fireplace still hangs the crane and trammels, and whose culinary paraphernalia in the art of open fire cookery has been preserved? At Mar-

The room from which the woodwork was taken by the Metropolitan Museum. Mrs. Carter Grymes, the owner of Marmion, sits by the bed of Chief Justice Marshall.

mion there is an old "tin Kitchen" with roasting spit and pewter hot water plates, with hooks to attach it to the fire irons; there is a waffle iron which represents a deck of cards and which came from Eagles Nest, four miles away. The throat of the fireplace is eight feet seven by ten and a half feet, and the outer measurements of the chimney are eleven feet six inches. A more convenient kitchen now serves the house. The other three corners are occupied by the school house, the wash house and the dairy; the ice house is between two of these.

Although this white frame house, which stands a mile and a half from the river, is not so imposing as some of the dwellings along the Potomac, its exterior air of hospitality and comfort lends to it a delight and charm never attained by cold structural magnificence. Being near Fredericksburg, fancy can easily picture the distinguished men and women entertained within its generous walls. Here were

The wide-throated fireplace of the Colonial kitchen.

wont to gather first Colonial governors, then Signers of the Declaration; Presidents and cabinet members. As courts assembled, or horse races or weddings—any festivities—called the inhabitants from the town, they found *en route* beneath the roof tree of Marmion an ever open door and a wondrous hospitality. This spirit of welcome still stands at the gate, a rare spirit which appears very remarkable to those of newer generations. The house, the garden, everything about the plantation, tells of the chevalier family who brought their cultured European tastes and habits of living with them from overseas.

The historic plantation is now the property of Mrs. Carter Grymes, the charming great-granddaughter of Major George Lewis, who acquired the place about Seventeen-eighty five. Mrs. Grymes, whose maiden name was Mary Lewis, is the nearest living relative of the immortal Washington, and in this connection there is a story of interest that may be told.

When Mrs. Grymes was visiting the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia she was called upon with pomp and ceremony by the Indian chief, Black Hawk. The Chief was accompanied by his braves—all in picturesque native regalia—and the object of the call was to present to her a beaded bag sent by the Indian wife to "the nearest relative of the Great White Chief." Needless to say, it was not an easy task to locate the proper person, but Black Hawk did not end his search until he found her. It was also at this Exposition that the owner of Marmion was presented with the spectacles of Mildred Washington which had been carefully kept for a number of years in another search for the "nearest relative of George Washington."

Detail of an Ionic pilaster originally at Marmion.

Marmion is a picturesque bit of family history, and to the historian, the antiquarian, the romanticist, every look about the plantation is replete with delight. The beauty of two hundred and twenty-seven springs has bloomed about the rare old house; the blue of the hyacinth and gold of the daffodil are scattered throughout lawn and garden with a prodigality born only of time. Roses and lilies; primroses and canterbury bells, embroider the garden with gay colour as if in contrast to the sombre shade above the Fitzhugh burial ground at the rear.

The neighborhood has greatly changed since the old house was built. The progresses and journeys from plantation to plantation belong to a far-away past, but, happily, the daily routine at old Marmion still tells the tale of the life that was enjoyed there when Good Queen Anne ruled the new Colony of Virginia.

KENMORE

ON one side of Washington Avenue, in the northwest section of Fredericksburg, there stands a hospitable old dwelling which was once the manour-house on the eight-hundred-acre plantation of Colonel Fielding Lewis.

This house, Kenmore, was first known in history in Seventeen-fifty five as a rendezvous for recruits and headquarters of Colonel George Washington of the English Army. Twenty years later very different history was recorded within its walls.

Indissolubly connected with the early structure is the name of Fielding Lewis, who built it in Seventeen-fifty two to fulfill a promise to his youthful bride, Betty Washington, "a mannerly young maid." Colonel Lewis was a man of great distinction in the Virginia Colony. He was a member of the House of Burgesses, Colonel of the State Militia and held other important offices.

In Seventeen-seventy five, Fielding Lewis was made a member of the Commission of five to establish a "Manufactory of Small Arms," and gave seven hundred pounds to carry on the vital enterprise. Too old for active service he also equipped and maintained three regiments. As a result of this patriotism, Colonel Lewis died a very poor man the very day that the battle of Yorktown was fought with his guns. His estate was so greatly involved that his widow, the sister of America's commanding general, was forced to open a boarding school for girls at Kenmore in order to educate her children. In Seventeen-ninety four Mrs. Lewis was compelled to part with the house that had been her home for nearly half a century.

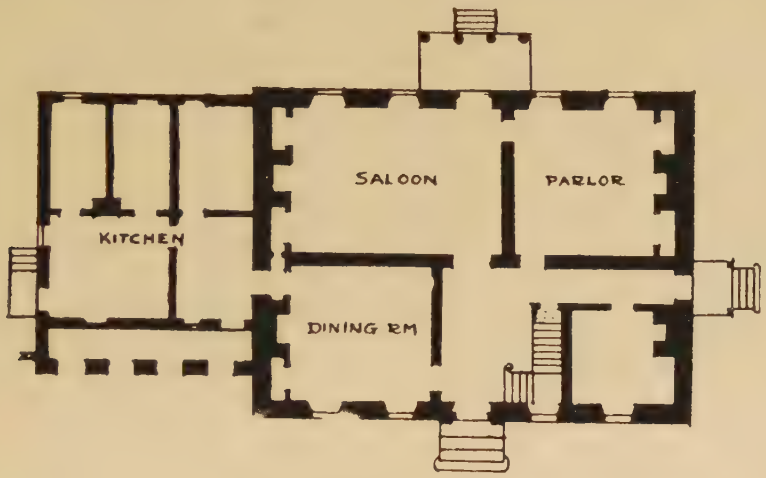
The park surrounding Kenmore is partly enclosed by an ivy-hung brick wall and partly by an iron fence, broken on one side by two granite posts between which hangs a plain iron gate

Kenmore, built by Fielding Lewis in 1752.

marked "Kenmore." Huge trees—lindens, hollies, elms, cedars, among others of lesser size—some planted by George Washington, have survived heroically both war and storm to shade the hallowed spot.

The brick house with walls two feet thick could tell a tale of history and romance blended, could it but speak. The nine windows that penetrate the front have seen the joys of great prosperity and the sorrows of broken fortunes. The colour is more drab than buff, and the trim is white as are the delicate stone arches above each window. The same arches surmount the basement windows which peer out just above the ground, and all of the sills seem inadequately narrow in contrast to the thick walls. The quaint little wing on one side of the house demonstrates the charm of simple lines and the arcade on the opposite side proves a decorative relief from the prosaic kitchen. Two chimneys stand above the curb roof at each end, but no elaborate cornice follows the eaves. The band course is merely a double line of bricks.

The situation seems logical for the homestead, where passing life along the old highway proved the diversion of the occupants. The stone steps that lead to its entrance have borne the footsteps of many years of joys and sorrows, of peace and war. Double doors with large brass handles open immediately into the hall which is surprisingly small, and the stairway rises from the right of the front door just across from the dining room. Other doors lead into the



First floor plan of Kenmore.

drawing room and saloon, that of the latter showing an enframement of beauty with the caps of its fluted pilasters supporting the arched frame of a fanlight. At the rear of the hall a transverse passage four feet wide crosses the house.

The ceiling here is the introduction to those for which Kenmore is famed, and the hand-modelled quality of the mouldings harmonizes them with the leaves and garlands in relief. The door with plain frame points the way to the library, but the one leading into the saloon is the most important in the house. The spandrel decoration over the fanlight of the latter is particularly interesting.

The enframement of the double door leading from saloon to drawing room assumes very classical lines with two slender pilasters standing upon each side to support as many arches carved with what appears to be a provincial rendering of the twisted guilloche motif so popular in the early eighteenth century.

The hall, which appears small for the size of the house.

The ceilings at Kenmore are unsurpassed for richness. Their story tells of Hessian prisoners who were captured at the first battle of Trenton and sent by General Washington to his sister's house to complete the over-mantels which Washington is said to have suggested. These captives are supposed to have been the same that later did the ceilings at Mount Vernon. Architects believe the Kenmore plaster work to be that of an earlier date, so the truth seems to be that the work was begun before the Revolution and finished afterwards. A certain delicacy of line and form characterizes the ceiling of the saloon. The graceful garlands and mouldings are typical of the time as well as the carefully designed cornice, enriched with the egg and dart and with five other distinct motifs. The white plaster walls are dignified by the portraits of noble men and women. On one side there hangs the original portrait of Colonel Fielding Lewis painted by John Wollaston about Seventeen-seventy, which shows a frail, slender man of great dignity, the only flippant feature about the portrait being delicate sleeve ruffles of lace. Beneath the portrait, placed much as they were in Colonial times, are

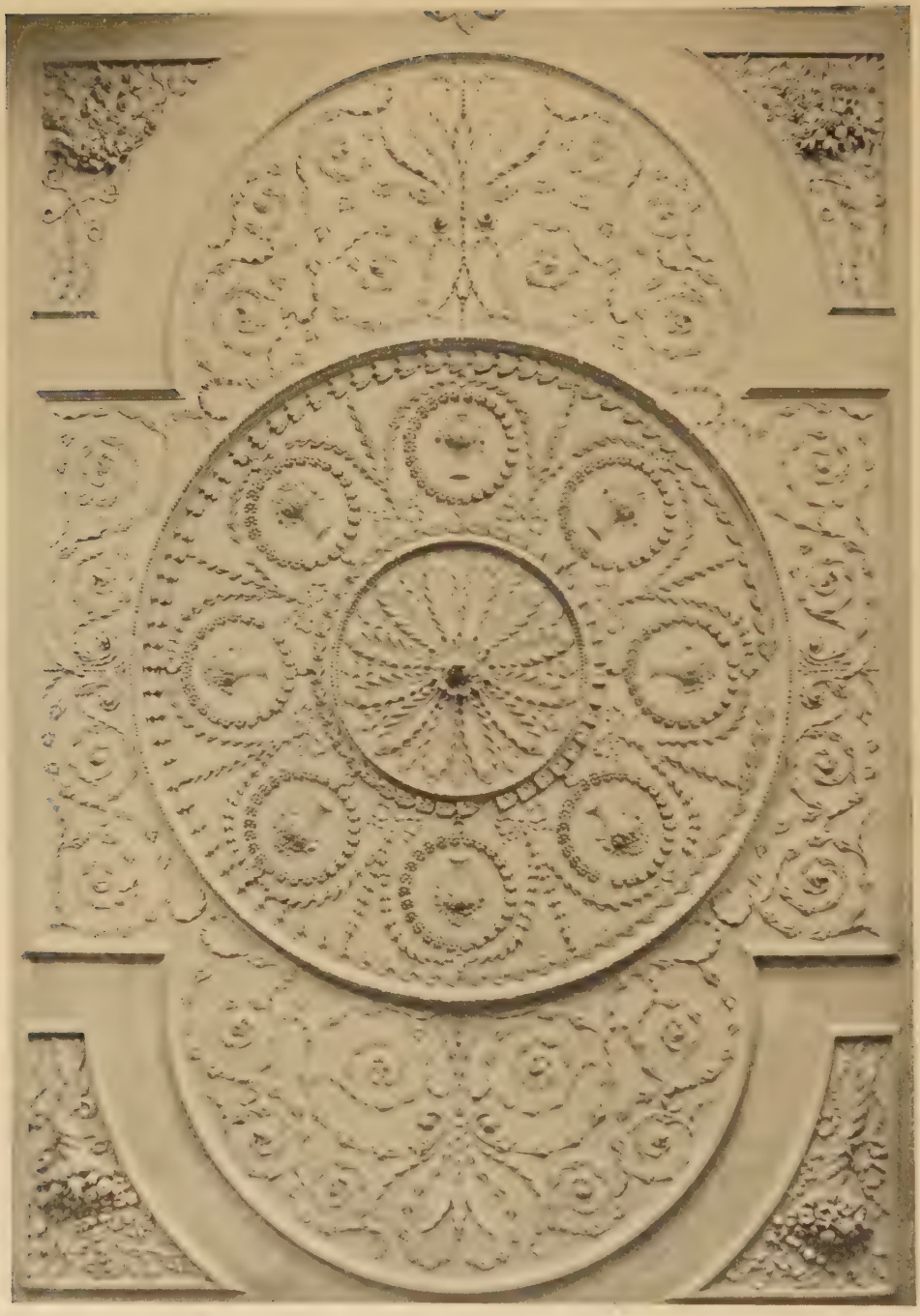
a desk and a fireside chair that belonged to the bright-eyed Betty Washington. This room, twenty by thirty, has only two windows, but these have low, deep seats, panelled jambs and inner blinds of interest because of very small H hinges. It also claims the distinction of being the only room in the house which is panelled throughout.

After the arbitrary removal of the gunpowder by Lord Dunmore, April twentieth, Seventeen-seventy five, prominent colonists met in the saloon to formulate what was virtually a declaration of independence, which closed with the words, "God save the liberties of America."

Detail of ornate fanlight and cornice in saloon.

In the library one finds the most ornate ceiling in the house. The putty mantel decoration is a pictorial fable of Æsop's "The Fox, the Crow, and the Cheese," which was designed by George Washington to illustrate to his small nephews and nieces the frailty of flattery and vanity, and of allowing mere opportunity to take an unfair advantage. The permanent enframement of this over-mantel embellishment is typical of the Georgian style; this is also true of the marble fireplace opening. Alcoves arch finely in Gothic style, on both sides of the mantel; a door at the rear of one of these leads to a cupboard, and the other opens outside. Although the space was there the alcoves were not originally in the house, having been cut after the removal of two doors by a nineteenth century owner. The baseboard is wide and the chair rail projects both above and below.

The drawing room has a delicately wrought over-mantel showing a naturalistic treatment. The frieze of wood is deeply carved along the same lines, below a very narrow moulding of the Greek key. The plaster facing of the fireplace opening again displays the egg and dart motif.



The central decoration of the elaborate ceiling in the saloon.

A corner of the saloon. The portrait of Fielding Lewis hangs above the desk of his wife, who was Betty Washington.

Like the library, the drawing room has wide alcoves at the chimney end of the room, but these have no doors in the rear. The window treatment corresponds to that of the saloon with the exception of small butterfly hinges on the panelled blinds and bars placed within heavy iron staples as protection from without. The drawing room is eighteen by twenty, and the floor boards are of random width.

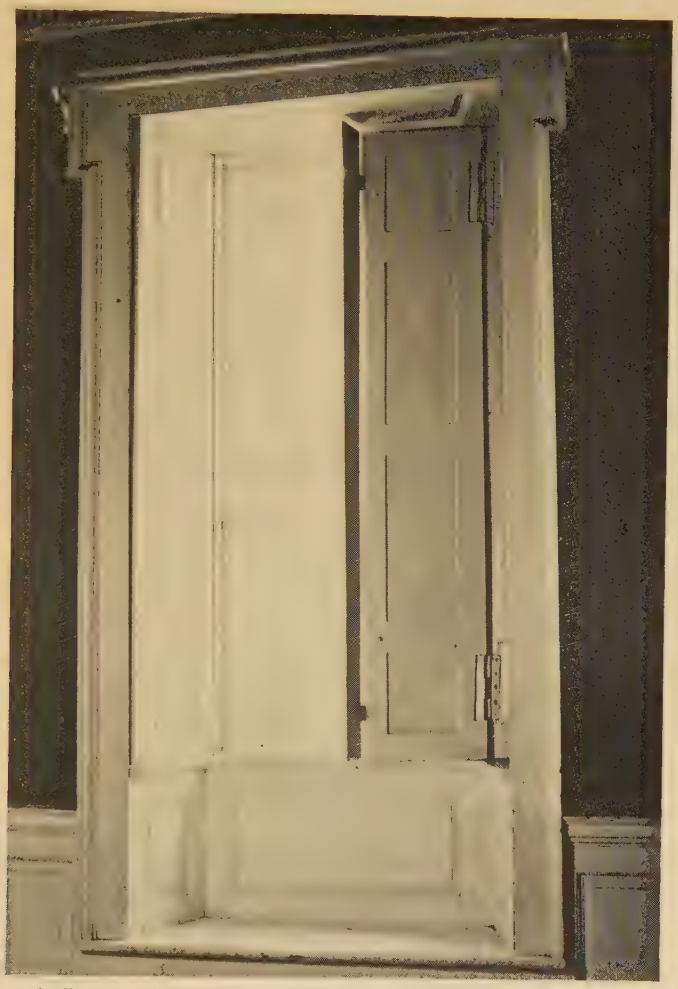
The decoration is symbolic. Amidst flowers and leaves, fruits and garlands, the four seasons of the year are represented as corner

decorations: the palm for spring, the grape for summer, the acorn for autumn, and mistletoe for the months of winter. In another room the ceiling is adorned by plaster circles and spandrels formed of beading of varied size made to fit each angle or space. The design is conventional but in the centre a sunburst radiates from the plastic Head of King Louis XIV of France. The name of the artist who decorated this particular ceiling is unknown, but it is known that he was called by General Washington "The Frenchman."

The drawing room mantel and overmantel are treated in a naturalist style.

The floor of the dining room still shows the very wide boards originally put there. Another ornate ceiling here, another carven mantel, this with a frieze very deeply incised in a foliated design. The woodwork around the fireplace opening is also well carved. The cornice is much plainer than that of the other rooms, but the dining room with its panelled chimney piece would lead one to believe it to be the oldest room in the house in point of woodwork. The door frames have "ears" and besides that leading into the room there is one at the chimney end which opens into the pantry; another leads into the service wing. The H hinges on the inner window blinds are very tiny and the windows with seats have in common with those of the first storey eighteen small panes of glass. The woodwork on this floor is pine.

With the exception of the baseboard, which encircles each room and the hall in a practical manner, the woodwork is all painted white, the darker baseboard giving a strong line at a point needed to define the proportions. The mahogany staircase has turned balusters with an unusually heavy rail and the step ends are delicately carved with a conventional thistle. After the rise of a few steps the stair turns



A library window. The tiny H hinges on which the blinds swing are noteworthy.

at right angles on the window landing and continues along the wall where a half hand rail distinguishes the wainscot. Breaking once more, the balustrade extends upon the second floor in circular fashion to form an open well, making the distance between ceiling and floor twenty-three feet. The plaster cornice of the second storey carries out the egg and dart motif, and doors on each side lead to

The mahogany staircase which, with the exception of the hand rail, is painted white.

the four bedrooms. Each of these has an interesting mantel and space for an open fireplace. A narrow arch at the rear of the wall brings one into the upstairs sitting room, and the three windows which light the hall overlook the park. The kitchen wing is original and this still has its old bake oven and much used crane. The portico on the garden front is the most attractive feature of the exterior.

This quiet old house of such dignity and charm has not always known happy days. From the Lewis family it was purchased by the Gordons who gave it the name which in Scotch is "Kenmuir." This family also cared beautifully for the historic house for sixty years.

Kenmore suffered during the war of the Sixties, and after this there came the pathetic time when it was not occupied at all. The next owner, W. Key Howard, lovingly restored the old house and replanted the trees that had been levelled on the lawn. But the tenure of this illustrious family was all too short to give permanent relief to the battle-scarred walls, and after another sale the historic dwelling within whose walls George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, the Marquis de La Fayette, and scores of other men whose names have added an historic and aristocratic flavour, was bought for purposes of commerce. The park was to be divided into small lots and the house to be ruthlessly razed or become the wing of a modern apartment.

Detail of stairway showing carved conventional thistle.

Happily for Kenmore, the desecration did not materialize. Although the original acreage has dwindled to the park with the years, through the influence of the Daughters of the American Revolution all that was left was put in the hands of those who will carefully watch over the rare old house and its surroundings. Under the direction of the Washington-Lewis Chapter, and after heroic effort, the Kenmore Association was formed and possession of the place was obtained by that organization in Nineteen-twenty two.

After all of its vicissitudes, its disappointments, emphasized by the glory of former days, the uncertainty of happiness or hardship, the old house is at peace. No longer are its walls sombre, its win-

dows closed, for it is now a place of historic pilgrimage and hundreds daily take advantage of the opportunity to see just what the Colonial dwelling is like. The lawn, brutally abused during the days of Reconstruction, is now thickly turfed. New trees replace those that have gone; a few of the shrubs recall the days of Betty and Fielding Lewis—and old Kenmore has been saved for future generations to contemplate.

The great lock and door "pull" with heavy iron key which protects the entrance.

GAY MONT

THE splendid plantation now known as Gay Mont originally contained two thousand acres and was founded by a pioneer Virginia settler by the name of Miller, who controlled a large grant along the Rappahannock River. Known first as Rose Hill, the estate became later the property of the Catletts, and one of these early owners erected the original house about Seventeen-twenty five. Unfortunately, the War of the Sixties played havoc in Caroline County and records necessary to establish the history of the property from its Colonial beginning were, with many others, wilfully destroyed by Federal soldiers. It is only possible to trace the complete history of Gay Mont from the time it was purchased from the Catlett estate in Seventeen-ninety by John Hipkins.

By marriage of the latter's daughter to William Bernard the estate fell to their son, John Hipkins Bernard, who, upon his marriage to Jane Gay Robertson, changed the name to Gay Mont in honour of his bride.

Upon the highest point of the country around, Gay Mont, through a screen of ancient trees looks down on far-reaching views and river vistas which cut through unbroken stretches of fertile meadow and valley lands, forming a continuous panorama of great beauty. The view is enchanting as seen from the portico, which is reached after the motor sweeps around a box-hedged bed of roses. Three terraces, each three hundred feet in length, fall from the shrubbery outline of the driveway and tumble down the steep hillside, a small and formal garden ornamenting the space between the second and third. This small bit of floral beauty is round and has four fan-shaped beds of roses watered by a fountain in the centre, and a family legend tells that the glistening walks between the flowers are made of pebbles

Gay Mont. The original or central portion is said to have been built about 1725. The wings were an addition of 1790.

brought from Bermuda in response to a charming bride's whim. The last terrace—twice as wide as the other three—swings into a semi-circle, with a border of roses following its curve. Where the dwelling ends, and on each side, are circles of Boxwood once kept in low and formal lines, but forced by Time to throw shaggy crowns ten feet into the skyline. Each has a gorgeous centre-piece of roses of old-fashioned name.

The central portion of the house is original, but the pentagonal wings and portico were added by Mr. Bernard in Seventeen-ninety eight. A second architectural change was made in Eighteen-thirty, when the octagonal music room was built on the garden front. The dwelling is of frame construction, with the wings and the first storey of the main building covered with stucco. This is thought rather remarkable by architects, who wonder what prompted the owner to cover the wooden walls with cement—an unusual departure

The hall is notable for a crescentic arch, scenic wall paper and moulded cornice.

from the strict lines of Colonial architecture. The walls of the second storey and the attic show in an excellent state of preservation the original pine siding. Tall, thin chimneys rise high above the comb of the gable roof at each end, and a cornice of square blocks gives a denticulated effect. Wheel windows light the low-browed attic and five narrow windows with green shutters look out from the second floor upon the fair valley of the Rappahannock, the same number overlooking the garden.

Six columns with balustrade between uphold the portico recessed within the walls of the two adjoining wings. The most unique feature of the house is found here where, between the windows at the rear and on the sides, plaster busts of Washington, Franklin, La Fayette, Napoleon, Milton, Byron and Scott are placed. The wings have hipped roofs, and four windows with eighteen panes of glass pierce their walls. Chimneys, very broad of base, throw their caps

above the ridge pole of the main roof, standing almost in line with those of the older building.

Although there are five other flights of steps which lead into the residence, the formal entrance is from those leading to the portico. Doors of eight panels swing between the little porch and hall, and, when open, reveal walls covered with scenic paper which assumes importance by becoming a decorative feature. This paper adds both life and colour to the hall, and carries the design of the Bay of Naples and Neapolitan scenes in an unbroken panorama which is delightful. Properly used above the dado from which it is separated by a broad hand rail, the blues and greens and rose colours of the antique paper are as bright as when they were brought from France by Mr. Bernard. Upon each side of the entrance doors are windows, and a moulded cornice with a course of dentils with a neo-classic frieze defines the line between wall and ceiling. The hall, twelve feet wide, is broken in the centre by an arch supported on reeded pilasters with carved caps. The dominant note is an original Empire sofa, an early importation, in a perfect state of preservation. The dining room on the right and the chamber on the left complete, with the floor above, the house of Colonial days.

Detail of arch in hall showing carving of Grecian inspiration.

The dining room, with dimensions approximately eighteen by twenty-seven feet, is a room of great charm. The chimney breast is beautifully panelled with pine along the lines of early eighteenth century work, which fact seems to prove that the Colonial part of the house antedates Seventeen-twenty five. Flanked by rather wide pilasters—partly reeded, partly fluted—the over-mantel presents a series of panels of various sizes so placed as to follow a design

drawn for this space only. Upon the central panel hangs, in superbly silent dignity, the portrait of Captain Robert Gilchrist Robb, in the blue and gold uniform worn by him as Commander of the United States naval forces at Old Point Comfort. When the War Between the States broke with fury over the country, Captain Robb resigned from the Federal navy to join that of the Confederacy, of which he also became Commander.

The mantel in the dining room is supported on marble columns, which, like the shelf above, were once pure white marble, but have taken on with the passing of years the deep, creamy tone of a gardenia rose. Ornamented on both frieze and cornice by arabesques of brass, the mantel is of the Empire period, but the original open fireplace has shrunk to a small grate. The hearth, however, appears to be of field stone slabs. The walls are covered with antique paper representing the Bay of Naples in a gray monotone with the exception of one panel which portrays a mythological scene in sepia, and this decorates the entrance alcove. The soft gray of the walls is in perfect accord with the old mahogany furniture, among which a ponderous sideboard—with shelves above and drawers below—stands pre-eminent. The array of family heirlooms in the form of glass and silver is dazzling, and one can but wonder how they escaped the vandalism of the war that split the country when Gay Mont was many times surrounded by the enemy. Two windows break through the walls upon each side, and over them fall draperies from beautiful and novel cornices. Having the appearance of very large split spindles, such as appear in miniature upon rare old desks and chests, these cornices are enriched in the centre and along their length with brass ornaments which correspond to those on the marble mantel.

The Master's chamber, like the dining room, occupies a complete side of the house. This also has a panelled firebreast and mantel of good design. The wall paper is of the type that brought distinction to rooms of an early period and is highly individual in design. A huge four-poster and other furnishings of four-poster days make the room wonderfully comfortable and cheerful and bring keenly before the visitor the beauties of the olden time. In size and the spacing of doors and windows this conforms to the dining room.

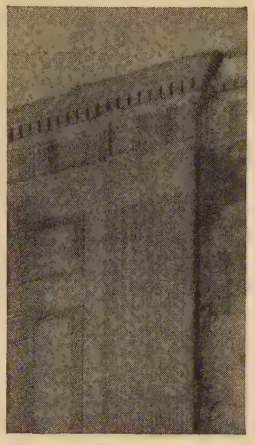
The stairway, which ascends from the rear of the hall on the left side, is typical of the early years of the eighteenth century, and its climb to the second storey seems a trifle steep, owing to the unusual

The dining room has scenic paper in a gray monotone and an exceptionally well made chimney piece.
The array of family silver on the antique sideboard is most interesting.

height of the ceilings. The second floor of the original house is much like that below, and the bedrooms are furnished with rare walnut and mahogany. The doors are all panelled to show crosses.

The wing on the dining room end of the house contains a chamber, a small hall and storeroom, with the cheery library at the extreme end, and this shares its chimney with the bedroom. The wing on the opposite end of the house also has a chamber. Beyond the latter, the conservatory occupies its full depth, and steps lead from here out of doors.

The servant bells, which still hang on cords suspended from each window, are among the most interesting features of Gay Mont, and though they are essential in all true Colonial houses, now they are seldom seen.



Detail of dining room cornice which corresponds with that of hall.

The octagonal projection at the rear of the hall is the music room, which was added in Eighteen-thirty on a level a foot lower than the main house. Gay Mont obtains variety by this splendid room, which has an unhackneyed spatial form. Measuring eighteen by twenty-two feet, the room has, below the windows on the garden front, built-in cupboards, which give an air of permanence and home-like comfort never obtained by movable furniture. The ceiling is very high, and the field of the wall is covered with paper of the Directoire period, which gives an appearance of sand-coloured satin draped in graceful, shadowy folds, caught by ruby cabochons. The room itself, its outlook and its treatment is a delight.

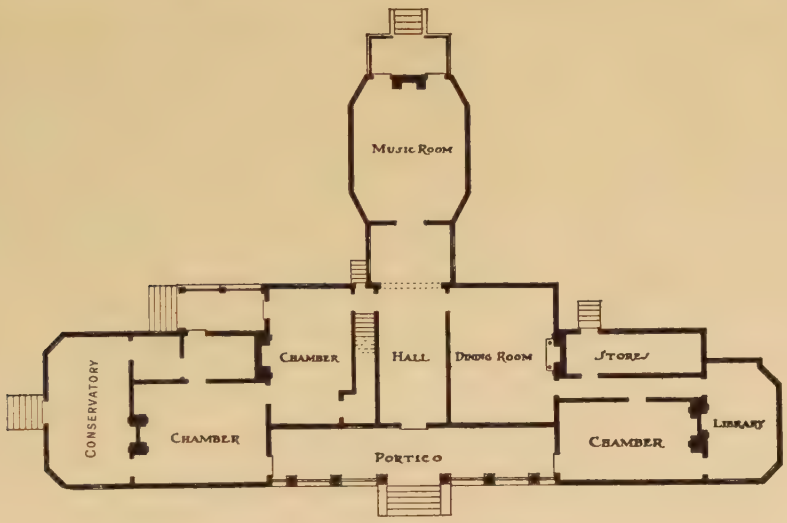
Gay Mont was the stage upon which both gayety and sorrow were enacted during the War Between the States, and the door was always open for Confederate officers, whose commands were many times in the neighborhood. As Mr. Bernard's daughters insisted upon remaining at home throughout the war, and at their solicitation General Abercrombie, the Federal commander, with headquarters at Port Royal, sent a special guard for their protection, so Gay Mont was saved. In the midst of the cruel drama of war, romances were begun, and, while nearby towns were being demolished, gayety reigned superficially at Gay Mont, where beneath was endurance and

An interesting panel of landscape wall paper in the dining room.

unrest. The present owners have preserved among others, a story of these stirring days, a story typical of the actors and the times. On a certain romantic evening Major Pelham, Major Duncan McKim and other Confederate officers were dining at the plantation, the girls charming in be-ruffled frocks garlanded with roses to match those in their *chignons*, their guests keen and alert, knowing that it was well to make merry, "for tomorrow . . . . ." The beat of hoofs on the entrance drive, the stumble of hurried feet across the portico, and a capless courier stood in the room, where the diners had risen from their chairs, and summoned the officers to their posts. The battle of Fredericksburg had begun. So fierce was the cannonading that the bells attached to the rooms kept up an incessant jangle.

In its fairest days, roses grown to the size of trees hedged the garden entirely, but Time and a war so cruel as to force neglect, denied their care and nourishment, and with the cause of the family that had cherished them they drooped their heads and folded their leaves, then died. Although their place can never be taken, the hedge

of altheas which supplanted them has proved a happy choice. Gay Mont suffered as did most Virginia estates as the result of the War Between the States, and the damage done in Caroline County was reflected in the plantation. It was then that the gay little fountain in the rose garden on the terrace was robbed of its pipes in order that the huntsmen of the family might make them into home-made "slugs" to take the place of unobtainable shot. In every way conditions had so changed that the property was divided, and the house,



First floor plan of Gay Mont.

including lawn and garden, was bought by the youngest daughter of John Hipkins Bernard, Helen Struan Bernard. Upon the marriage of Miss Bernard to Philip Lightfoot Robb, the long tenure of one name was broken, although one of the original line and blood continued in ownership. Gay Mont is now the property of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lightfoot Robb.

In every way Gay Mont recalls the old manner of living, which has unfortunately disappeared with the changes of Time. It recalls the day when the Virginia gentry showed the English preference for country life, for dogs and horses; for the real sport of shooting and fox hunting. Into the descendants of John Hipkins the spirit of courtesy and hospitality which marked their ancestor is being car-

ried on, and friend or stranger who now visits the old home will receive the warm welcome of Colonial days. Miss Fannie Robb, the gracious *chatelaine* of Gay Mont, is surrounded many times each year by the other children of her parents, who are drawn back to the ancestral hearth because the green fields and wooded valleys and happy memories of their country life are a great relief from brick and mortar cities.

ELMWOOD

THERE stands not far from the Tidewater Trail, between Tappahannock and Fredericksburg, a grim old house hidden away in the midst of trees that have overgrown the hilltop chosen by the Colonial builder for charm of situation and beauty of river view. The twentieth century unfortunately has obliterated all of this, for a tangle of woodland vines has shut out the view as they slowly and mercilessly closed the house in from the world outside. Once bright with newly-made bricks, the dwelling has faded to the colour of eyes that weep, then close with the pain of still more tears that can never be shed.

The road through the plantation that once contained thousands of thrifty acres is now little travelled. The barn, the barnyard families, and tenant houses—passed midway between highway and house—are ominously still and quiet. Everything seems deserted, and yet, one knows that there must be life and motion somewhere, for the meadows still yield their yearly quota of grain. Dense woodland stretches between the dependent buildings and the manour-house, and as the motor slowly makes its way over the narrow, upward trail, every weird tale that has been told about Elmwood seems more than true. A sudden curve around mighty trees and the wheels crunch into a bed of sand which ends the woodland road but gives a glimpse of the old home of the Garnett family standing on a bit of rising ground—silent, dejected and apart.

The park of many acres has been deserted for fifty years, for Elmwood seems to want silence as the controlling note of the symphony of life. A small brick building with high-pitched gable roof has upon its old-time walls a wash of vivid red cement, and is the first house reached. Small as it is, it has served the purpose of

The garden front of Elmwood, built before the War of Independence by Muscoe Garnett, and which though unoccupied since 1870 is still filled with rare furniture.

office, guest and school-house. The low-browed structure of wood nearer the main dwelling, and with an outside chimney of massive size, was the original kitchen, but neither of these important outbuildings appear to have been considered in regard to their architectural harmony with the home house, and both have distinctly different lines. The manager's house on the outskirts of the tree-girt lawn is the only sign of the present century about the old messuage. One does not speak. The ponderous silence is overwhelming, for Elmwood, isolated in its green frame of trees, holds out no welcoming hand.

With the bricks laid in haphazard fashion, owing to changes made from time to time, Elmwood presents on the east a façade of varied architecture and colour. Some time in the dim past the structure was dressed with a coat of white plaster, but the rains of years have washed this almost all away, leaving bricks of delicious brown and

greenish tone to show the walls. Two chimneys, wide but very tall and slim, have caps made of three rows of bricks, and rise from the highest roof line near each end. Both the belt and the base courses are merely double lines of bricks. The eaves are not finished with a cornice of consequence, leaving the stair tower to present the most distinctive feature of the exterior, and this has below its independent hipped roof a deep, plain frieze. Each end of the house, though of different heights, appears to be original, and the composition is sturdy. All of the additions and changes were evidently confined to the central portion of the building, where the tower projects fourteen feet beyond the main walls and a Palladian window forces part of the otherwise hipped roof to become a gable. The five windows of the second storey of the tower have splendidly arched heads and no outer blinds, but those of the first floor have simulated flat brick arches in which the mason achieved a rather original effect. The basement windows on this front are wholly above ground and are still guarded by wrought-iron grills, while the piercing of the remaining windows on the east was guided by circumstance. Most of the windows are narrow and have eight panes of glass. The ends are penetrated by two windows above stairs and one on each side of a doorway on the first floor. The porches on the east front and the south are very modern, but the west or garden front has every appearance of dignity—and age. Though the original portico has been torn away, the only feature that prevents Elmwood from appearing upon this front a "greate House" in every sense of the word is observed in the two inconsequential dormers, which are in plain view from the garden, while those on the opposite front have been hidden by architectural changes.

On the west the great rectangular mass of the house becomes an imposing country seat more like the small manour-houses of the period in England than the majority of Colonial dwellings in Virginia. Twenty windows and two doorways stretch across a frontage one hundred feet in length, and no longer does Elmwood appear silent and deserted. Each window pane is in its place, each shutter folds back properly, and one feels here what charm the structure must have had when the family who created it lived within its spacious walls.

A flight of steps between flat brick boundary lines nearly two feet wide and patterned in an octagonal design, climbs to the entrance upon the east, where a ruined brick terrace is brocaded with

The splendid main hall, from the east end of which arches lead to transverse halls. The cornice in many ways is unusual and the furniture here, like in the rest of the rooms, has remained the same regardless of the many years the house has been closed.

emerald moss. Like all doors into the locks of which keys are seldom thrust, more than a trifling moment passes before the front doors at Elmwood swing apart, their hinges sobbing. The hall within can justly be called superb—and yet—one is but dimly conscious of its beauty or its interest, for the torrent of damp, mouldy air that rushes to be free leaves one standing upon the threshold conscious only of the uncanny atmosphere that permeates the lifeless structure. The air is heavy with the ghost of memories of happy living—of the end of many lives, for it is said that here, as Time takes its toll of the members of the builder's family, each one is brought to lie in state before the sadness of the garden burial ground.

Detail of hall cornice. The panelled soffit of arch is noteworthy.

When all of the windows and doors are thrown open, however, Elmwood casts off its air of gloom and again the hall becomes merry as sunlight dances about the floor. By happy arrangement the main hall, which has a width of twleve feet, runs through the very centre of the house from door to door and spreads broad arms into transverse halls twenty-one feet long upon each side. The east and west doorways are alike in treatment, as each has a plain frame and stands between two recessed windows. Transoms and panels of translucent glass enrich each door, through which the sun throws kaleidoscopic colouring about the walls and floor.

The hall, where in the olden time the stately minuet was danced, is furnished as an entrance hall should be, and one of the most interesting features about the house is that though silent and unoccupied it still retains the furniture used by the Garnetts in the days of the English Georges. The plaster walls and ceiling, once immaculately white, are now dusky with mould, and upon the top of rare

Heppelwhite card tables standing near each door the dark gray mould has thrown a pall one eighth of an inch in thickness. Lift the closed half and there lies beneath the eyes the most beautifully polished mahogany. A cane seat maple settee of three parts and some chairs complete the necessary furnishings of today as well as of yesteryear. Regardless of not having been used for more than half a century, the hall is now as it was in its happiest days—ready to receive stranger and friend. The neo-classic cornice is said to be painted in heraldic colours, the triglyphs are white, and the metopes are centred by a contrasting Tudor rose in bold relief on backgrounds alternately red or blue. Below the brightly coloured frieze is a walnut moulding.

The arches through which one passes to reach the cross halls are splendid specimens of architecture. Both are supported on reeded pilasters, their soffits panelled in perfect squares. Suspended from each keyblock are antique Chinese "lanthorns," reminders of the oriental craze which swept over England and touched America in the eighteenth century. Each transverse hall measures nine by twenty-one feet, and a l of the woodwork in the three halls is black walnut in natural finish.

On the left side of the northeast passage is the Blue Room, which is entered through an unique doorway. This answers the purpose of a door when slat shutters are dropped over it from above and insure privacy and ventilation. At other times it is merely an opening above the wainscot, which is here cut and hinged to the frame. The mould that accumulates in any unused house has destroyed the colour of the painted plaster walls, but the glorious rose colour of the marble mantel will last until its end. The chimney piece here is thought to show the best architecture of the interior, for its well designed lines are slender and the work upon it well done. The fireplace opening has a white facing, and the ears which adorn the architrave betray its period. The over-mantel creates the idea that it might have been patterned as it is to show to the best advantage some particular portrait. The square central panel is outlined with a carved moulding which seems to be a combination of guilloche motifs, and above this the cornice and frieze of a broken pediment are in accord with the treatment of the mantel. The base and sides of the pediment have—above in one and below in the other—a course of dentils of infinitesimal size, and the finial is either a thistle or a flame.

The chimney piece in the Blue Room is delicately carved and the mantel is of rich pink marble.

Equidistant from the centre upon both sides are two narrow panels bordered with ovolo moulding and picked out criss-cross fashion in faded silver. The cornice of the room is very lovely with its soft colouring of white and blue, also touched with silver. A very narrow chair rail finishes the top of the panelled dado, and a doorway with deep splayed jambs is cut through the walls in the recess formed in the left side of the room by the firebreast.

A Victorian book shelf is filled with French and English magazines, and a carved rosewood sofa, with chairs of the same wood, is upholstered in sapphire velvet still of beautiful texture and tone. Standing by the door leading to the hall is the most interesting furniture of all, an old spinet upon one side, a mahogany and maple secretary on the other. In the latter are precious springs which, still in good condition, fly open to reveal some time-worn treasure or papers most important when they were secreted therein. The Blue Room seems a misnomer, for this is in reality the music room, with piles of sheet music on spinet and tables; great music books filled with the most classical compositions; pages of early Victorian ballads and old folk songs. The bench in front of the spinet looks as if just put there for a music lesson or practice, and the secretary appears to have been closed only yesterday, for the papers are left in confusion, and yet, it may have been half a century ago that they were last touched.

The drawing room, which occupies the full depth of the north end of the house, has three entrances—one from the Blue Room, one from the hall and the other from out of doors. This is distinctly the most important room in the house, and in its early days was used as the Master's chamber. Later, owing to the extraordinary amount of carved woodwork and its great size it became the drawing room. In the spacing of windows and placing of doors the architect-builder showed an utter disregard of certain elements which usually had serious consideration at the time Elmwood was built. Two windows of normal size look forth upon the east front, but the two overlooking the garden are on the French order and come directly to the floor. The doors flanking the chimney breast are well placed, and the one in the end which was once used as a garden entrance breaks the opposite wall between the other two.

The first glance into this damp and mouldy room gives one pause. The spell of pensive silence broods within it, for it saw much and distinguished company during the residence and reign of the elder generation of the Garnett family. It shows the effect of expenditure without stint; it appalls one with the tremendous amount of work accomplished by the hardened hands of Virginia craftsmen, and though suggestive of many weird stories, it is impenetrable in its deep mystery.

The field of the panelled wall, once painted white, has been

The drawing room where the walls are old ivory, the wainscot natural walnut and the marble mantel rose coloured. The amount of hand-tooled woodwork here is extraordinary.

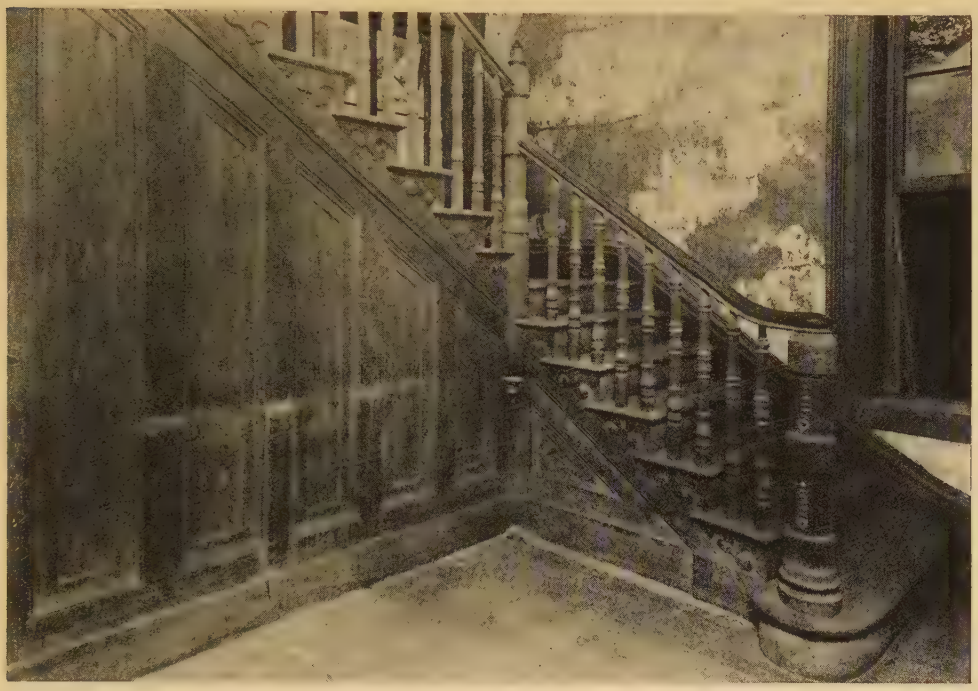
touched by Time the colour of antique ivory, and each bevel and moulding is picked out with gold that does not tarnish. Like the doors, the walnut wainscot and the baseboard are the soft colour of the natural wood, and the dado cap of the same finish is continuous. The panels of the dado are rectangles and the mopboard, by means of a plain moulding, slopes below. One stands amazed at the quality and arrangement of the decorative woodwork, for nowhere in Virginia will quite as much be seen executed in just the same way. Fragments of the same type may be found—particularly around Port Royal—but the great quantity presented by the Elmwood drawing room at first glimpse is without precedent in the houses of Colonial Virginia. The modillion cornice is characteristic of the date of the building, and, though deep, does not appear ponderous, owing to the height of the room. The fireplace naturally focuses the attention, not only because in its first days it was the logical

centre of the room, but because a mantel of bright pink marble, very low and with arched fireplace opening, confronts one. Above the mantel and its colourful framing rises the over-mantel, whose broken pediment shows carved volutes, denticulated cornice and round frieze. Long slender panels limit the embellishment, and a pair of miniature Ionic pilasters uphold the cyma-pediment and the panel set within ornately carved moulding. Below this decorative woodwork other panels, each taking its width from panel or pilaster above, cover the space between mantel and chimney piece.

Each door has a broken pediment carved upon volute and frieze like that of the over-mantel. Their enframement consists of fluted pilasters whose bases are rather heavy for the delicacy of their caps. They are also somewhat broad, though this is really necessary to uphold the entablatures. In few rooms will one find more exuberant hand-tooled woodwork than in the drawing room at Elmwood. The one fault is heaviness. The normal strength which characterizes Virginia's Colonial and Georgian work is greatly to be admired, but too heavy a rendering of the best architectural design will ruin it for all time. Had the Elmwood builders touched their tools just a trifle more lightly, or had the draughtsman been a bit more delicate with his pen, the chimney end of this room at Elmwood would surpass any in Colonial Virginia. The great point is, however, that such a display of the toil of man and the desire of an early planter to enrich his home should continue to remain unseen, unknown by the world. The room has the dimensions of twenty-four by thirty feet.

On the opposite end of the dwelling the situation of the dining room corresponds with that of the parlour, but the measurements are only fifteen by eighteen feet. Here one finds a marble mantel the colour of ashes-of-roses and a cornice frieze ornamented with the Tudor rose. Here, again, is a room completely furnished with dining table and ladder-back chairs; with serried rows of rose-coloured china after the pattern of the Tree of Life. The curtain tie-backs are dainty bronze hands with flowers between two fingers, and there is a rare cellarette within which still clings the fumes of choice Madeira imported "to kill the fever." There is even a child's high chair with slat back to which baby hands have clung, leaving the old rails dim and awakening memories of the generations of children who climbed with stilted baby steps into it.

The pantry, formed in the reconstruction of the house, is just



The small tower room or stair hall which has four ways of entrance. The stair is black walnut grained and the brackets show a scroll decoration.

across the hall, and on its shelves are numerous kinds of china and cut glass; of antique culinary utensils of pewter or iron or wood. It is all so very real, this lifeless house, that one would not be surprised to see entering from the kitchen side well trained servants bearing great trays of food.

The library, between dining room and hall, is the size of the Blue Room. It is panelled with curly maple and has a chimney breast of note. Built-in book shelves of maple and mahogany are filled with books of past generations—some German, many French, and all of the highest type. Some shelves are filled with the punctilious literature of Jane Austen's day, others with Blackwood's Magazine, which would indeed be curious reading in this ultra-sophisticated century. Not only is the text of the books worth while, but the bindings of soft colourings and contrasting end pages are capable of holding the interest hour after hour. In an oval gilt frame a beautiful

Stair landing between first and second storeys showing scroll frieze. At the rear the bricks of the wall are exposed.

Madonna looks down upon the Bible of the Garnetts, which, fastened by a clasp of heavy gold, rests calmly on the mantelshelf below. What a commentary! In closing this house of their forbears, the existing members of the family left for their spiritual ancestors this sacred relic of life and death. The library is interesting, romantic and sad.

The tower room or stair hall is six by eighteen feet, but, small as it is, four doors open in and out of it. The staircase is panelled in grained walnut and the two stair windows have frames of the same treatment. A ponderous newel with curious ornamentation stands upon a blunt lower step and halts the hand rail which rests upon its head. The balusters are misleading. Though there are two on each step, which is indicative of a previous period, they are undoubtedly the work of carpenters of the middle of the nineteenth century. A stringpiece runs below the machine-carved scrolls that decorate the ends of the steps, but the wall stringer is merely a board with a mould-

ing at the top. The angle posts in an extraordinary way appear to swing between the balustrade where it breaks to permit the landings. These posts have bands of wood around them like the newel, but are much more ornate upon the ends which stand above and fall below. The stair winds on to the second storey, forming on its way a narrow balcony, below which a frieze of machine-made scroll-work corresponds with that of the risers. Deeply revealed doors are at both ends, and between these the bricks of the exterior walls of the house are exposed as a result of the remodelling.

The stair leads upward to the fourth storey, where hand-hewn beams and rafters are much in evidence. This attic is unfinished, and thrown into one corner are black walnut boards very thick and wide which were not needed in the erection of the house. These boards, with the rest of the timber in the dwelling, are said to have been cut from trees on the estate.

The five bedrooms of the second floor are placed at the rear, and one end of a long, wide hall, in the centre of which the Palladian window, observed before entering the house, gives in the midst of Victorian architecture a classic note. The changes made in the dwelling seem to have been centred on this floor, for with a few exceptions it has lost the Colonial atmosphere. The rooms at the rear open one into another and are about eighteen feet square, but the end chamber is the size of the drawing room below. The ceiling is high for an upper storey, and the Colonial exceptions are the chimney pieces, which, though not elaborate, are of delightful lines. The firebreast in each room is flanked by doors on either side, which may have provided space for powdering rooms, but now open into closets. In one of the latter a long-skirted riding habit hangs, a habit made to wear when graceful plumes swept from the riding hats of women. It recalls poignantly those picture people, and seems so helpless hanging there that one hesitates to touch it, fearing what might happen.

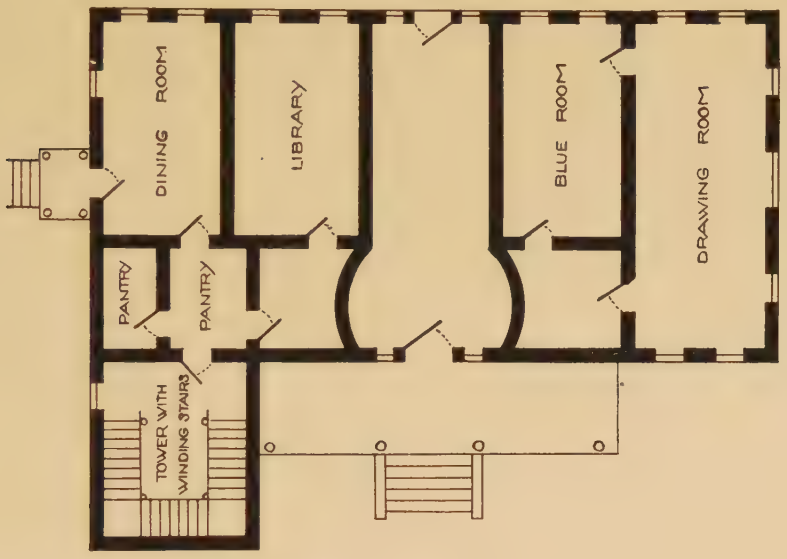
Every room is completely furnished—and such furniture! May it never leave old Elmwood or its owners, having been true to them for so many generations. Four-posters, with legs uncut, tower to the ceiling, and half-high four-post beds, called sometimes "Jenny Lind." Tent beds and canopy beds; ailanthus-leaf carving and hand-turned legs; broken scroll headpieces or plain footboards. Chairs of almost every type, and all good. Dressing glasses of rosewood and

of walnut; huge chests of drawers, and the slender lines of Sheraton and Heppelwhite—all of the best. The feeling that steals over the stranger at the very outskirts of the plantation remains throughout the pilgrimage, and—one may as well admit it—there is a tingle of expectancy, an over-shoulder look and feeling that accompanies the visitor in and out of each room.

Many weird stories are told of Elmwood, famed for its ghost lore, but there is only one which the family relate, and this is in a spirit of humour. Years and years ago when visits between plantations never lasted less than a week, there came to Elmwood a casual acquaintance who stayed on and on until he was recognized as one of the family. The room he occupied is at the end of the upper hall, and duplicates in size and certain treatment the drawing room. The open fireplace is faced with plaster, the chimney breast is very fine, and where wall and ceiling meet a cornice is formed of narrow moulding, which, simple as it is, breaks out with all of the dignity of modillions above the panelled mantelpiece. The room is beautifully furnished with relics of one or two centuries ago, and, strangely enough, it appears more orderly, more as if given daily attention than the remaining rooms in the house. It has charm for the onlooker, is quiet and calm, but there are those who will tell of nightly revels held within its walls; or of some doors that will never stay locked, of others that will not open under the greatest strength. Still more uncanny are the doors that open and close with great noise by an unseen hand supposed to be that of the "Doctor," the family's guest for forty years, who now constitutes himself caretaker. There are those who will tell of the ghostly minuet which is danced in the great hall below, of the cry of a promising young son of the house who met death by the plunge of a horse.

Such are the stories told of this sad old house built before the War of Independence by Muscoe Garnett for his son, James Mercer Garnett. It is said to have taken many years to complete the structure, nor does one doubt this, for, once finished, it equalled any of its day in the Virginia Colony. Elmwood was not occupied during the Revolution, as the Garnett family assembled at one of the older manour-houses—Mount Pleasant, Prospect Hill, Champlain or Rose Hill—now but memories. After the Revolution depleted the fortunes of the family, James Mercer Garnett, a man of great culture, opened a girl's school at Elmwood in order that his daughters and

their friends might receive the education thought proper at the time. Each term he delivered a series of lectures on "The Deportment and Education of Young Ladies," and these in pamphlet form may be found in the best libraries. Although the reading is very quaint and strangely punctilious, the lectures afford both interest and delight to the present generation, who are living so far away from the advice contained therein.



First floor plan of Elmwood.

In Eighteen-twenty nine the house became an Academy for boys under a head-master engaged by Mr. Garnett in order that his little grandson might have the companionship of boys of his own age. Some of the small scholars became very distinguished men. A third time the manour-house was transformed into a boarding-school, but this time on a scale so much larger that, instead of paying, it brought financial difficulties and was in consequence abandoned.

About Eighteen-fifty Elmwood was remodelled by its owner, Muscoe R. H. Garnett. It was then that the work of machinery superseded that of man, and the original stairway was taken from the southeast hall and rebuilt along more modern lines in the tower provided for it. Most of the panelling was removed from the walls,

the window panes were enlarged and the Palladian window was installed. The porches were also an addition at this time.

Elmwood suffered and saw history made during the deadlier War Between the States, for M. R. H. Garnett had gone north for his bride, Miss Mary Picton Stevens of Castle Point, New Jersey. More than once the house was searched by Union soldiers, but the secret hiding place in the attic kept faith with its owners and nothing of great value was found, for the silver had been buried deep in the woods at the outbreak of trouble. Not content with thus annoying Mrs. Garnett, whose husband had died, Mr. Stevens, her brother, had enough influence with President Lincoln to have his sister and her children brought back by force to Castle Point, and Elmwood was deserted. But for short visits of the present owner, Mrs. J. Clayton Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Muscoe Russell Hunter Garnett, the old homestead has been silent and unoccupied ever since. James Mercer Garnett II, brother of the present owner, was the last of the family to make the old plantation home. Unfortunately, Mrs. Mitchell has found it impossible to take up her residence upon her rare inheritance, and Elmwood has remained closed since Eighteen-seventy although still well maintained.

On one side of the garden, which has assumed a sunken form where three terraces rise from its magnolias and roses and box, in God's Acre, sleep many members of the original family, with some distinguished relatives and friends. The spot is very lovely, very restful, and, strangely, is the only place about the plantation untrammeled by an eerie subconsciousness. Tall-trunked holly and cedar trees are smothered beneath English ivy; blue periwinkle links the mounds together as if in promise to the quiet sleepers that through eternity they should not part, and the mossy gray stones all preach a "silent and pithy sermon" to the soul.

This interesting old home played a great part in the lives of "John Mercer, the lawyer; James Mercer, the Judge; Charles Fenton Mercer, the statesman; Theodore S. Garnett, a civil engineer; James Mercer Garnett, a teacher, and his son, James Mercer Garnett, Jr., a lawyer, who represent successive generations of the family in this country." Small wonder that Elmwood seems existing only for the past. What if the world does not know of the old house, or if it has been forgotten? The structure only whispers what it wants

to tell of its story. So many generations have lived out their lives beneath its roof—it can not remember all.

What could be sadder than a great, deserted house—a mass of brick and mortar, of stone or frame—of extreme interior beauty and setting, but lacking the greatest of essentials—life? A house no longer a necessity, whose duty has been accomplished, whose destiny has been fulfilled? Sadly enough, this best describes old Elmwood, and it will be rare indeed if the visitor leaves the dwelling without a haunted feeling, for within the old-time walls deep silence reigns and an atmosphere of remoteness hangs about both house and plantation. The wind seems to chant weird songs among the treetops, and as twilight makes of the grim old structure a colourless picture, one turns away—never to forget.

BROOKE'S BANK

BACK from the Rappahannock River, on the highland, rising upon a terrace amid overtowering trees, the old manour-house at Brooke's Bank strikes in many ways a note of strong contrasts. Upon the landward side the plantation is reached over the Tidewater Trail from which a private road in unspeakable condition forces the traveller to leave the motor and walk the distance of two miles between the highway and the house. The sinuous road winds up hill and down vale through tumbling masses of mountain laurel heavy with pink cup-like bloom each spring.

The line between pleasaunce and meadow is drawn by clumps of wild orange trees, which halt the presumptuous present. Across the south front of the old dwelling the prickly, un-cropped hedge is interwoven with ancient roses which bloom ten feet above the lawn. On the right of the house a superb linden tree with spread of more than seventy-five feet throws out its arms as if in protection, its gnarled and knotty roots growing as the years progressed some inches above the ground. This foliated setting throws about the low-pitched structure sharp contrasts of sunlight and shadow.

Brooke's Bank is not a large house, but it is—even in its day of desertion—a satisfying domicile. It was built for comfort, and, despite nearly half a century of indifference and neglect, is still capable of being charming and restful. The dwelling contains a large central portion which covers a length of sixty feet and a width of thirty-six to which small wings are attached. These wings, ten feet square and one low storey in height, are placed two feet back of the south walls of the main building. The most absorbing exterior feature is the mighty chimneys which rise more than twenty feet above the ridge of the roof and are decorated upon each end and side with contrasting headers laid to trace an effect of diamonds. These two

The river front of Brooke's Bank, built in 1732 by Mrs. Sarah Taliaferro Brooke on land presented her by the English Crown.

tall, square chimneys are the only ones to be found with such embellishment among the houses of Colonial Virginia. The cornice is very deep for a building the height of Brooke's Bank and has between wide mouldings a denticulated course. The same type cornice follows the eaves of the two wings, but instead of the dentils being of average size, they are delicately reduced. The protruding base course is formed of concave and convex moulded bricks and the belt course is extremely interesting. For three rows, the bricks are laid double on the field of the wall between the two storeys; below these there is one line showing the sides only while the finish above is one concave course. In a curious and most original fashion the band course on all four walls stops within one foot of the ends.

Nine windows with very small panes of glass are so placed in the walls of the south front of the house that within they are deeply recessed. The sills are thin, very thin, but gain attention for the

manner in which they extend beyond the walls. Each window is enriched with a flat brick arch, including those of the basement which peer out just a bit above the level of the lawn. The sides have only two windows in the upper and one in the lower storey. Those on the river front present a very different appearance, being fitted with four ugly, oblong panes of glass as a reminder of a deadly and unnecessary war.

The walls of the house, a fine specimen of Flemish bonding, have been washed in the past with both red and white cement, but the trained eye will see in certain areas, above the scars of war, deliciously green masses of moss. The once bright shutters are now a mouldy green and the rest of the wooden trim is dusty white. The wings have upon each side tiny windows with narrow outside blinds and in each end doors open on the lawn. On both fronts of the house porticos, built since the first days of Brooke's Bank, are gradually falling away and the steps of all four entrances—in sad contrast to the ancient walls—are made of concrete.

The very high brick chimneys with contrasting headers laid in diamond effect are the only ones of the kind to be found in Colonial Virginia.

The south door of panel and rail is double and is opposed upon the northern front by the same style. When all are open one sees from beneath the old linden trees an enchanting vista through the house and across the river. The four-pane transoms above the doors have as a lower finish a very narrow moulding carved in a conventional design.

The interior of Brooke's Bank is delightful and antiquity is strongly marked upon each wall and room. The hall, which makes possible the charming vista, is twelve feet wide and thirty-three feet long and is spanned midway by an arch fifteen inches deep with

The hall is broken mid-way by a massive arch. The walnut stairway ascends from a small cross hall on the south front.

panelled soffit. This arch rises from low pilasters with heavy bases, and the jambs are decorated with narrow sunk panels placed just below the frieze enriched with carving derived from the Wall-of-Troy motif. The wainscot sheathing which surrrounds the walls bespeaks the early architecture of Virginia, and the deep walnut cornice in natural finish contrasts well with the plain plaster walls. All of the woodwork is b'ack walnut showing neither paint nor stain.

As was customary in the well built houses of the Colonial period in Virginia, the stairway is the most distinctive feature of the interior. Beginning upon the westward side, in a hall of its own, the first few steps parallel the main hall, and where the steps broaden and begin to wind the balustrade at intervals leaps upward as it crosses the space below. This feature is very different from other Virginia stairs. Two turned balusters stand on each step and three circling upon the lower step stop where the newel, but a fraction

larger, rises. With easy tread and graceful sweep the stairway at Brooke's Bank is one of the finest in the South. Not one, but two windows are needed to light it as it climbs. It will be observed that the manner in which this staircase is panelled is worthy of admiration and attention, and how, with the crude tools of the time, the builders could have achieved such a remarkable effect must always remain a mystery. Not panelled but sheathed in such a way that after nearly two hundred years it is almost impossible to detect where the edges of the boards were placed together, the staircase does away with the stringer by permitting the sheathing to follow perfectly the line of each step. The result is an incurvate line leading from newel post to the basement door immediately below the stair.

Detail of hand rail and balustrade showing vigor of the stair.

The two rooms on the east side of the hall are filled with interest. That on the north is said to have been the original parlour and has held that position ever since, judging from the ornate character of its finish. Beneath cobwebs and grime the room is very lovely, though it shows the marks of the unskilled woodworker. The wainscot, like that of the hall, is sheathed, but the base board projects beyond the surface of the wall and is crowned with a convex moulding. The room measures twenty by twenty-four feet and the chimney cuts diagonally across it giving an octagonal effect at that end. The latter is panelled and is quite interesting in the way of carving, for the intermingling of interlace and dentil motifs shows the originality of the craftsman who executed the over-mantel decoration. The Tudor roses in each corner must have been an importation, but the gouging below the mantelshelf was a Virginia product. An extraordinary piece of craftsmanship is seen in fluted pilasters of

The graceful walnut stairway winds from the west to the east side of the hall and has a number of distinctive features.

The symmetrically panelled chimney breast in the drawing room is of interest. The slant of the cornice between the pilasters was caused by a shell that struck the house in the war of 1861.

average width but little more than twelve inches high which extend from the "ears" of the central ornature to the cornice. A most unusual and not altogether pleasing effect. From the drawing room two windows look across the terraces to the river and the ducking shore beyond; the third shows the orchard where old and toppling

apple trees still bravely share their fruit. Each window has a deep, comfortable seat and inner blinds of three parts—two hinged together on one side with just one on the other. Another unique feature of Brooke's Bank is found in the treatment above the windows where rectangular panelling covers the space beneath projections of the cornice. One fancies that the entire field of the wall was once panelled, and after hearing the war tales in connection with the house, conviction comes. The room is white in woodwork and plaster and when freshly finished must have had very great charm.

A drawing room window notable for the panelling and the cornice which breaks out above.

The old custom of English builders to give a room but one way of entrance is strictly followed at Brooke's Bank, where all of the rooms on the first floor must be entered directly from the hall. The doors are rather small and have instead of the usual "witch crosses," four square sunk panels with evenly crossed stiles just above the centre. Rectangular panels occupy the space below.

The room at the rear of the drawing room or on the southeast front of the house was evidently the original dining room, for the outside kitchen stands not far from here. The chimney piece is panelled with ability and also gives an octagonal effect on one side. The window seats are deeply recessed, the jambs and inner blinds are panelled and the cornice follows those of the other rooms of this storey. A quaint and charming touch is given by a cupboard built into the deep brick walls, a cupboard with three drawers and two doors beneath a pediment with broken arch. Though but a crude rendering of a graceful English prototype the eyes of the visitor follow each line with delight—the narrow fluted pilasters from the

floor capped by the chair rail; two more from dado cap to the top of the doors; the rudely carved scrolls of the volutes which, instead of logically ending the arches on both sides, fall independently below. All of the woodwork is black walnut in natural tone. It was in one of these charming old rooms that a secret wainscot panel was forced open when Brooke's Bank was shelled by the Federals during the War Between the States. So violent was the concussion that old wills and other valuable family papers which had been secreted there for many years were scattered about the floor or destroyed, thereby losing important records and information.

Across the hall, the library and a Colonial chamber with practically the same architectural treatment complete the first floor. The wings of one room each have in modern times been used as kitchen or for storage, although when built they may have been schoolroom and nursery. One opens from the dining room, the other from the library.

The second storey duplicates the plan below with the exception of a bedroom cut from the north front of the hall. The four remaining sleeping rooms have corner fireplaces and prove that the lower floor was not considered at the expense of that above. Across the southern end of the spacious hall extends the balustrade of the stair, and a rude flight of steps with a wide and curving board as rail leads from the hall chamber to the unlit attic.

All of the woodwork in the house appears to be black walnut, though some may be pine, and in all rooms but the parlour it is shown in natural finish. The walls, too, are all white plaster greatly stained by Time. The original H hinges and brass locks of the doors were so carelessly removed when those of the cheapest modern type were installed that the imprint of their predecessors was left to tell the tale.

The old plantation has been the scene of dastardly vandalism—some by war, but much by the hand of man. When the Federal gunboat, Pawnee, fired on Brooke's Bank in Eighteen-sixty one, much glass on the river front was shattered. One shell crashed through the north window, then the east wall, leaving in its wake a ghastly wound, which, though repaired, can never be obliterated. So terrific was the impact of this shell upon the wall that the parlour below was thrown completely out of line as the illustration will show.

For forty years the staunch old structure has been in the hands

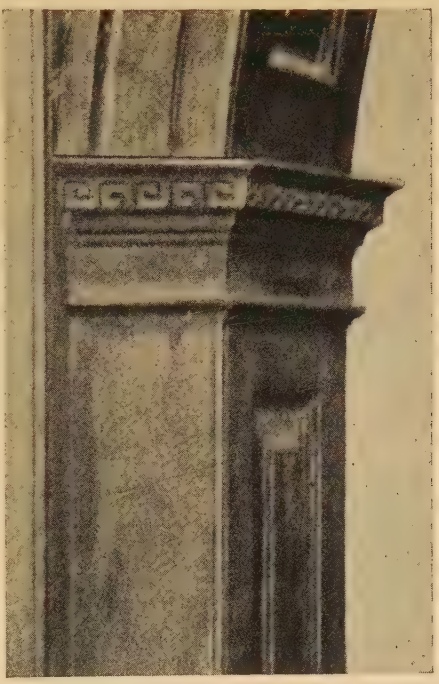
The original dining room with corner fireplace and built-in cupboard with secret panel.

of tenants, all of whom have left destruction in their wake. Today, it stands lifeless and deserted. But Brooke's Bank does not weep, for the lawn is still green and broad, and the rich memories with which its walls are interwoven can never be taken away. There is a rare quality in the construction of the house that makes for joy instead of tears.

The house still stands in the midst of numerous outbuildings, all of which are frame. On one side is the old kitchen with high pitched roof, old world chimney and original round-edged shingles. What is now called the laundry must once have been the master's office, and both small houses follow exactly the same lines and are equidistant from the dwelling.

Brooke's Bank won its place in history when Robert Brooke, the first of his name in Virginia, settled in Essex County in Sixteen-ninety two. His son of the same name had the distinction of riding with Sir Alexander Spotswood across the mountains. On his inherited lands

Robert Brooke II established Farmer's Hall, to which he moved after his marriage to Phoebe (Sale?). Upon the marriage of their daughter, Mary, to Humphrey Sale, Farmer's Hall passed into the possession of the latter family and has since been known as the Sale estate. From the union of Humphrey Sale and Mary Brooke sprang the Virginia Sales, descendants of English landed gentry since the time of Edward I. The old house at Farmer's Hall has long since disappeared and no visible traces remain upon the lands of the occupancy of the Golden Horseshoe Knight. His name, however, will always be associated with the plantation, just as his fame will forever be interlinked with old Brooke's Bank.



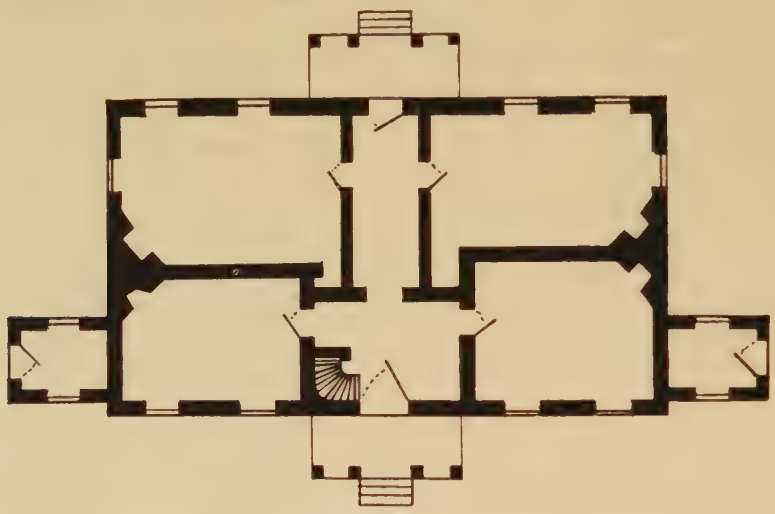
Detail of pilaster showing carving derived from the Wall-of-Troy motif.

Although the Brookes owned extensive lands in Virginia at a much earlier date, Sarah Taliaferro Brooke was presented with a large grant adjoining this property by King George II after the death of her husband in a naval engagement, and owing to the services he had rendered the English Crown. She it was who erected the dwelling in Seventeen-thirty two. In the building, however, she was guided by directions left in the will of her husband, William Brooke, the brother of Spotswood's Knight.

Only once in its aged existence has the estate changed masters, for the Brooke seisin lasted until Eighteen-eighty, when the estate was bought by Dr. Walton Saunders. The widow of the latter, now Mrs. St. George Hopkins, is still the possessor.

During the major part of its existence the fine old house was the centre of lavish entertaining and hospitality; it was filled with rare furnishings and usually overflowed with guests. The dining room was stacked with family silver and glass, and one of the prides of the

place was a silver ship with cut glass rigging which hung from an antique hook in the centre of the hall archway. This whale oil lamp with many other lares and penates were taken by the enemy during the War of the Sixties. Scattered about the country relics of Brooke's Bank will still be found in the possession of the descendants of the founder. At Fairfield, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Latane Sale in Essex County, and which is but a short distance from Brooke's Bank, may be seen as many—perhaps more—silver and glass heirlooms



First floor plan of Brooke's Bank.

than in any other house, as Mrs. Sale was Miss Mary Brooke. Here are cut glass decanters of delicate design with matching glasses; a beautiful bowl with Colonial tinkle; old toddy cups so seldom seen and the small silver font from which generations of Brookes and Sales have been christened. The original grant to the plantation is now owned by Mrs. E. J. Anderson, a sister of Mrs. Sale.

Few Colonial houses are so happy in their situation as Brooke's Bank. It stands upon a deep, broad terrace down which whole families of narcissi and Star of Bethlehem ramp in prodigal profusion beneath locust trees which envelop the ancient structure with clouds of white bloom in May. Torn limb from limb in the war of Sixty-one, the locusts on the second terrace, though much disfigured,

stand in brave array along its farthest boundary below which the slope—once turfed—now presents a charming confusion of tree and vine and flower. At the foot of this the Rappahannock River ebbs and flows along the beach. Though the channel is deep enough for steam and sailing craft, the river here is but a crescent cove on the other side of which stretch the famous ducking shores of Virginia.

Hoary old age is marked at Brooke's Bank in the denseness of the creepers which hide boles and boughs of trees shivered by bullets during the War Between the States; in the locusts tall though of tardy growth; in the breadth of the orange hedges. Memories cluster thickly about the historic plantation and happy memories of it will always remain with those so fortunate as to visit it. The rare old dwelling has steadfastly refused to succumb to the stress of Time or war or vandals, preferring to live on peacefully as a family memorial of him whose father was its plantation founder, whose ancestral acres were cut from the broader lands, whose picturesque fame is cherished by his descendants—Robert Brooke the Second, the Golden Horseshoe Knight.

BLANDFIELD

ON the Tidewater Trail ten miles above Tappahannock, in Essex County, the Blandfield road breaks through a dense woodland which marks the plantation boundary. Masses of ferns and running cedar, banks of kalmia beneath hard wood and evergreen trees, make of this private roadway an enchanting place at all seasons of the year. The drive leads out of the shadows of the trees at the foot of a knoll, right into the open where, on ahead, and back of a row of ancient cedars, stands the house with foliage broken lines. A sheer drop from one level to another on the pleasaunce in front of the house gives rise to the belief that the boundary line of the original lawn was once a Ha Ha wall. When the latter was enlarged some years ago by Colonel Beverley, the present owner, there seemed no other explanation of the deep cut along one side. Spruce trees and white pine; catalpas and paulonias with bloom of white or flowers of purple, tall poplars and ghostly sycamores lend beauty and shade to the park of many acres.

The lawn ends where the garden begins in a picturesquely intimate fashion immediately in front of the house. Bordered by climbing roses, the gate, guarded by two conical cedar trees rich with the gold of the yellow jessamine, leads into the garden where roses of fifty-seven names which were planted as slips by Colonel Beverley, have grown to the size of trees. There is a profusion of gladsome spring lilacs, and there is an old guelder-rose, while huge crepe myrtles stand in the shadow of the walls. The bole of an ancient arbor vitae is swathed with English ivy; cedars which must once have marked certain formal lines are now crested with Virginia creeper. And in the springtime, over the flowering bulbs hangs the provocative fragrance of the yellow jessamine, which ties the garden to the world outside.

Blandfield, built by William Beverley in 1760 and still in the possession of his family.

Mellowed with age and covered with clinging vines, the Blandfield house proves that the record of building that took form in America contemporaneously with its development was a perfect expression of the mode of life that is called Colonial. Built in Seventeen-sixty by Colonel William Beverley upon his marriage to Elizabeth Bland, the great house shows a main mass with two connecting wings. It is what is known as a five-part composition with a central building, two connecting arcades, two end wings, and has long, generous lines. The elements of reserved simplicity pervade the whole delightful plan. The main dwelling is almost square, the corridors are ten by thirty-nine feet, and the "wing rooms," as the ends are locally called, are about twenty-five feet square. The house follows the classic method of building upon a certain axis, the parts on either side of the plan thus balancing those on the other. In it one can see the transference from stone to wood of such details as the tall porch columns, the elaborate cornice which follows the

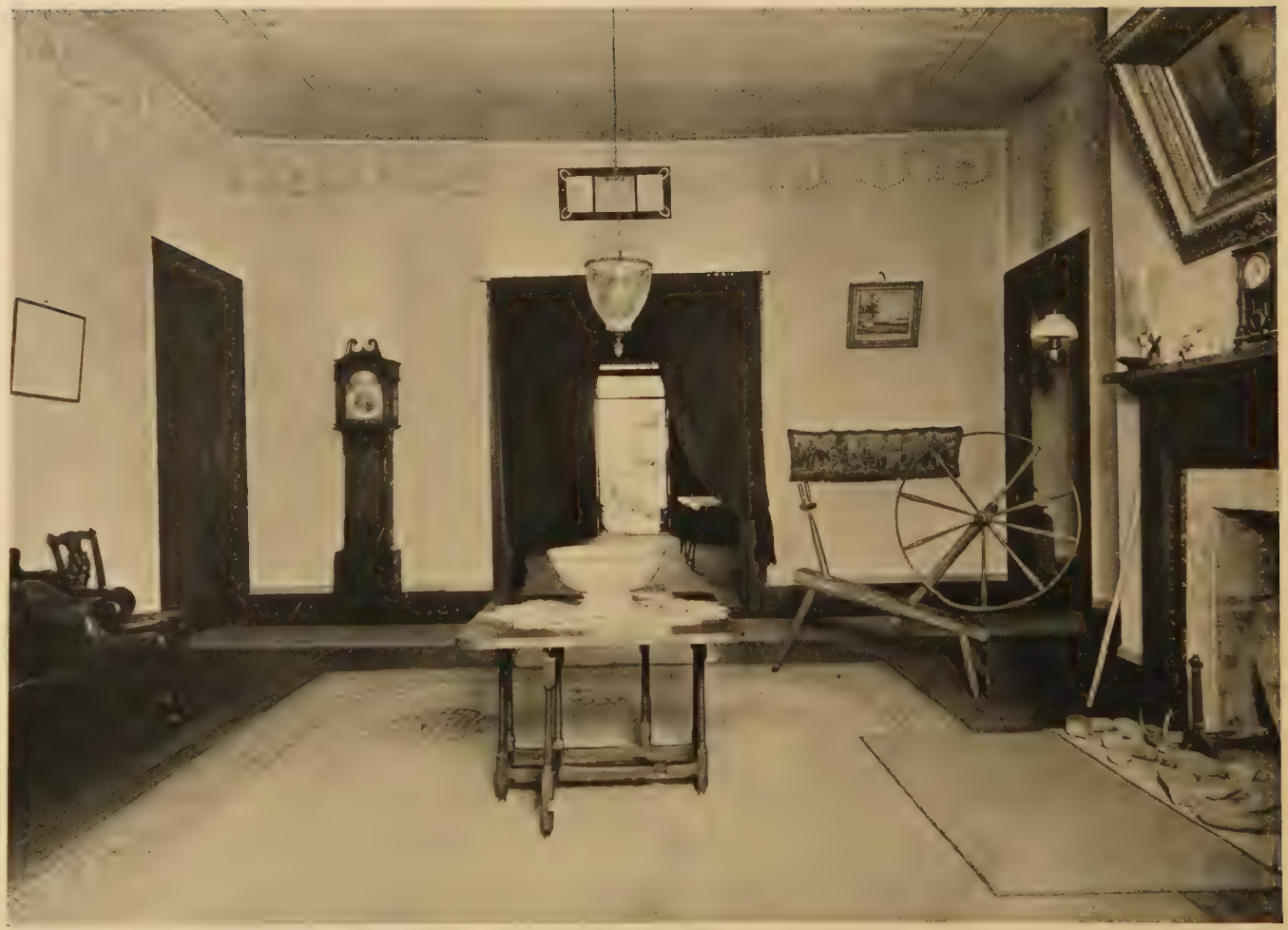
structure, and the superimposed pediment. A range of seven windows extends across the front, the central portion of which, embracing three windows, stands forth beyond the rest of the front wall and is surmounted by a pediment whose summit rises to the ridge pole. Tall chimneys break into the skyline, four from the hip-roofed central building and one from each wing room. The windows are adorned with flat arches, the shutters are green and the rest of the exterior trim is white. The steps of both porticos are of stone and that on the riverward front has a flagstone floor.

The house has a largeness of conception and seems of perfect adjustment. With its great length, its simplicity and the beautifully scaled windows with their twelve cheerful divisions of glass—the perfectly detailed doors—it is a soul-satisfying domicile. It has a compelling beauty of mass obtained by the pitch of the roof and the six very tall chimneys. On seeing the dwelling one is thrilled with the purity of the lines.

A great hall thirty by seventy feet occupies the centre of the main dwelling, and narrow halls opening out of this at its central point sanction, upon each side, the uprise of the two stairways. In the hall the fireplace strikes the keynote of genuine hospitality and, although the mantel is not old, fire utensils hang ready as they did in the days of the first owner. Scattered about the hearth, many relics of the Indians picked up on the plantation remind today's visitor of a more grewsome time. A worn spinning wheel stands at the hearthstone, an old clock still marks the hour and a clawfoot sofa with Chippendale chairs must have been overlooked during the War Between the States. A dark baseboard has a lighter mould above it; the door and window frames, too, are dark, and on the painted plaster walls a frescoed frieze is where the cornice was.

An acorn lantern with large shade hangs above a gateleg table upon which stands an old blue punch bowl suggestive of the days when Colonial belles were toasted.

On the land front is the drawing room, and like the dining room across the hall, it is large and square, and entered through doorways with two-foot panelled jambs between which hang the panelled doors. The deeply embrasured windows attest the substantial walls still dignified by family portraits. Notwithstanding the lamentable depredations of two grave wars, Blandfield has yet a wealth of old walnut and mahogany. There hangs upon the wall of the drawing



The great hall, which occupies the centre of the main dwelling from front to front, has narrow stair halls opening out of it midway its length.

room an old letter, a document of such a creamy tone that the fading ink can scarcely be seen. It calls attention to the fact that no Colonial gentleman's education was complete until he had spent some years abroad, and was written by an unknown kinsman when Robert Beverley was about to take his son to England. It is dated Norwich, September the sixteenth, Seventeen-fifty one, and in the stilted language of the period reads:

"Sr. My Cousin Phebe Beverley hath done me the favour to acquaint me of you and your Lady and your Son and one of your Daughters Arriving in England and Residing at Wakefield. Reflecting on the Dangers that are sure to arrive in crossing such an Extent of Sea, It Gives me the greatest Pleasure to hear that you and so an inestimable part of your Family are arrived Safe.

I Beg, Leave, Sr., to joyn to me and Wife and three Little Boys (the Eldest turned Six) in Saluting and Wishing Health and Happiness to you and your Lady, to Master Beverley, to Miss that is with you. And to the other part of your Family you left behind. Also to Subscribe myself

Sr. Your Affectionate Cousin
and Most Humble Servant
William Beverley."

In Eighteen-fifty four Blandfield suffered when remodelled by Van Ness. Colonel William Beverley, who was then the owner, lived in the unfortunate Victorian era and, not liking the panelling for certain domestic reasons, had it ripped from the house, preferring the austerity of plaster walls. It was also at that date that the partition was put in which makes of the one hall two. Just a decade later, this house of large and spcaious rooms, of gracious lines, was preyed upon by Federal troops. Not content with the infliction of external scars, these vandals took from the dwelling fifteen wagon loads of fine furniture and all of the family portraits they could find. A gunboat waited in the Rappahannock for the soldiers, and on arriving north the lares and penates of six generations of Beverleys were scattered to the east and west. There is a family tradition that all of the portraits found their way into a well-known Philadelphia house and ever since have looked down upon an alien line.

One of the transverse halls with stairway finished in natural wood.

Among famous pieces in the dining room at that time, according to an old inventory, were "an oval and folding table, a small table, a leather couch, two chests, a chest of drawers, fifteen chairs." There were also in this room flagons, tankards and beakers of silver; lignum vitae cups, and dram, sack or syllabub cups, mostly pewter. Many of these must have been empty in Seventeen-ninety four, judg-

ing from a letter written from Blandfield, in which the Master of Blandfield begs: "Will you enquire of Mr. John Page why his brother has not sent my annual pipe of red port—it is a disappointment, for Madeira is now so dutied as to suit very few purses in this country." With the hall, dining and drawing rooms, two chambers complete the first storey.

The frames of the doors between the central and the stair halls, while plain, are high and wide. These narrow halls are unusually long and the staircase of each is panelled in a rather curious way below five steps only. There is just one triangular panel, the bevelled edge of which is picked out in yellow. The finish of the stairs is of natural wood, the only attempted ornament being applied scroll motifs on the risers. A plain newel stands right at the foot of the steps, and the two balusters on each step are small and round. The remarkably high ceiling gives occasion to interrupt the stair flight by landings midway where windows flood both landings and halls below with light.

Above stairs there is another spacious central hall, and this has three sleeping rooms on the river front and three more overlooking the lawn. The romantic point of interest centres on this floor in an opalescent window pane upon which a philosophical Colonial maiden scratched the epigram: "Contentment alone is true happiness. Anna Munford Beverley. Jan. 20, 1790."

Through all of its trials the historic upholstery of Blandfield has remained untouched. Under the soft light of wood fires and many candles, this old house which boasts an ownership of two hundred and twenty-three years by those of the original name, shows the pride of family and of home with a love of country indelibly stamped upon it. Since the time of its erection it has passed in direct succession from father to son or nephew, and the owner has always been a Robert or a William Beverley. Throughout its existence the plantation has remained in the possession of the line of the first of the name who settled in Virginia in Sixteen-sixty three. This fact is gratifying, for in only too many of the Colonial Virginia homesteads "some stranger fills the Stuart's throne."

The kitchen wing is on the right of the river front, the school house or office on the opposite side, each at the end of the lateral passages ten feet long and four feet wide which are now used for storage purposes. Huge fireplaces afford great warmth to these

wing rooms and in the kitchen there is still a Dutch oven and Colonial crane. The lawn, shaded by enormous tulip poplars, stretches toward the river on this side of the house.

Robert Beverley, the first of the name, emigrated to Virginia about Sixteen-sixty three. Seven years later he became Clerk of the House of Burgesses, and as a Major in the King's troops rendered important service during Bacon's Rebellion. When he died in Sixteen-eighty seven, he left fifty thousand acres of land to be divided among his eight children, of whom Robert II was the most prominent. It was the latter who was the historian of Seventeen-five; was

First floor plan of Blandfield.

the father of the builder of Blandfield, and who sleeps the sleep of deep peace at Brandon, another Rappahannock family seat. He was also with Governor Spotswood on the historic transmontane expedition. There is a pretty family tradition that back of a mantel at Blandfield the precious little horseshoe pin presented by Sir Alexander to his companion on the mountain trip has lain for years since it was accidentally dropped there by a descendant of the Horseshoe Knight.

The old dwelling is wearing its age splendidly, and one feels very humble while studying this early American home. To see it is to appreciate in singular vividness the spirit which made the country and those who founded the Republic. Built upon the site of the provincial wilderness, this grand old house is a masterpiece of Colonial art. Nor is it alone the value of the structural plan that gives the characteristic trend—it is the consideration of the life of the English gentry which has always been led within its walls.

THE RITCHIE HOUSE

Including the Gray House

IN Sixteen-forty five the land upon which Tappahannock has grown was granted by Charles I to Bartholomew Hoskins, who sold it to the House of Burgesses for ten thousand pounds of tobacco to found the village known in Sixteen-eighty as New Plymouth. Later the name became Hobbe's Hole, presumably for some prominent merchant or ship owner. The present name, Tappahannock, of Indian derivation, was not securely attached to the place until Seventeen-forty five.

The quaint little town skirts the south shore of the Rappahannock River, and most streets as originally laid off have royal names—Queen, Prince, Duke. Many of the old houses are delightful; some are of whitewashed rubblestone, each has a history and all are dominated by the great Brokenborough house built in the early days of the Republic. Although this late Georgian structure is considered the most important of the town, there is another—perhaps a century younger—that quickens one's fancy by the quaintness of its long, low lines and its similarity to an English cottage of the olden time. This small building known as the Ritchie House, erected exactly when neither history nor tradition will say, appears from certain architectural features to have been in existence prior to Sixteen-ninety. Although the date of its building has been placed by some about Seventeen-twenty five, the T chimneys alone would place it in the century before.

With its western façade overlooking from a short distance the town's most popular thoroughfare and tied to the ground between ancient trees whose branches blow about the three-tiered chimneys,

The Ritchie House, of age unknown, is a splendid specimen of the long, low Colonial dwelling.

the old brick house now painted a soft gray catches the eye and holds the attention of those who admire the cottage architecture of the seventeenth century. The building is seventy feet long and thirty feet wide and has hand-hewn girders and floor joists. An incongruous iron fence bars the small lawn from the street, but the five perfect dormers with twelve tiny panes of glass, the splendid chimneys with receding caps that stand at each end of the steep mediaeval gables amply compensate for the fence which is incidental. Every line about the exterior of the house seems to prove its identity with the seventeenth century—the inaccurate spacing of the windows—the entrance far to one side—the depth at which the windows are set within the brick walls, with the T-shaped chimneys and steep gables, betray the hand of the housewright who learned his trade before the year Seventeen hundred.

Five small and shutterless windows pierce the front walls and

The hall panelled on three sides is crudely plastered on the fourth, at the end of which the stair ascends between the walls.

each has four panes of glass, though built for muntins between panes no larger than eight by ten. There is no cornice, the eaves being covered by a very slight projection of the unpardonable roof. Not content with tin as a necessary substitute for the original split cypress shingles or slate, some owner re-covered the steep space with tin patterned to represent tiles and painted green. Unfortunately the jarring roof remains longer in one's memory than the heavy-trunked Bon Silene rose which blooms above the eaves, or the creamy Saffrano that has grown tree-like at another point. Two shallow steps lead to the portico enclosed by the walls of the house, and, but for its roof, which though independent of the larger one above, also cherishes tile-shaped tin, the small porch would be a comfort and delight. Panelled double doors at the rear, with recessed windows upon each side, admit visitors to unexpected beauties within. These doors panelled in cruciform style show the main entrance of the

house, the outside door beyond, which is of much less height, being used for commercial purposes.

The hall which cuts through the house far from the centre is twelve feet eight inches wide and twenty feet two and a half inches long. It is beautifully panelled on three sides, the remaining side being roughly plastered and displaying large, unsightly cracks. There is a chance of this having been added after the house was built as a necessary partition, for it seems never to have been panelled and hides the stair which once may have been exposed. The panelled walls are interesting though greatly worn in places. They are typical of Sixteen-sixty-Seventeen hundred, with very narrow stiles between panels of uncommon width. The rails are rather wide, and all rules are broken for the proper procedure regarding walls of wood. This, however, gives them all the more interest. Nor does there appear to have been any desire on the part of the builder to maintain the panels of any particular size, for some are of one piece of pine, and others of two or three. The dado follows the line of the panels above and small rectangular panels are just below the narrow moulded cornice which links the wall to the ceiling. The vertical panels with horizontal accent form a beautiful composition. The raised panels are painted green, their mouldings picked out in white, and the doors show the natural finish of the pine. The jambs are also of the warm, brown colour, but the recessed frames in a curious fashion are white. H hinges attach the doors to the wall. A narrow transverse hallway extends from a point opposite the first window on the right and leads to a flight of steps at the end of which is the north end of the house on a lower level. The windows are very high and have narrow sills.

The treatment of the stairway in every way is unusaul. Ascending from the northwest side of the house, or the rear of the hall, the steps are unseen until one passes through a door frame which shows the work of an inexperienced hand in the mitreing. The workman, with wooden pegs and dowels, attempted to force the sides and top together with a result that is very crude. He also fashioned an unusual doorhead in the form of one wide panel the length of the door's width and bevelled the edges nicely only to find that a space was left between the panel and cornice. Undaunted as all Colonial builders had to be, he found a board that would fill the space and slipped it in. All of this woodwork with the cornice, hand rail and baseboard on

The chimney end of the parlour. The entire room is panelled, but the work is particularly well done above the narrow mantelshelf. The vertical panels with horizontal accent form a beautiful composition.

the plastered wall is of natural pine. The narrow stair winds up between two walls with stringers on each side and a window for light. The steps are greatly worn and the stair climbs gently with easy tread regardless of the narrow steps.

The panelled parlour spreads a length of twenty feet four inches, with a width of sixteen feet ten, and like the hall has a ceiling about nine feet high. Beautiful as it undoubtedly was in its youth, the room, in its old age is tragic. The surface of the wall is covered with paint the colour of lead, which is not offensive, but—the fireplace facing, the mantelshelf, the frieze and baseboard are painted vivid marine blue. Not content with this glaring embellishment, the moulded edges of the door panels and the panelling of the window frames are picked out with red the colour of wine! One stifles an audible feeling of pain to see such beauty so abused. The panelling follows the style of the hall, and the manner in which that above the

mantelshelf is executed is very charming. The indifference shown in panel and wainscot between the chimney piece and south window is amazing, and it does not seem possible that the craftsman who so carefully installed the panels of the rest of the room could have had a hand in the former even though most Colonial work was done by the rule of thumb. Not only is the dado panel wider than panel and stile above, but it encroaches upon the width of the windows for some inches. The window treatment is another unusual characteristic of Father Ritchie's house, and the natural pine inner blinds are charming. Each consists of two panelled sections that fold into the jambs on the most delicate H-and-L hinges; the sills are nearly four feet above the floor level, too high and narrow for seats but much too wide for the average sill. Both mopboard and floor are dark wood and in the latter may be discovered many original boards.

A parlour window which has broad sills too high for seat. The panelled blinds and miniature H hinges are of interest.

The north end of the dwelling, more spacious than the southern, is entered directly from the street by a door cut evidently since the house was built, and from within by the narrow transverse hall ending at the steps. Here, the floor level is some distance below the remainder of the building, a feature very common in the Colonial architecture of Virginia. Regardless of the desecration of the finely panelled walls, meat blocks and cleavers have superseded the silver and mahogany of the Colonial dining room, for today this part of the Ritchie House is nothing but a butcher's shop! The great fireplace whose flame once fell upon brilliant scenes of the long ago has been squeezed into one small opening where a pipe connects it with a hideous cast-iron stove. The utter disregard for historic memories,

the complete indifference about architectural beauties; the emptiness where once was charm; the sordidness where once was gayety, bring to the least appreciative being fierce anger and unspeakable regret. Among the ancient houses of Virginia with architectural pretense, none has been so outraged.

The second storey rooms are very large for dormers and of course are flooded with light. Five bedrooms take the place of the two larger rooms below, and the narrow hall stretches across the centre of the house with chambers at each end and the rear.

It is not surprising that a house so greatly abused should have upon the rear an unsightly modern addition.

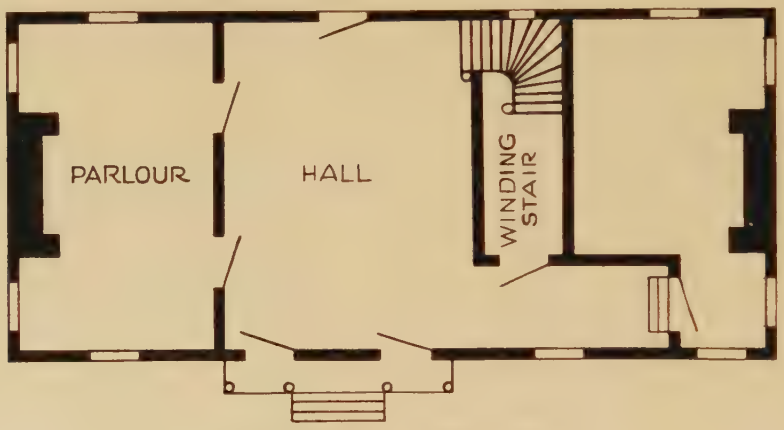
This is the house so notable in the social annals of the Virginia of Colonial days. This was the home of the charming Ritchie girls, one of whom is aptly described by Philip Fithian as "a tall, slim girl, dances nimble and graceful—she appeared in a blue silk gown, her hair was done up neat without powder, it is very black and set her off to good advantage."

Perhaps the most important family in Tappahannock in the middle of the eighteenth century, the Ritchies lived in the luxurious and hospitable manner of that brilliant period. Archibald Ritchie gained the sobriquet of "Father" because of his interest in each of his townspeople and his consequent influence over them—not by reason of his wealth alone. If a dinner was planned aboard some ship riding at anchor in the beautiful harbour, Archibald Ritchie was sure to play an important part in the entertainment. If his friends "made a ball" he was not only present but it was very apt to have been under his management. Fithian describes him as "stalking about the room" on such an occasion because he was the Director and tells us that the revelry continued until nearly dawn. Thomas was another of the Ritchie family who won renown as editor of the celebrated "*Richmond Enquirer*." Still another was William Foushee Ritchie, who married the beautiful Anna Cora Mowatt, a great belle of two hemispheres.

These names seem very far away from the house one sees and loves today, and the stranger is glad, so very glad, that they can not know its fate. Time, in certain ways, can sometimes be very kind. What a tremendous pity that the old structure could not have fallen when Archibald Ritchie died! They both belonged to another period, and why should one have remained to be so brutally dishonoured?

The pictures of the two should always live in the memories of the river village where from generation to generation the story of the house and time have been told. The building today is the property of W. R. Passagaluppi, whose family has owned it about forty years, but even a chance visit to Tappahannock brings to the thoughtful visitor a vivid sense of acquaintance with Archibald Ritchie.

A few blocks above the melancholy home of Father Ritchie, but on the opposite side of Prince Street, is the old house now owned by



First floor plan of the Ritchie House.

Miss Eva and Miss Jennie Gresham. Although the accurate date of its erection can not be obtained, the dwelling is thought to be next to the oldest house in Tappahannock. For some years it has been called the Gray House, for the simple reason that a very clever woman by the name of Mrs. Gray maintained a boarding school for girls in the building. A very small part of this long, irregularly shaped house is original and that is so embedded in the additions made necessary by the passing of years that it is only discovered upon the interior, where the house has a charming, home-like character. One room in particular is delightful and this is on the left side of the entrance hall. Upon the front two windows have eighteen panes of glass, while one window lights the side, all in very deep reveal with comfortable seats less than two feet above the floor. The muntins are very heavy.

A corner chimney breast is the *pièce de résistance* of the room and

A corner fireplace in the Gray House, said to be next to the oldest dwelling in Tappahannock.

this is enriched with a mantel and over-mantel of distinction. The fireplace opening is four feet ten and a half inches by four feet two and is faced with a narrow moulding within a second mould elaborately carved with the egg and dart design. Pilasters with shaft plain for one foot below the fluting are topped by very unique capitals which, but a few inches wide, carry on the classic tradition of

carved volutes below the frieze incised with embryonic fern leaves. The mantel frieze is embellished with alternate groups of fluting in relief upon the otherwise plain surface. The mantelshelf is seven feet, eight inches long, its length entirely covering the width of the chimney piece and its cornice is most elaborate. A course of miniature dentils runs below the shelf above an ovolo moulding, at the bottom of which a line of gouging extends above a very narrow moulding showing carving of the egg and tongue motif.

A witch door with sunk panels in the Gray House, now the property of the Misses Gresham.

The three panels of the overmantel which once appeared as one have been cracked by Time, although their delicately carved border displaying both the Wall-of-Troy and egg and dart is in perfect condition. The border breaks out into ears at each corner, in the centre of which is a provincial rendering of the Tudor rose. A curious note is struck where a band of gouging extends above the mantelshelf a short distance beyond the lower "ears." The chair rail above the wainscot sheathing is two feet, eight inches from the floor, and is decorated with gouging between cap-piece and ovolo moulding, the gouging being repeated in the cornice frieze. Altogether the room shows great interest in interior carved woodwork.

The parlour also has a fine mantel where groups of colonnettes support a deep cornice with frieze ornamentation of fluting in circles and ovals. The "witch" doors have sunk panels and very small brass locks, and their frames consist of a series of narrow mouldings all of which are different in grouping. The corner details are more Victorian than Colonial, but the projecting chair rail is good.

Although small in point of population, Tappahannock has strongly

marked characteristics and has played a very important role in the history of Virginia. That the village is picturesque and interesting is merely incidental; its foundation was as practical and matter-of-fact as any today and as well attained. The ideals of the present are here as everywhere else—business and progress along the lines of opportunity—the same spirit of enterprise which led our progenitors of three hundred years ago to their great undertakings upon both land and sea.

GUNSTON HALL

ON a bold bluff half a mile from the Potomac River, Gunston Hall, the house built by George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights, has stood since Seventeen-fifty eight. Founded by George Mason, the Cavalier, who, after the Long Parliament was dissolved in Cromwellian times, fled to Virginia and was granted nine hundred acres of land for importing eighteen persons in Sixteen-fifty five, the estate soon comprised seven thousand acres. Four generations passed, however, before his great-grandson, George Mason V, chose the type and the situation of the dwelling which he built as the heart of his inherited paradise.

The brick house is of the long, low type called one full storey, although the sharp slope of the gable roof would indicate space ample for two. The five pedimented dormers on each front are spaced with meticulous care and the four stone-capped chimneys with broad sides and very narrow ends rear upward from each gable end. The house presents a frontage of sixty feet, a width of thirty, and impresses one at first glance as being small. The exterior has several distinctive features, not the least of which are the stone quoins which key so well into the brick walls in effective contrast, and the porticos—each with a different spirit—upon both fronts. The small western porch is square and has a gable roof supported on slender columns, and an original departure is noted in the pediment, where immediately above the formal entrance an arch is cut. The steps are stone. It is the east portico, though, that has always attracted attention by its polygonal form and pointed arches. This has been called a Colonial interpretation of the Gothic and has a hipped roof which extends to the eaves of the house. A frieze of the Roman Doric order surrounds all but the entrance arch. The lowest of the flight of splendid stone

Gunston Hall, begun by George Mason, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, in 1755 and finished in 1758.

steps is very wide. The cornice is punctuated with outlookers, the four windows on each front of the main storey have flat brick arches and are fitted with four large panes of glass. In the south gable end three small windows are grouped in line with the dormers.

Gunston Hall is given an appearance of stability by the bringing of the walls to the ground level, and the variation in the colour of the brickwork, with white wood trim, adds greatly to the honest plan. An addition on the north has destroyed from that point the delightful outlines of the structure which here assumes a very modern appearance. A cellar with four rooms and passageway underruns the building, and though in recent years the wine vaults have been closed up, the original Dutch oven still has its place. With ivy clinging to its walls and masses of shrubbery nestling against it, this old house — so quiet, so dignified — shows that it was built according to the architectural canons of the middle of the eighteenth century.

The hall is spanned by double arches, from the centre of which a carved wood pineapple—emblem of hospitality—is suspended.

The formal entrance is from the west portico and the door between two windows is an excellent specimen of the interrupted pediment. The interior architectural detail is very complete with structural panelling, a full cornice, and great richness of carving. This contrast to the severe exterior is very surprising. The symmetrical hall fifteen by thirty feet is spanned by an ornate arch where it is intersected by the stairway which rises along the north and ends on the southern wall. Between two curving arcs a carved wood pineapple is suspended, presenting a treatment which differs from any other Colonial Virginia house. The pilasters on the sides are also uncommon. The hall windows have wide, low seats and are distinguished from those of the rest of the dwelling by projecting architraves, and the panelling is limited to the wainscot and staircase, where it follows Jacobean lines. The steps with two balusters on each are wide and shallow and their ends are elaborately carved.

The mahogany hand rail terminates in a graceful sweep upon the newel post in a group of spindles upon the projecting lower step, and the stair breaks when half way between the first and the half storey to end on the dormer floor beneath triple arches. The ponderous cornice which surrounds the hall ceiling is very rich and the chair rail is hand carved. The walls are white plaster, the pine woodwork is painted white and the doors are said to be mahogany.

On the right side of the westward front the broken pediment treatment over the doorway is an inheritance from Renaissance designs and displays an architrave with mitred ears below the triangular doorhead. This proves to be the entrance to the reception room where two windows with comfortable seats and panelled blinds look out upon the well kept lawn. The chimney end is interesting and all of the woodwork refined. The massive mahogany door which opens from here into the music room has six panels deeply bevelled and outlined with beading. The southeast end of the house is occupied by the music room, which, measuring twenty-one by twenty-four feet, has a superb chimney breast eighteen feet wide. This has a broken pediment with pineapple finial, and above the mantel the space enframed with carving was evidently meant for a family portrait. The fireplace of Georgian style shows the value of plain surfaces as a foil to elaborate carving, and the marble facing of the fireplace opening is typical of this style. The open niches are, according to architects, perhaps the first of their kind in America and although of equal distance from the mantelshelf are neither in line with the over-mantel or the doorheads. Their scroll pediments are enriched by heavy keyblocks which appear to float above them in a manner not at all secure near carved Chinese figurines which sit against the wall. The two windows are placed between Ionic pilasters with full entablatures carved with the egg and dart motif. One almost gasps at sight of the vast amount of hand-carving of great beauty, for the room is a veritable fantasia of broken curves and carving of Chippendale taste. Not content with the decoration of the beautiful cornice, the artisans applied the same hand-work to both the door and window frames, where dentil, egg and dart and rope motifs are employed in two different sizes. The jambs are elaborately panelled and even the inside blinds show great enrichment. One notes particularly the capping of the dado and the carving of the mopboard.

The music room where the monotony of the wall surface is broken by niches which flank the chimneypiece and which is remarkable for its hand carved woodwork.

The music room shows the "minor phase of the academic language of form in carving" and is in every sense a remarkable specimen of craftsmanship, and the carving on the interior of Gunston Hall is exceptionally fine, even in Virginia where there is such an amount of beautiful Georgian work. The chair rail, baseboard, door and window frames of the music room may safely be called the handsomest of the Colony. Though all of this woodwork is said to have been imported, it was not difficult to find wood-carvers in America as the newspapers of the day carried many such advertisements. There is also a tradition that George Mason had craftsmen brought from England and that they spent three years in completing their task. Even the trained eye marvels at the extraordinary amount of wood detail. The room is suggestive of Watteau gowns, the minuet and courtly living.

The library across from the reception room has above the mantel

a tablet in which a photographic copy of the Bill of Rights is framed. It was here that Mason and Jefferson are thought to have drafted the Declaration of Independence; it was here, too, that the most distinguished men and women of the eighteenth century were entertained, and where later they assembled to discuss the gravity of the American situation. On each side of the fireplace are alcoves with glass doors, and the windows repeat the treatment of those in the reception room. The room is eighteen by twenty feet.

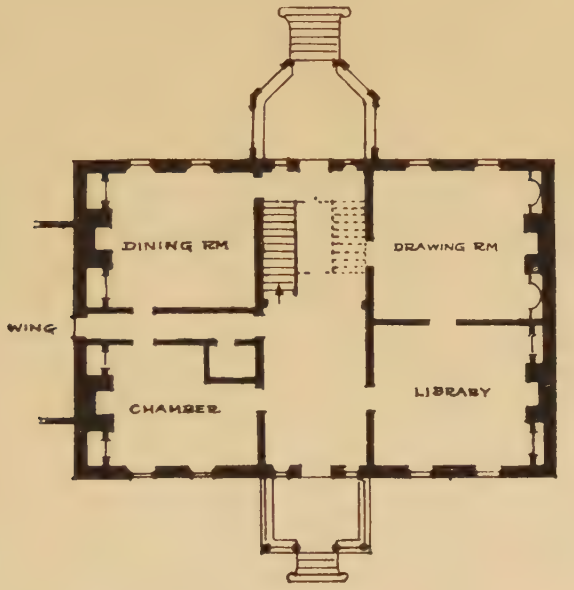
Detail of door-head in music room which shows the most ornate carving among Virginia's Colonial houses.

A very narrow hall runs between the library and dining room, and where this ends a second, or service stair, once rose to the floor above and fell to the basement beneath. The hall originally led through an arched doorway to a very small porch, but in recent years the stairs have been closed and the portico lost in the modern addition. The dining room has been restored to its Colonial lines and is delightful in every detail. The west wall is panelled from floor to ceiling, and the firebreast, flush with flanking cupboards, is adorned with a beautiful overmantel. The windows are similar to those of the other first floor rooms with the exception of the carving, and a chair rail extends around the unpanelled portion of the wall. The excellent proportions and elaborate detail of the interior are typical of the finest Georgian work.

All of the wood used in the main construction of the house is said to have been cut on the plantation and the majority of it is pine and oak. The ceilings of the first storey are very high and give a spacious effect, and this fine sense of proportion, architectural enrichment and

sincerity of construction does away with the impression of smallness that is created at first sight of the house.

Above stairs, four bedrooms partly repeat the plan below, though the upper hall runs at right angles to the lower and ends in the gables. The rooms are rather small and are naturally low-browed owing to the dormers which have within their alcoves low seats. These chambers



First floor plan of Gunston Hall.

have special names. One claims the distinction of having been occupied at various times by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, La Fayette and other distinguished guests. From another, a stair ascends to the attic, once a veritable treasure house of rare furniture and valuable papers of past generations.

The son of George Mason, General John Mason, left an account of life at Gunston Hall in which he relates that his father never had a clerk or steward, but kept his own books and superintended all of the operations of the home house. It is said that the plantation supported five hundred persons at one time and that from his private wharf, George Mason, the man whose influence has had such a pow-

erful effect upon two countries, shipped as much as twenty-three thousand bushels of wheat at one time.

Being but a few miles from Mount Vernon, the families of the two estates were in constant intercourse, and in Washington's Diary will be found frequent allusions to visits or hunts at Gunston Hall. Although the property was the scene of raids during the War of Independence and of Eighteen-sixty one, though the old house has been a home of many masters—some of whom inflicted humiliating wounds—it now stands in the one hundred and sixty-ninth year of its existence rejuvenated, and restored in many ways to its original lines. The present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hertle, with infinite care and deep appreciation, by studying its past and with the services of a skilled architect, have succeeded in giving to the ancient dwelling the appearance it had in its Colonial days.

Whether cheerfully or reluctantly, one must admit that George Mason—the man who was the author of the first written constitution of a free country ever framed; the man considered by many pre-eminent in the age of America's greatest men—understood to perfection the supreme importance of detail. A brief glance into the interior of his home is all needed to prove his knowledge of proportion and of classical architecture. A tribute should also be paid to the builders who, so long ago, brought the statesman's practical plans to so beautiful a conclusion.

George Mason is sleeping through eternity in the family burial ground at Gunston Hall. Though for many years the historic spot was neglected, and even its owner overlooked, the overgrown saplings and wayward creepers have felt the needed touch of care. The lawn that was desecrated by troops of the enemy is now an emerald sward. New cherry trees pitch their tents near the box-hedged walk beloved by Mason and an avenue of magnolias has replaced the blackheart cherry trees along the entrance drive. Willow oaks and poplars, lindens and elms are scattered about the lawn in place of more ancient trees, all rivalled by the dogwood and kalmia which bloom riotously each spring in George Mason's "hunting woods."

MOUNT VERNON

MOUNT VERNON needs neither preamble nor introduction. Just as the plantation stands in point of history, the house reflects in its architecture the life of George Washington and the times in which he lived.

The estate had its beginning when Lord Culpeper granted five thousand acres of land on the Potomac River to John Washington and Nicholas Spencer. Twenty-five hundred of these acres were inherited by the great-grandson of the former, Lawrence Washington, who called the property Mount Vernon in honour of the Admiral under whom he served in the British Navy. In Seventeen-forty three Lawrence Washington built the central portion of the manour-house, which, after the death of his daughter, Sara, passed into the possession of his half brother, George, who increased the acreage to eight thousand and continued to call the lands upon which the dwelling stands the Manour-House Farm.

Mount Vernon is double-fronted and appears today very much as it did when described by a foreign visitor as "on the lofty banks of the Potomac in a situation more magnificent than I can paint to an European imagination." A porch extends across the river façade of the house which is ninety-five feet long and about forty feet wide. The Whitehaven flagstones with which it is paved are, according to specifications sent abroad with the order by Washington, "One foot square and two and a half inches or thereabouts thick." The roof is supported by eight square wooden columns with panelled sides and above the deep modillion cornice is a balustrade of Chinese Chippendale style. The foundations of the house are stone and brick and the framing is oak. It has been said that the character of American architecture was moulded by the sawmill, and in a way this may be

The west front of Mount Vernon, built by Lawrence Washington in 1743 and enlarged by George Washington during the Revolutionary War.

applied to Mount Vernon where the walls are sheathed with Virginia pine cut, sanded and painted to give the appearance of stone, and the roof was originally covered with hand-split cypress shingles. Six windows with eighteen panes of glass penetrate the walls of the first storey on the east or river front; in groups of two they flank the main entrance doorway, distinguished from the plain door frames near each end by a classic pediment. The smaller doors have upon each side a window. The walls of the second floor are cut by eight twelve-light windows, and these, in common with those of the lower storey, are protected by two-part slat shutters. Dormers which break through the hipped roof light the third floor, and above the centre of the ridge-pole the cupola rises between two wide, low chimneys.

A wide portico with simple rail above gives an entrance from the south where the hospitality of the door is emphasized by French windows. Two shutterless windows appear above. The northern end is dignified by a window inspired by the designs of Palladio, and be-

The present kitchen is in every way a perfect successor to that of Colonial days.

neath this is the quaint basement entrance. The outlook from the river front of Mount Vernon is very beautiful and commands a broad and picturesque view of the Potomac with its wooded shores.

The west front is very different for here one finds a sweeping lawn and another of Palladio's schemes in the outbuildings which are advanced some feet beyond the main structure with which they are connected by colonnades eight feet wide and thirty feet in length. At the southern end, or the right of the public entrance, is the original kitchen which, like those of old England, presents a vast array of pewter and blue china; copper and iron cooking utensils—pot hooks, spits, skillets, mortars, pestles, wooden trays and crane. The fireplace opening is nine feet wide, the beams are hand-hewn, the floor is brick and the Dutch oven is still seen in the wall. The office on the opposite side of the lawn duplicates the kitchen in size—eighteen by twenty feet—chimneys, door and window openings. Each tiny house has a loft made habitable by three dormers.

The hall extends from front to front and is panelled after the French style. The cornice repeats the feeling of that on the outer walls.

The first floor of the landward front of the house repeats the treatment of doors and windows observed on that which overlooks the river, with the exception of transoms, which appear above the small end doors. In the upper walls nine windows may be counted. Three flights of steps lead to the broad brick terrace from which there are three ways of entering the house, and the wide gable which breaks into the roof line for one third of its length is merely a pedimented projection between two dormers.

The first house at Mount Vernon was burned in Seventeen-thirty nine, and it is not known if the foundations of the present dwelling are those of its predecessor. The main structure of the latter is much as it was when erected by Lawrence Washington, for the original hand-hewn beams and heavy oak pins are still plainly visible. Then as now the interior was divided by a wide hall from which two rooms opened on either side with systematic precision. The hall is

now panelled in the French style which consists of alternate wide and narrow rectangles which are called panneaux and lambris, and is painted grey-blue as in Colonial days with white bevels and door frames. Each of the four side doors is embellished with a pediment and two of these show the broken arch. The eight panelled doors are of natural walnut. The stairway which ascends from the west front of the house near the landward entrance, with the exception of wainscot and panelling, is also walnut in natural tone, and the dark half hand rail on the wall opposite the balustrade contrasts warmly with the bluish dado and creamy wall. While of good proportions, the stairway is unpretentious. The key of the Bastile presented to George Washington by the Marquis de La Fayette in Seventeen-eighty nine and the swords used by the American General are the historical features of the hall. Much of the furniture is original.

The west parlour is today in panelling, corner fireplace and ceiling ornamentation much as it was when Mrs. Washington presided at Mount Vernon. The curved valance boards are original as well as the mirror which hangs between the windows, and within the carved frame of the over-mantel the painting given by Admiral Vernon to Lawrence Washington is placed against the chimney piece and gives an appropriate decorative note. The over-mantel is further enriched with a delicately made wooden pediment between whose Tudor rose volutes is the family coat-of-arms. The chair rail is carved with the Wall-of-Troy, and among other places of interest the egg and dart motif appears in the carving of the door enframement between parlour and banquet hall. Ionic pilasters support the pediment which is beautified with dentils. Above the rug woven for General Washington by the order of King Louis XVI of France the ceiling shows in mouldings of extreme delicacy a stucco sunburst. The walls of the room are painted gray with the bevels of the panelling and the carving picked out in gold.

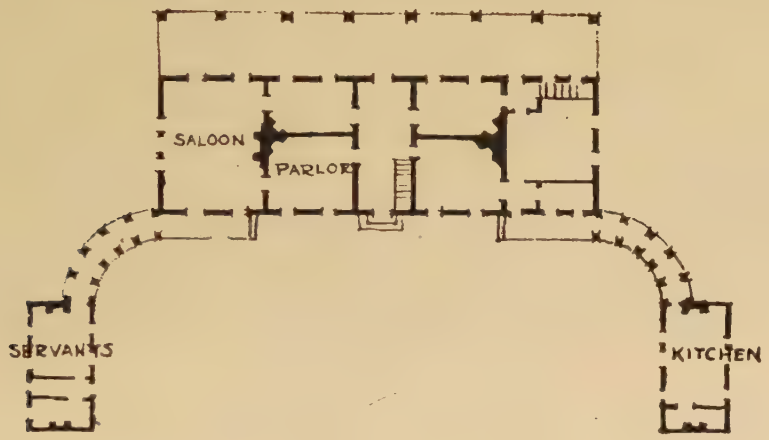
The music room is on the left of the hall as one enters. This also has a corner fireplace and is rich in memories of Nellie Custis, whose harpsichord, stool and tambour embroidery are prominent among other pieces of furniture which were in the house originally. The plaster walls are softly coloured and the chair rail is two-toned, but beyond this there is no attempt at distinctive architectural features. The dining room used by the Washingtons has the original Heppelwhite sideboard, and the charming rose jars and clock on the mantel-

The banquet hall was an addition of 1776. True Adam ornament is said to have made its first American appearance upon this ceiling.

shelf once belonged to La Fayette. Though the panelling is restricted to the wainscot the general treatment of this room is much like that of the parlour. The ceiling modelled in stucco shows a rococo decoration of ailanthus scrolls, rosettes and garlands; the cornice is extremely ornate, the mantel is delicately incised and the over-mantel has a naturalistic stucco treatment which follows the line of a frame for the central panel. All of the furnishings are stylistic, including a child's high chair. The fireplace facing is of Irish marble and the fireback portrays the Fairfax coat-of-arms. The colour note of the dining room is rose and the plaster walls are antique ivory.

Mrs. Washington's sitting room has panelled walls and a corner chimney breast. The Constitution mirror and Loo table were there in her day and in one of the silver candlesticks is a candle that was moulded for the illumination of Yorktown after the surrender of Cornwallis.

The first significant change in Mount Vernon was made by George Washington in Seventeen-fifty eight, the year before his marriage. Not only were the foundations strengthened and the roof sheathed, but the walls were painted and even the windows reglazed. This work was done under the supervision of a carpenter-builder by the name of Patterson, and when Martha Washington arrived as a bride she found a delightful home awaiting her. In Seventeen-seventy six, just before he took command of the Continental Army, Washington began to enlarge his house, and in his diary is found the following notation: "Agreed to give Mr. William Trip-



First floor plan of Mount Vernon.

lett £18 to build the two houses in the Front of my House (plastering them also), and running walls for pallisades to them from the Great house and from the Great House to the Wash House and Kitchen also." It was characteristic of him that he did not let the Revolution interfere with his private plans, for instead of abandoning the work he left it to be supervised by his cousin, with the result that when he left the army in Seventeen-eighty three he found Mount Vernon as one finds the dwelling today.

The banquet hall and library were the major additions. The former is almost thirty feet square and has an eighteen-foot coved ceiling elaborately decorated in stucco relief and following a design drawn by Washington in which agricultural implements and various grains are interwoven with luxurious curves of shell work. The first

The room in which George Washington died.

appearance of true Adam ornament in America is said to be seen in this rocaille ceiling. The cornice is but a moulding and the elaborate plaster frieze recalls those at Kenmore in which George Washington played a part as the designer. The Palladian window in the north end of the room was a source of great pride to the first President and the lines of its richly carved cap are followed in each door-head. The heavy marble mantel has consols buttressing the sides of the architrave and both torchers and furniture show the influence of the very last days of the Colonial era.

The restraint of plain plaster walls and floor is graciously relieved by the decorative ceiling designed and wrought in harmonious scale with the room as a whole.

The library balances the banquet hall on the south end of the house, and this is dominated by the family Bible, which records the birth and christening of George Washington. In striking contrast to the rest of the house, the chimney end of the library is panelled

and book shelves with cupboards above them occupy one entire side. Black marble faces the fireplace, much of the furniture is original and all of it is true to the period. Going Lampshire, one of the tenants at Mount Vernon, did a great deal of the carpentry work in the enlargement of the house.

Mount Vernon has a surprising number of rooms for its apparent size. There are five bedrooms on the second floor besides that occupied by Washington, which has a dressing room attached, and to which a private stair leads. All of these rooms have the simplest architectural finish, but many pieces of original furniture are found within them. The third storey has five dormer rooms, and these like those of the second floor, while small, are furnished with choice antiques.

There is a tradition that for twenty years the Washingtons never dined alone, for in Colonial times every manour-house was a well-resorted tavern. Mount Vernon was so arranged that guests were not only given their special apartments but were made to feel that if they so wished, their meals might be privately served. Though visitors arrived daily with servants and coaches and horses, all of which were comfortably housed, George Washington was shrewd enough not to let this forced entertaining wreck him financially.

Few Colonial estates have been so carefully preserved as Mount Vernon and great thanks are due the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association for the infinite care with which the house had been restored and for providing the funds with which it is being maintained. One feels very close to The Immortal Washington in the environment of his home. It is not necessary to stand before the creeper-clad mausoleum, where all that is mortal of the great man is enshrined, to feel his influence. This is so admirably expressed by Owen Wister that one hesitates to use new words, preferring to quote: "Everything, every object, every corner and step, seems to bring him close. It is an exquisite and friendly serenity which bathes one's sense, that seems to be charged all through with some meaning or message of beneficence and reassurance, but nothing that can be put in words. Turn into his garden and look at the walls and walks he planned, the box hedges, the trees, the flower beds, the great order and the great sweetness everywhere. You may spend an hour, you may spend a day, wandering, sitting, feeling this gentle power of the place; you may come back another time, it meets you, you can not dispel it by familiarity."

THE CARLYLE HOUSE

ON Fairfax Street in Alexandria, between Cameron and King, hidden entirely by a modern building which almost surrounds it, stands the well preserved dwelling known as The Carlyle House because its builder was of that name. It occupies the site of a fort built for protection against the Indians, and the broad lawn extended originally to the very shores of the Potomac River. It is said that the cells where the captive savages were kept may still be seen on the property.

Built in the year Seventeen-fifty two of stone and brick stuccoed to appear like stone, the house has a hipped roof above which two wide chimneys rise, and containing upon each front three dormers. A long flight of stone steps leads up to the entrance doorway where, upon the stone key-arch, is carved the word, "Humilitate," motto of the Carlyle family.

The massive twelve-panelled door has a brass knocker, handle and lock and opens immediately into a hall where a graceful circular stairway challenges the attention. Beginning at a point half the length of the hall, the stair which winds upward has a white painted balustrade with a mahogany hand rail and turned newel. The steps are four feet wide, and these with the risers and baseboard are of the dark wood. One baluster stands on each of the curving steps, two upon the others, and in the wall around which they swing are niches where statues once stood. Tradition tells that it was on this stair that George Washington begged Sally Fairfax to marry him, and it was also from this stairway at a much later time that Aaron Burr in colliding with Nancy Herbert—a belle of another day—was so confused that he lost his balance and had a humiliating fall.

The garden front of the house built by John Carlyle in 1752.

The hall, twelve feet wide, which bisects the house, is three times as long, and on its wall hangs the Carlyle coat-of-arms. A fiddle-back chair and a fine old clock, a Sheraton table and Windsor bench complete the furnishing. In a glass case one sees a collection of fire-arms that saw service in the French-Indian and Revolutionary wars. The hall lacks the embellishment of a cornice, but the well of the winding stairway which demands a good bit of the ceiling goes far to make up for the absence of the cornice.

The two rooms on the right of the street entrance are dining and music rooms, each with a very fine mantel and each with cupboards built in the walls and closed by natural walnut doors. A splendid sideboard and dining table with the inevitable cellarette make of the dining room a most delightful place of refreshment. Here there are two windows upon the street front.

The Music Room has three windows—one on the side and two overlooking the garden. The rare old cornices from which the curtains drop recall a popular Colonial fashion, while a perambulator of English make, and a spinet of the olden time, among other beautiful bits of furniture, add distinction to the room.

The beautiful winding stairway of the Carlyle House.

Across the hall, at the foot of the stair, is the Blue Room, which boasts the most elaborate architectural detail of the house and is its historic centre. Like the Music Room, this has three windows, but unlike the latter the windows have seats and panelled blinds which fold into their jambs; the walls are painted a soft shade of blue. Above two doors, which swing on H-and-L hinges, the pediments show broken scrolls. The chair rail is decorated with a carving of Grecian design, and the chimney piece of elaborate construction has marked architectural character. The fireplace is faced with delicate blue marble, at the outer edge of which there is a white marble moulding finely carved with egg and dart motif. The pilasters, standing on each side of the mantelpiece with imposing panel work between, like both chair rail and cornice, are painted white. A very shallow mantelshelf has a denticulated fret and an old fire screen stands much as one must have stood before the Revolutionary war.

Across the top of the firebreast where wall and ceiling meet, is a deep modillion cornice which continues around the room. The Blue Room, sixteen by eighteen feet, is lighted at night by a hanging crystal chandelier, a shining lustre which casts shadows upon the

The Music Room to which a spinet of the olden time adds great distinction.

walnut cupboard doors and the rare old furniture. A Constitution mirror hangs above a hurricane candle shade which stands on an old card table; valance boards above the windows hold the draperies in place, and a butterfly table with Queen Anne chairs are in keeping with old-time hooked rugs. In this room the strongly classic feeling has been emphasized in pilaster and pediment, in mantel and entablature. The carving and every other classic detail have been wrought with the precision due a worthy object.

In April, Seventeen-fifty five, through the courtesy of Colonel Carlyle, Commodore Keppel and General Braddock held a conference with the governors of the five Colonies in the Blue Room. It was here that George Washington first met the English general and received his commission as an aid on his staff. It was in this same charming Blue Room that General Braddock conferred with the governors of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts to plan concerted action against the French and Indian allies. It is interesting to note in this connection that Lieutenant George Washington, then a mere boy, opposed the British general's

The enormous teester bed in the room said to have been occupied by General Braddock during the French and Indian Wars.

plans. The latter, however, declined to accept any suggestions from the youthful subaltern, and three months later in following his own scheme he met death at Fort Duquesne.

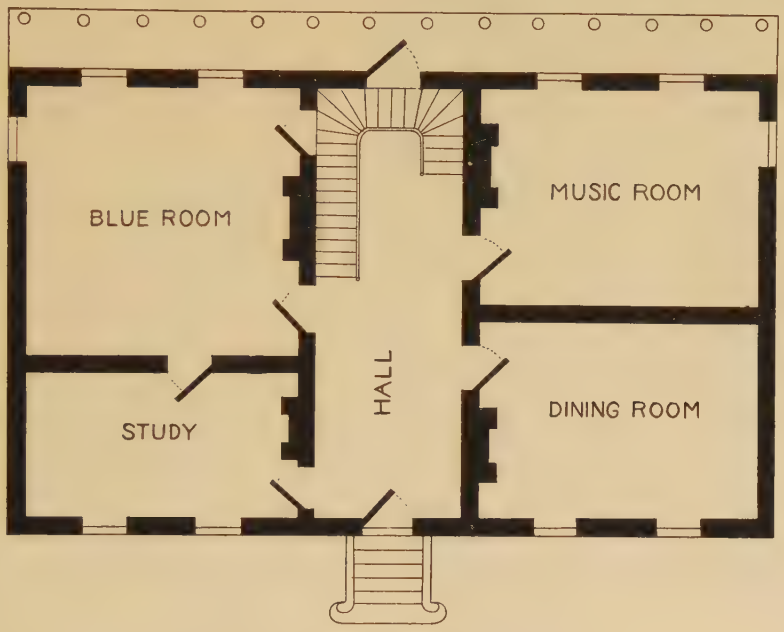
Thirty years later another historic conference took place in the old Blue Room, but this time it was General Washington who sounded the call for the governors of Maryland and Virginia to meet and define the boundary line between the two Commonwealths. This meeting is said to have resulted in a call for delegates from all of the Colonies to assemble in Philadelphia in Seventeen-eighty seven, and it was at this historic convention that the Constitution of the United States was framed.

The little study with apricot walls is entered from the more formal room; and this though only ten by twelve feet has the appearance of being the oldest room in the house. Both of the windows have inside shutters and very deep seats, and a dentil cornice follows

The chimney piece of the Blue Room has marked architectural character and the broken pediments above the doors are very fine.

the line taken by the plain chair rail. Here the narrow door of the built-in cupboard seems to be of natural pine, and there is also an old pine desk and some original Windsor chairs.

In the second storey a square central hall has transverse corridors extending from it, both right and left, with a sleeping room on each side of the right-hand hall and a chamber on each side of the left.



First floor plan of the Carlyle House.

The fifth room occupies the centre front of the house, and this is the only one without an open fireplace and powder room. Each chamber is beautifully furnished, all have four-post beds, some so high that trundle beds peep from beneath them. The room known as General Braddock's is on the northeast, and in this an enormous teester bed has beside it steps used in climbing into it. The doors of the closets that once were powdering rooms are finished in natural wood, and on one mantel there is an escutcheon upon which hang the fire utensils.

The basement walls are very thick and shelter a store of early American furniture—a large tavern table and rush seat chairs; a

Colonial settle; flax and wool spinning wheels, near which stand their ancient shuttles and reels. The kitchen still has its old-time crane, kettles and oven in the wall. The floor is of brick and the ceiling shows great hand-hewn exposed beams. Many cupboards in one of these basement rooms lead one to suspect a Colonial pantry. An arched opening leads through the steep stone wall which falls below the terrace balustrade on the east front, and this is reputed to have once led to a secret way of escape to the river. To-day it leads the way to a quiet peaceful garden, a garden of tall poplars and blooming roses, of brick walks and boxwood, of ivy and an old sun dial.

Detail of a beautiful mantel in Alexandria near the Carlyle House.

John Carlyle, the founder of this sturdy home, was born in Scotland in Seventeen-twenty, and came of the family of Torthorwald Castle. In Seventeen-forty he settled in Dumfries, Virginia, but moved shortly to Bellhaven—now Alexandria—where he soon had a prosperous mercantile business. In Seventeen-fifty four he was appointed Commissary of the Virginia forces by Governor Dinwiddie. Colonel Carlyle married Sarah, the daughter of Colonel William Fairfax of Belvoir.

Treasured among the heirlooms of her descendants there is a bit of the brocade gown worn by Sally Carlyle at Washington's Birthnight Ball held at old Gadsby's Tavern. Very soft and frail the fabric seems, unutterably elusive this memory of patch and powder days with its dainty embroidered green leaves upon the silver surface. Mingled feelings arise at sight of the old brocade—the last tangible substance of the lavish Colonial entertainments in which it has played a part.

Not only was John Carlyle an ardent patriot, but he was prominent in lighter civic affairs, as is seen in George Washington's Diary under date of February "15, 1760: Went to a ball at Alexandria, where Musick and Dancing was the chief entertainment. However in a convenient Room detached for the purpose abounded great plenty of Bread and Butter, some Biscuits with Tea, and Coffee which the Drinkers of could not distinguish from Hot water sweetened. Be it remembered that pocket-handkerchiefs served the purposes of the Table Cloths and Napkins and that no Apologies were made for either." The proprietors of this ball were Messrs. Carlyle, Laurie and Robert Wilson. Notwithstanding this implied criticism Washington and Carlyle were warm friends, for we frequently read in his Diary: "Dined at Colo. Carlyle's."

In Seventeen-fifty eight John Carlyle succeeded his father-in-law as Collector of His Majesty's Customs on the South Potomac, and after the contractor had failed to erect Christ Church, under his guidance it was soon finished. His pew, number nineteen, is still pointed out.

It was a source of great grief to Colonel Carlyle that age barred him from active service during the Revolution, although he was a prominent member of the Committee of Safety. The war brought him a second and deeper sorrow in the death of his son, George William Carlyle, who at the age of seventeen was killed at the battle of Eutaw Springs, in the regiment of Light Horse Harry Lee.

Upon the death of John Carlyle the house was inherited by his daughter, Sarah Carlyle Herbert, whose family continued in possession of it until Eighteen-forty nine.

To-day, the old structure, which has been called the birthplace of the Revolution, hides its beauty back of the walls of a twentieth century building. To-day there are but few who realize the part it has played in the social and political history of America. The old house has seen few vicissitudes, with the exception of those occasioned by the ruthless hand of Time. It is now in excellent condition under the appreciative stewardship of its present owner, Mr. Ernest E. Wagar, who holds it as a precious link to that far-off time when notable men and women assembled beneath its hospitable roof as the guests of Colonel and Mistress Carlyle.

PRESTWOULD

HUNDREDS of feet above the sea level, screened from the public road by private woodland, watered by brooks flowing into the Dan and Staunton Rivers, the plantation of Prestwould in Mecklenburg County is one of the handsomest seats of all Virginia. In Colonial days nobility was no stranger to the great Virginia estates, so it was not surprising that Sir Peyton Skipwith decided to found his American home amid these beautiful surroundings.

The family was originally Achypwic, and their English lands are said to have been acquired by Sir William Henry Skipwith in the fifteenth century. The first of the family in this country was Sir Gray Skipwith who, being a most loyal cavalier, fled from Great Britain in the Cromwellian time. His property is said to have been inherited by Sir William Skipwith, who now sleeps peacefully in old Blandford church yard and from whom it went to his son Sir Peyton in Seventeen-sixty four.

There is a fanciful tradition that Prestwould was won by Sir Peyton Skipwith from William Byrd III as the result of a three-day game of cards, at the end of which the master of Westover was so deeply involved that he offered to square the account by giving his opponent a deed to his lands known as Blue Stone Castle. There is said to be a record of this transaction at the College of William and Mary and at the Mecklenburg County seat.

In considering a name for his Virginia inheritance it was but natural that Sir Peyton should have chosen that of his ancestral English home, the name which too often is mispronounced, for the proper pronunciation of Prestwould is Prest*wood*, which means "near the trees."

Another legend states that when the new owner decided to build

Prestwould, built by Sir Peyton Skipwith and named in honour of his ancestral English estate.

upon this particular property, he sent to the West Indies for a great number of slaves, and these, under the guidance of an English contractor-workman and some imported labour, did all of the work in connection with the erection of the manour-house. Still another tale tells that the master-workman put as the price of his service every slave employed in the erection of the house! The building was more than six years in the course of construction and is said to have cost its founder a pretty penny. In size it is fifty-seven by seventy-two.

Of all Virginia Colonial estates, Prestwould without doubt has the most formal entrance, for the driveway is about fifty feet wide and passes between four-foot stone walls. After a short distance, both road and boundary walls turn to the left and proceed at right angles until a wrought iron gate is reached. Between large posts of stone the massive house is seen as it crowns a very high hill.

The wall which breaks to permit the gateway continues around the deer park, beyond which it runs a course perhaps a mile long in surrounding the vast lawn. Moss clings to the rocks upon the northern side, ivy climbs above them; some stones are sand color, others brown, while still more show glimpses of deep orange and dull purple. In ancient and most romantic fashion, steps lead over the wall.

A line of English holly trees, their boles wrapped with ancient ivy, stands in front of the wall on the south and the east. On the

The octagonal frame music and play room on the lawn.

west side the lawn merges into the garden famed in the annals of old Virginia as the garden of Lady Jean Skipwith. Tall boxwood and broad crepe myrtles; rose walks and shadowy trees; lilacs and bowers of jasmine. Below all of this colour and on a green slope of the lawn is the spot where the Skipwith family are resting under the deep shade of trees.

Great pecans lend dense shadows to the lawn—perhaps a thought of the practical Lady Jean—and old apple trees for beauty—and service—speak again of this Lady Jean. Below these the little octagonal frame building, boasting certain classic lines, is silent now, although in Colonial days it was a merry playroom where children were also made to practice their music with no discord in the great house.

The natural beauties are many, and the old playroom is quaint,

The great central hall, furnished with original mahogany, has walls covered with imported scenic paper showing the hunt in full chase.

but all fall short when one considers the marvels of the historic manour-house. Built of blue or lime stone quarried on the plantation and skillfully cut into large smooth blocks of a grayish tan, the walls of the house show that no more aristocratic material could have been used. The main dwelling has two ten-foot chimneys rising from the centre of the copper roof. A most unusual note is struck in this roof, which, although at a distance having the appearance of slate, is made of copper shingles.

Double-fronted as were most of the houses of that day, Prestwould consists of two full storeys and a basement partly above ground. Flights of box-guarded stone steps lead to small porches with balustrades of Chinese Chippendale lattice. The dentilled cornice which surrounds the building is repeated in the pediments of the latter, and thirteen windows perforate the front walls, with four more looking out on each side—those on the first floor with eighteen

The charming drawing room, where one pauses at the beauty of landscape panels, furniture, brasses, and an alabaster vase which have been at Prestwould since the house was built.

panes of glass and those above with twelve. The slat shutters are green and the remainder of the exterior woodwork is white.

Although both entrances have the same appearance, the more formal is on the river front where a twelve-foot door leads immediately into a great hall—well named. Partly crossed by a partition, this hall is thirty-two by thirty-four. The walls are covered with imported scenic paper brought by Sir Peyton when the place was very young, and it shows the hunt in full chase in a forest with the bluest of lakes in the background. This paper may have been the product of John Baptist Jackson, who was a great fabricant of scenic papers. Upon the right the stairway—a most notable feature—begins its leisurely climb. Square spindles form the balustrade, two on each step, and the walnut hand rail of natural color becomes the walnut newel cap. This rather queer newel, unlike the majority of its day, does not project but stands in line with the balusters. The steps are six feet wide and finished in natural wood, and the two-toned sloping dado against the opposite wall is of the two woods that make the wainscot which encircles the hall.

The door opening across the hall from the stair discloses a most beautiful drawing room, an enchanting room where one pauses at the ecstatic beauty of treatment and colour. Draperies of soft, light crimson damask fall from rare old valance boards at the windows, and in the antique Italian paper that covers the walls—every poplar tree, each bit of water, is as bright and perfect as when put there by the eighteenth century artist. An alabaster vase stands on a carved card table behind which a French mirror reflects other beauties of the room. An Empire couch a la Rècamier, a dainty fire screen of Watteau design, a rosewood spinet and Chippendale chairs complete the furnishing of a perfect room. The massive wood mantel was once marbleized and very faint lines still show on the surface above a deep frieze of Grecian design. On one side is the brass escutcheon to keep the fire utensils in place. Brass candelabra stand on the shelf beneath pictured ruins of ancient Rome, and heavy brass andirons guard the burning logs within the facing of dark marble. The woodwork of the drawing room is painted old ivory and pale gray.

The library across from the charming drawing room was the nursery in days gone by, and in here besides a wealth of old furniture are cases and cases of rare books. One escritoire with Heppelwhite lines has shelves filled with first editions, while another is devoted entirely

Detail of the Drawing Room showing rare furniture and one of the Empire valance boards featured on the first floor.

to French books. The room is stacked with a bewitching and bewildering array of antique furniture. A goose neck rocker before the open fire; a work table with attenuated legs; candle stands and chests of drawers; unusual stools—all of the richest mahogany, bespeak the master craftsmen of both Virginia and England. The mantel is the same type as those in the rest of the house and is painted very dark green.

The Dining Room where scenic paper is in character. The huge fan above the table came from India and is called a "Punka."

The landward hall is not quite so large as that upon the river, and this is furnished with original Adam furniture—chairs and cane settee—of sage green with tracery of gold. In one corner of the hall there are interesting reminders of the plantation's provincial days—a hand-made shoe with heavy wooden sole, a small wool spinning wheel and a larger wheel for flax, a beater for beds and jack for boots, a sword scabbard and an old muzzle-loader.

On the left is the dining room of gracious lines and original Windsor chairs, including a high one for a child. Here enchanting landscape paper is also in character, and depicts the chase of pink-coated huntsmen after hare and hound. There are mahogany cellarettes of different design and an old coffee urn with a history, but the greatest interest in the room is found in the rare punka above the Heppelwhite table. According to Colonel Fred Old of Raleigh, North Carolina, this East Indian invention is one of the very few in America. It consists of a huge fan from which a rod extends and on which are hung two cords. In India the boy who operates the fan is called a "punka-Walla," but in the halycon days of Virginia the cords were pulled with a see-saw motion by small pickaninnies. The breeze produced by the agitation of the fan is quite remarkable.

The mantel is dark and on each side there is a door—one to a convenient pantry and the other leading to the service entrance on the east.

The master's chamber across the hall has a wonderful four-post bed carved elaborately with the ailanthus leaf and draped from a delicate Empire cornice. The three windows have shallow seats and the wainscot is pine between walnut. This room, too, has doors on the sides of the mantel—one goes into the library, the other below stairs, where in the days of old a dusky line awaited the summons of the master's bell.

The stair has but one landing and that not broad, but upon it stands a tall clock that marked the hours of birth and living and death for the Skipwith race for one hundred and fifty years.

The upper hall covers that on the river below and here the stair balustrade continues in a way that forms a balcony with the angle posts of natural wood. The only windows are the three upon the front, and tradition claims that it was on the central of these that the efficient Lady Jean sat to keep watch over the proper payment

The spacious upper hall, from the windows of which a delightful view of river and meadow is obtained.

at her toll gate between the mainland and her thousand-acre island —Occoneeche, named for the last Indian tribe to live there. The inner blinds like the frames are white, the baseboard and chair rail dark, and an old fashioned chair and Windsor bench are the only bits of furniture in the hall. The walls are covered with early American paper of conventional design.

Six sleeping rooms open into the spacious hall, that on the northwest being of particular interest because it was occupied by Lady Jean, who has been called the best housekeeper in Colonial Virginia. A massive four-poster with hangings of rose silk drawn through a brass Empire wreath creates a touch rendered still more bewitching by the antique child's tent bed standing near it. With wall paper in two shades of pink, this is naturally called the Pink Room. In the cosy little dressing room attached to the chamber there is a rare old mahogany field bed of gracious line. Within the suite one feels

Lady Jean Skipwith's room. The child's tent bed is very rare.

the forceful presence of Lady Jean who put within the sheltering walls so much of her self and soul.

The Blue Room opens out of the Pink, and here another four-poster has the same drapery and design, but the colour used is blue. The old furniture is in perfect preservation, its most interesting piece being the little writing table with secret drawers that belonged to the mistress of the house.

Crossing the hall one finds two more rooms—the French Room and the Yellow, the latter claiming the oldest four-post bed in the house. The French furniture was brought over by Lady Jean. In curtains, in furnishings with corner washstands and blue ironstone ware, these chambers are said to be almost as they were a century and a half ago. The other room which is small and in the centre of the house is merely a dressing room. The trim of the second storey is white and the ceilings are somewhat lower than those of the first.

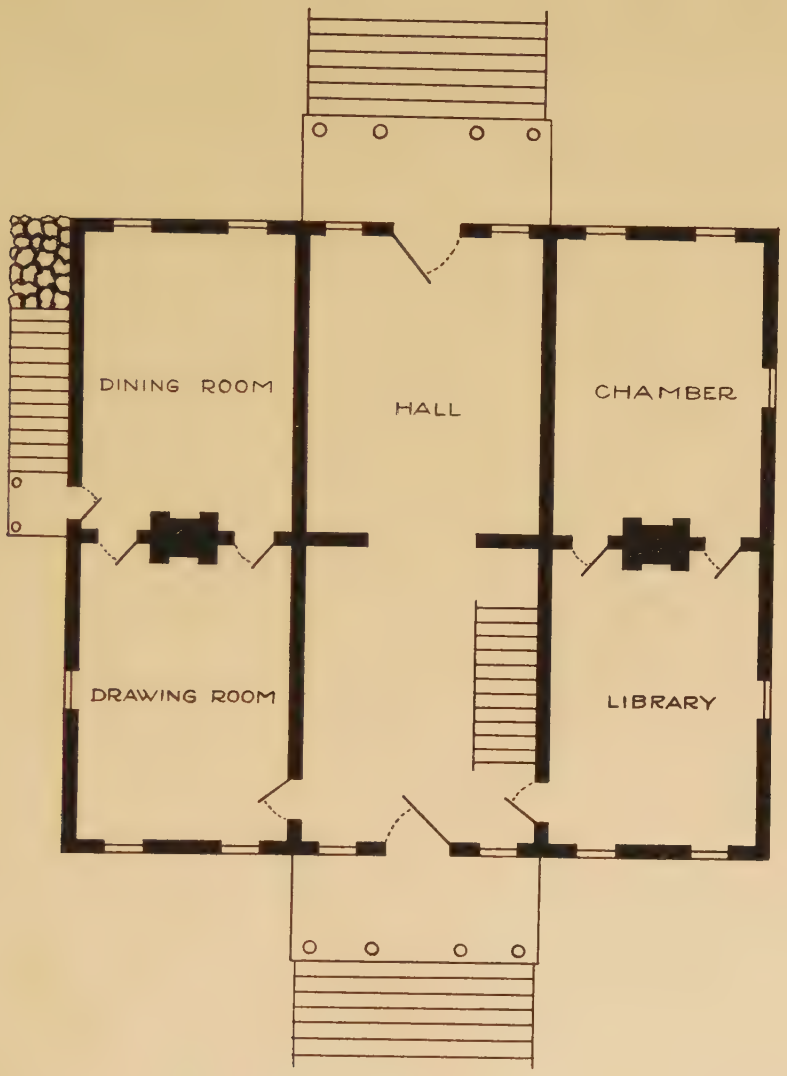
Treasures of antique furniture! But no special form holds the attention long at Prestwould, for from some drawer of desk or cabinet will come forth another treasure to lure one on. It is given to few other American homesteads—even to those that have remained in one family for more than a century—to contain such a wealth of valuable relics of the olden time.

And papers—scores of yellowed papers! There is the crackle of ancient parchment in the unrolling of records and deeds. There is the Garden Journal of Lady Jean and a copy of the will of Sir Peyton of Prestwould. Worn leather-bound account books with creamy pages and sepia figures; ancient farm records, and drawers of letters from those who were personages in Colonial times; letters, some with dull red seals and antique lettering; a map of the plantation drawn in Seventeen-ninety two, and much personal correspondence.

The nine rooms of the basement are given over to domestic needs, and the service buildings are on the southeast of the house. The first is the office with Chinese lattice for rail, and back of this is the old weaving room. The school house is there, and a little stone structure with conical roof breaks into the boundary wall to form the ice house. The dairy, the smoke house, the meat house, like those just mentioned, are all on stone foundations. The innumerable quarters have the appearance of a village, for the Skipwiths are said to have had nine hundred slaves, and their plantation to have occupied ten square miles.

Sir Peyton rode through life in the chariot of hereditary greatness, and but for some uncomfortable years beneath the revolutionary storm, his life was merry. His family were staunch Royalists and his convictions were clear, so as much as possible he kept out of the fray. Many stories are told of the insults he suffered from Americans who at other times would not have dared speak one word to him. It was doubtless the War which sent his eldest son Gray back to England when he inherited the title, so Prestwould became the property of the second son, Humberston by name. Until Nineteen-fourteen the original family remained in possession of the estate, but at that time it was sold to A. J. Goddard, by Austin Skipwith, the last of his name to live there. Mr. Goddard acquired with the house the furniture, plate, old papers and rare books.

In Nineteen-eighteen Prestwould was again sold. Part of the historic place was purchased by Colonel William T. Hughes, who has



First floor plan of Prestwould.

since acquired the whole. Under the *régimé* of Colonel Hughes both the house and plantation have regained their former glory.

To-day Sir Peyton Skipwith's homestead is as charming as it was when George III ruled Virginia. To-day everything about the

old dwelling appears in as perfect condition as when placed there under the direction of Lady Jean. And yet—what we see is so little—what we feel is intense, for this is all that is tangible of those unknown souls who have slipped into the great beyond. His home—still splendid—her garden—filled with bloom, but of the two nothing is left but armorial tombs, tombs within a crumbling stone wall.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE

Now the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine

THERE is in the city of Richmond an old stone house, a building almost lost in the shadow of grim factory walls between which it nestles like a wren beneath the wings of an owl.

The absence of authentic information makes it impossible to say just who was the first owner of the Old Stone House, although historians agree that it must have been a plantation house on the property of the first William Byrd. The date of its building, however, would seem to be properly placed by the letters J. R. which, in bold relief upon a large stone on the street front of the house, might be translated to mean Jacobus Rex.

The little dwelling as one sees it today could not be better described than in an account of Virginia houses published in London in Sixteen-fifty. This states that they are "pleasant in their building which although for the most part they are but one storey besides the loft they are contrived so delightful that your ordinary houses in England are not so handsome for usually the rooms are large, daubed, whitewashed and glazed." But no matter who the builder was it took just three times as long and cost three times as much to erect this tiny dwelling in America as it would have in England.

From out of the mist of uncertainty that obscured its early years the house emerged conspicuously after the Revolution as one of George Washington's supposed headquarters. Then, again, for years it was forgotten, but as the city grew up around it and year by year a bit of moss was added here, a lichen there, and its colour grew grayer and grayer, its simple beauty and personal appeal caught the attention of some one with appreciation and in Nineteen-twelve it was purchased by Mr. Granville G. Valentine who, for its eternal preser-

The Old Stone House, the early builder of which is unknown. The dwelling is now known as the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine.

vation, gave it to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities with the one proviso that they would some day find someone who would "Keep it in beauty." After ten years had passed the Association leased the house and its unkept grounds to Mr. and Mrs. Archer Jones for ten years and under their sympathetic *régimé* a restoration nothing short of miraculous has taken place.

The gloomy street in front was cleared, and, in order to avoid its walls, a factory which loomed up on one side was purchased. The great mass of iron and defunct machinery with which the back yard was covered was soon swept away and where a junk pile lay for years a colourful garden blooms. Today The Old Stone House breathes an atmosphere of quiet and repose. The thick walls are of hand-hewn stone and the ancient structure is best described as "not large, not tall, not bald faced with great staring windows, but a shy blinking house with a roof going to a peak above the dormers." These

The room which treasures one of the best collections of Poeana in the world. A portrait of Edgar Allan Poe hangs above the mantel shelf.

dormers peep shyly from the modern slate roof topped at the gable ends by old T chimneys. A panelled door with old brass knocker leads directly into the hall which with a width of four feet extends through the building. The rooms which look so small from the outside seem to broaden mysteriously when one enters.

The floor of the hall, like those of the rest of the house, is cypress and, like the others, it is put together with hand-made nails, while in the door and window frames may be seen old wooden pegs.

The house claims its greatest interest in the room on the right of the hall. Here the ceiling hangs about nine feet above the floor and shows hand-cut exposed beams. The fireplace facing is formed of three heavy stones and the mantelshelf is made from a heavy board once in the building of the Southern Literary Messenger. In this room are first editions of Edgar Allan Poe, a chair in which he sat and the desk at which he wrote. The woodwork that now meets

The narrow hall which extends through the house has, at the northwest end, a crude and much worn stair.

one's eye met his many times as he worked in his cheerless office; it falls on many personal reminders of "this man of transcendent genius"—the carriage robe in which the little boy was wrapped when he drove in the great Allan coach—the cane he used as a man—the boot hooks with which he struggled every day, the lock and hinges from his office—even the latch he lifted when he called upon Elmyra Royster. In this old house, now dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, the portrait of that unhappy man hangs above the mantel on the plastered chimney breast.

An interesting window where sill and seat seem to have changed places.

Barred from inquisitive hands by the stair rail clasped by the hand of Poe as he wearily climbed to his office, the southeast corner of the room treasures not only the poet's desk but his trunk, and chairs of the Allan family. Behind the rail, the wall is sheathed from sill to girt with pine boards which formed the partition in Poe's office. A camphor wood chest that belonged to Mrs. McKenzie of Duncan Lodge with other rare pieces complete the furnishing of the room, which measures twelve by twenty and one-half feet. The table—the desk—the portrait—all contribute their highly individual histories. The book shelves along the walls are heavy with the weight of one of the world's best collections of Poeana, and the lumber of which they are made was part of the old Messenger building.

One window looks out upon the street front of the house, one upon the garden, and the latter is of interest because of its narrow seat and a sill of unusual breadth, which makes it appear that the builder had placed each where the other belonged. Unlike other windows with seats, this sill instead of being included in the former

A noteworthy adherence to the type of the house has been followed, and the details of each room add to the ancient atmosphere.

is placed a foot above it, making the seat a rather difficult place of ease. The sash has six of the fifteen panes of glass at the bottom, the greater number being above, and the panes are eight and a half inches quare. Every piece of furniture has its story; lock, desk and shelves are beaded with hallowed associations of the poet of the past. The quaint old room seems to speak of his presence. The sunbeams that steal in through the windows light up this interesting early American room which like the rest of this floor has a mopboard of dark wood.

The room across the hall is smaller. The one window in this which looks out over Main Street is original in every detail. This room shelters the model of Richmond as it was in the time of Poe, and on the white "plaister" walls hang many old maps and prints of the same city. A door above one stone step leads out to the flagged court.

A noteworthy adherence to the spirit which prompted the designing of the house has been strictly followed and the details of each room add to the atmosphere of early days. Whale oil lamps are electrified as are antique candle sticks where once burned tallow dips. The rugs on the floor are braided by hand and everything in the house is either reminiscent of Poe or of the period in which the house was built.

All over the little building one appreciates the real charm of spirit which is the birthright of an early interior. A crude and narrow stair begins at the northwest end of the hall and ascends directly between the walls with a triangular bottom step paralleling the door and others of the same form until they swing into a straight line. The steps are three feet six inches wide and have an uncomfortable eight-inch tread.

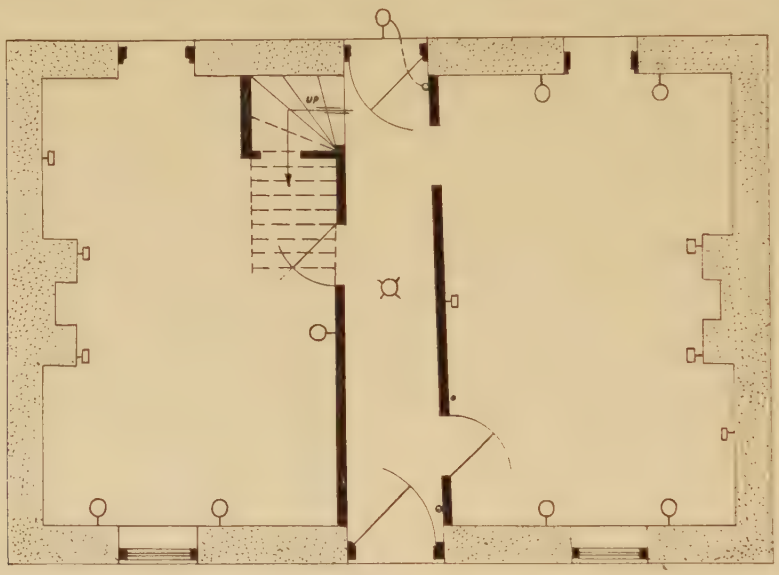
The upside-down door which leads from the house to the flagged courtyard.

The upper floor, or "loft," as it was anciently called, is lit by dormers on both sides. Flanking the door between the hall and one of the two rooms are interesting inner windows less than six inches wide and less than one foot high, each containing four tiny panes of glass which light—one a closet and the other the crude, steep stair. The high-waisted doors hang on H-and-L and H hinges; the knobs like the rest in the house are brass, and the room is much longer than wide. The second storey has extremely low ceilings, but visitors do not deem this an inconvenience, as the very lowness of structure gives the little old building an indescribable charm.

In the room on the opposite side of the hall there is a fine walnut table made at the homestead of the Allan family by their provincial carpenters. In this chamber are old desks, ladder back chairs—one

that belonged to a child — a Queen Anne chair, a table and a reel which once held home-made yarn. Here again are book shelves made from wood that housed the Messenger, and a fireplace with huge stone lintel gives the warmth.

Two doors lead out to the garden front, one direct from the narrow hall, while the other which is far more interesting goes from the westward room. This old door with six panels and two transom



First floor plan of the Old Stone House.

panes above it was evidently placed upside down when the house was built. During the restoration one of the carpenters was eager to hang it—as he said -"properly." But when he was told not to touch it or he would ruin the old strap hinges, the man grumbled that "to leave it that way was no credit to him."

Ivy—ivy with the largest leaves and of the glossiest texture—clings with affection to the stones of the garden front where but recently was only grime and dust. A great tree stands guard upon one corner, clumps of boxwood on another. The ivy has shared its tendrils with the bleak factory walls where votive garlands of roses bloom each June. The one time back lot has been transformed into a garden of rare beauty, a garden of grass plot and long borders

sweet with the fragrances of roses, of heliotrope and clove pink. A sun-and-shadow timepiece marks the garden centre, and walks of flagstones from the churchyard of old St. John's lead one to the brick arches of The Shrine "all wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers."

The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities cancelled the ten-year lease held by Mr. and Mrs. Jones in grateful recognition of the restoration of the Old Stone House and placed the property in the perpetual care of the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine. It is difficult to describe the haunting charm of The Memorial Garden to Poe or to tell of the many delights to be found within the walls of the once desecrated dwelling. It is very easy to realize, though, that the proper ones have been found "to keep in beauty" both garden and house.

This Poe Shrine has already restored the poet to the affection of the reader. More than the combination of all other agencies this happy thought has removed from the memory of the dead genius the stigma of neglect. The Old Stone House, so unobtrusive, so serene, is now the force which sends out through the world the brilliant rays of the fame of Edgar Allan Poe.

Once a modest roadside homestead of simple outline, mass and colour, with distinctive roof, sociably near the passing highroad, this house with its massive walls and ivy mantle is now a well known and most welcome encounter. It bespeaks its origin in the efforts of some hard working man of two centuries ago to shelter comfortably his family during that fortunate growth of population which was the immediate fruit of the Anglo-Saxon *émigré*.

Born in Eighteen-nine, the greatest originator of various story types the world has known, and father of the Detective Story, Poe died seventy-seven years ago, himself unsorrowed, his fame unknown. "If every man," wrote Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "who owed his inspiration to Poe were to contribute a tithe of his profits therefrom, he would have a monument greater than the Pyramids, and I for one would be among the builders."

But it remained for this memorial to be established in this appealing little house for the name of Poe to come into its own. Different from anything in America, the Poe Shrine has accomplished in the few years of its existence more than the combined efforts of Poe's other admirers in three quarters of a century. By means of material and information concentrated in The Old Stone House, it

has already brought the memory of the man followed by unmerciful disaster before the literary world and, as some one said, "its stimulative educational effect will grow with the years."

In all America there is nothing with which The Poe Shrine can be aptly compared, and there is no Memorial housed in such a quaintly historic building. No one can visit The Old Stone House today without feeling a profound reverence, not only for its early associations but for the pathetic memory of Edgar Allan Poe.

AMPTHILL

DOWN in the south country, in Virginia, there is a house so old that upon its walls are written the autographs of nearly two hundred years. Lying on the historic shore of James River and the west of Falling Creek, this manour-house is preserving with dignity its years of past grandeur and strangely defying the centuries to come. Built by Henry Cary in Seventeen-thirty two, but never so called by him, the old dwelling stands like some feudal castle undaunted by storm or circumstance.

The progenitor of the Carys, whose family name was originally de Cary, was Miles, the son of John Cary of Bristol, England, who came to America in Sixteen-forty. Henry, son of the *émigré* and first owner of the Ampthill plantation, was like his son of the same name prominent in architectural lines, and with the latter superintended the building of the Capitol at Williamsburg. He was also in charge of the rebuilding of William and Mary College after it was burned.

The inducement that led the second Henry Cary to the lands on Falling Creek may have been an ambition to re-open the first iron works of the country which were abandoned in Sixteen-twenty two, when Falling Creek was something of a settlement, as a result of the activity of Sir Edwin Sandys, who in Sixteen-nineteen informed the London Company that a certain Mr. King was to take to Virginia fifty persons "to set up iron works." The Company sent both men and building material, first in charge of Captain Bluett, who was succeeded by John Berkeley. At that time the settlement boasted: "2 broad axes, 3 adzes, 4 augurs, 3 chisels, 3 hand saws, 1 foreplane, 2 hammers, 1 pair compasses, 1 chalk line, and 2 files." Not much today, but a fair equipment in those first days of the Colony. Unfortunately both men and equipment were destroyed by the Indians during the cruel massacre of Sixteen-twenty two.

Ampthill, built by Henry Cary in 1732, but named by his son, Colonel Archibald Cary of Revolutionary fame.

Henry Cary left Williamsburg in Seventeen-twenty seven, and three years later sold part of his property, so it is very probable that from this sale he obtained the funds to build the house at Ampthill.

A sharp left-hand turn from the modern concrete highroad about five miles from Richmond leads into the old plantation road which, but little better now than in its first days, winds through a charming bit of woodland with maple, holly and dogwood trees predominant. Each spring the roadside is illuminated with the bloom of quantities of gorse, a latter day reminder of Tarleton's time when his troopers camped here to ravage the estate. The road stumbles down between gorse covered banks, then blunders across an arm of Falling Creek—to the terror of the modern motor driver—and follows at last the boundary line from which the old house is seen.

Ampthill is almost a perfect square of bricks, with vitrified headers faded from black to blue in strong contrast to the rest of the

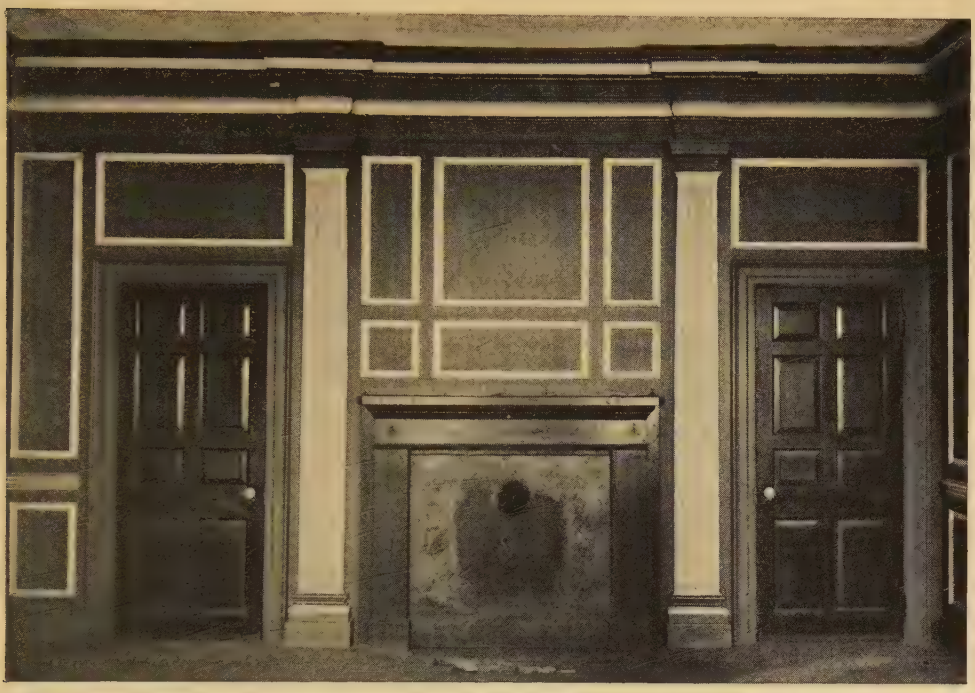
salmon-coloured walls. The texture of the bricks is delightful. The shingled roof is cut off squarely at the top in mansard form. The lower slopes are steep, and four of less inclination are visible. Measuring fifty feet in length and with a depth of approximately the same, its one external beauty left is the cornice which displays two rows of dentils, one smaller than the other. The one outside shutter is found at the river window of the upper hall, and this extends from the roof of the porch to the cornice and is faded a smoky green.

The old house, which is placed between two smaller ones of like form, now appears a sombre and melancholy tragedy. From a dilapidated porch which sags upon the river front, the hall of fine proportions and beautiful woodwork is entered. Forty-five feet in length, the hall cuts through the centre of the house, beginning with a width of fifteen feet which narrows abruptly half way its length to permit the ascent of the stair. Four doors open off the hall, all leading into separate rooms, and against the wall opposite the foot of the stair is a "blind door," with a casing and cross panels, that does not open. Although such a door was thought immoral in Victorian times, it is justified at Ampthill in the interest of harmony.

The door jambs, more than two feet wide, are plainly panelled, and those at the entrance, instead of following a straight line, recede in an uncommon way. The hand rail of the stair is inserted into a square newel, and the steps have a shallow rise. When but a few feet from the top, at the expense of a west room, the steps widen, where the very high ceiling allows the interruption of their flight to form what appears a crude upper balcony. The risers are plain, but the balusters which stand three on each step are spirally turned.

Entrance doors of six panels swing, at both fronts of the house, on H-and-L hinges, each with three-pane transoms and enormous old brass locks. The hall is panelled from floor to ceiling with heart pine, now painted an ugly greenish gray, the bevels picked out in white. There is no handsomer panelling in America, and the exact angle it follows along the line of the stair bespeaks a master workman. The panels with their matched surfaces placed one next the other, with narrow mouldings on each edge, result in a beautiful series of delicate lines extending the height of the walls above a fair sized baseboard, and broken only by the dado cap. While the effect would be infinitely more satisfying if the walls showed the natural colour of the pine, the paint was probably put on them as protection

The beautifully panelled hall from which the stairway climbs. Near the centre and on the right is a "blind door."



Connection between the rooms is given by panelled doors which flank the chimney breast.

rather than for aesthetic reasons. There is no telling how many coats have been on the walls, and the painters were not always of artistic mind.

Inherent in the interior arrangement of Ampthill is an obvious simplicity, for it is merely a dividing of the total area of the plan into smaller and equally sized squares. Two rooms open off the right of the hall and two from the other side. Each is about eighteen feet square, and all have open fireplaces. The latter are six feet wide and the mantels are painted black, while the panels above them vary as only handwork will. Communication is given between the rooms by doors on each side of the chimney breast which stands between reeded pilasters. A pulvinated cornice runs around the room at the level of the window heads, which, projecting, cause it to return around them, with satisfactory results. On the chimney end the cornice appears to rest on the pilaster caps. The walls are painted

A window seat with panelled inner blinds that close on butterfly hinges.

the same crude green as the hall; the chair rail, pilasters and cornice being now a dusty white. The three windows are seven feet in height and though the sash is new, each has eighteen panes of glass. Panelled blinds fold on butterfly hinges into the jambs to which they are attached by small H hinges. These shutters show a certain interesting craftsmanship, being made in two parts, with panelled inner

piece, and the outer part perfectly plain. The windows are provided with deep seats.

The interior is featured throughout by unity and harmony of design aided by a craftsmanship beyond reproach. All of the rooms on the first floor show the same finish; each has the same number of doors and windows and cornices breaking out over them. The drawing room and the dining room were probably on the north front, the other rooms being known by the archaic word of chambers.

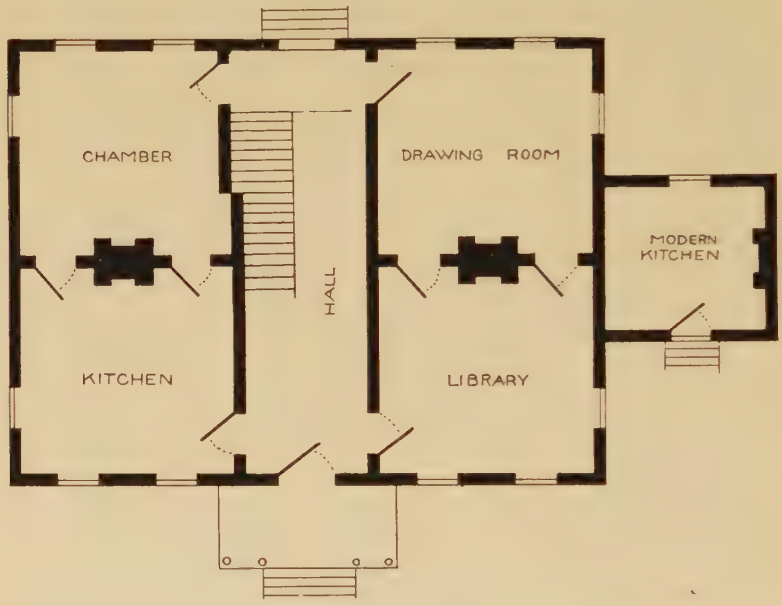
The house follows the plan of the typical Colonial dwelling along whose shorter axis extends a hall with exits at both ends, thus giving a vista through the building. No amateur it was who scaled it down to such a minute degree that every panel of the lower floor is cut to fit a certain place. Whether large or small, oblong or square, the edge of each is bevelled.

The second storey is only a few inches lower in height than the first, and presents a repetition of the plan below. Pine boards of extra width with large, firm knots make this floor, while a large window at each end of the hall brings in the light. Neither panel nor wainscot adorns the plastered walls, but a pine baseboard protects them at the foot.

On the right of the river front stands the original kitchen, now the wreck of its former self and in a pathetic state of disintegration. But the ten-foot fireplace and the two tall chimneys may still be seen. The office—or ball room—on the opposite side of the great house is still in use, though now for hay! Like the kitchen, this little building measures twenty-four by thirty-three, and boasts a beautiful exterior cornice. In the ball room the panelling remains ornamental even beneath its coat of modern grime, and the coved ceiling still gives an effect of spaciousness. The doors that once gave happy entrance and the windows once so bright with light, like those in the antique kitchen, have fallen to decay. These end buildings are so spaced and of such a size that, with the central house, they form a well-tied together composition, and today they speak in melancholy pride of the time when it was their glory to stand in the shadow of the loftier walls and reflect their revelry when

> "The mistletoe hung in the castle-hall,
> The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
> The Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
> And keeping their Christmas holiday."

The dwelling now standing so gloomily firm was built at a time when one thousand bricks were laid at a cost of forty pounds of tobacco. All of the nails used were wrought by hand, as were the locks and hinges, and most of the lumber was hand hewn. At the time of its erection it was easier to use wainscot sheathing than to plaster a house, as lime was difficult to obtain. While the rich panelling that



First floor plan of Ampthill.

is admired today must have been added after the house was built, it was undoubtedly Henry Cary who put in the pine wainscot. Perhaps all of the interior work—the majority labourious and by hand—was paid for by tobacco. Perhaps, too, the workmen had to wait for the crop to be cut and cured before they could be paid.

Upon the death of Henry Cary, the plantation went to his son Archibald, described as "small and fiery, quick tempered and tempestuous, with the handsome looks of his race." However that may be, Archibald Cary was one of the dominant men of his day, a man of endurance, of courage and ability. Not only a man of strong religious convictions but one of the foremost patriots of the country.

Grigsby, in writing of the Convention of Seventeen-seventy six, says of Archibald Cary: "It was from his lips, as Chairman of the Committee of the whole, that the words of the resolution of Independence, of the Declaration of Rights and a plan of Government, first fell upon the public ear."

It was this owner who gave the plantation its name and, as Ampthill was across the river from Wilton, it was but natural that he should go over there for his bride, Mary Randolph.

Perhaps while Colonel Cary was trying to re-establish the Iron works on Falling Creek, Mistress Cary was busy with the house and the making of a garden. The house was finished, but the garden just begun. Desiring to have her old home in plain view across the river, perhaps Mary Cary had the terraces cut until the meadows slipped into the water. She it must have been who set out the boxwood now struggling to live, and possibly the multitude of blue hyacinths, which, with jonquils, brighten the lawn in spring, were scattered first by her own hand to multiply with the passing of years.

In the halycon days of Virginia, before the Revolution was born, Ampthill was the stopping place of the gentry and of all foreign nobility who crossed the sea. Before—and during—the stormy days of Seventy-six the house was the patriot's home, and in the Diary of George Washington dated Seventeen-seventy five, and written when he was attending the famous Convention, we read: "Dind. with Mr. Rich. Adams. Went to Colo. Archy Cary's abt. 7 miles in the aftern." The future President was a guest at Ampthill for some days at this time.

Since the days of the Carys the estate has been in the possession of the Temple and Watkins families, the present owner being Mrs. W. O. Watkins, although her interest is only for life. From her it will go to a large number of her husband's collateral heirs. This explains the pitiful condition of the country seat, for, naturally, Mrs. Watkins does not care to keep up her place for those of another line, and the heirs are unwilling to do anything for property which now belongs to someone else.

Today, old Ampthill stands desolate—solitary—alone. The plantation has been the victim of injury and neglect. Everything about the historic place shows a pathetic semblance of decadence. The staunch old house seems to have been forgotten in the hurried rush of years but, like its Colonial master who was called "Old Iron,"

it refuses to give up and stands deserted in the midst of its pristine grandeur.

It is with a feeling of profound sadness that one goes down the worn stone steps that lead from the crumbling portico. If, in our day, the place is no longer the scene of great historic events, if our national leaders no more give it distinction and fame, perhaps it is because the centre of the nation's life has shifted since its more vivid days. With the first quarter of the twentieth century Ampthill has entered upon a green old age that will, we trust, brighten with the years, for its fame is settled and sure.

BRANDON

FEW places have the lure of Brandon—Brandon with its history and romance, its intangible fascination that holds one spellbound at first glance. Its interest does not lie wholly in the fact that it is a Colonial house, but because it has had time to give it charm and colour and has gathered great beauty through the mellowing effect of age.

Ten years after the foundation of Jamestown, this vast tract of land was patented by Captain John Martin, son of the English Sir John Martin, and one of the companions of John Smith on his first voyage to Virginia. Martin became a member of the first Council of the Colony, and so great were the privileges allowed him in his grant that the General Assembly took upon itself the task of making him relinquish some of these. Martin, who was to "enjoye his landes in as large and ample manner to all intentes and purposes as any lord of any Manours in England doth hold his grounde," refused to listen to such a suggestion, saying very truly, "I hold my patent for my service don which noe newe or later comer can meritt or challenge." However, he was afterwards induced to give up his authority and sold or abandoned the property which was originally known as Martin's Brandon. In Sixteen-thirty seven it was bought by John Sadler, Richard Quiney and Symon Sturgis. The next owner was Nathaniel Harrison, whose descendants until very recently have owned and loved their inheritance.

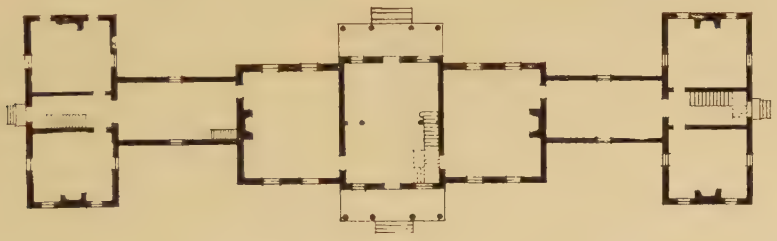
The entrance to the Brandon of to-day is from a modern highway which has grown from the ancient thoroughfare. A stretch of picturesque woodland eight miles in length covers the distance between, and every tree of native growth, each Virginia shrub and innumerable wild flowers along the driveway prepare one for the many beauties beyond. Before the door on the land front of the house, the motor

The river or garden front of Brandon, where the warmth and colour is accentuated by the ancient Boxwood hedges.

sweep encircles the lawn crowned with trees which have stood guard for centuries before the manour-house, whose walls are laid up in Flemish bond.

The dwelling with a frontage of two hundred and ten feet is a five part composition, consisting of a central building, two connecting corridors and two end wings. The windows range through various sizes, nor have all of the panes the same measurements, this evidently having been the outcome of the various periods of construction. The shutters are dark green and the rest of the exterior woodwork is painted white.

The original house was greatly enlarged by Nathaniel Harrison II, who was the son of the first owner of his name, and the three



First floor plan of Brandon.

sections were erected at different times—the east wing in Sixteen-twenty, so it is said; the west wing in Sixteen-thirty five, and the more elaborate central portion shortly before the Revolution. No less a personage than Thomas Jefferson is supposed to have been the architect for the latter. At this time the connecting ways must have been added in order to make of the three houses just one.

Double-fronted as were most of the finer houses of the South, Brandon has upon each front four windows on the first floor of the main building, and three on the second. Each corridor has one and both wings have four windows looking from the walls of both storeys. The tall chimneys are worthy of consideration. Two of these rise from the extreme ends of the hipped roof covering the central part, and two also stand at the ends of the two wings which are placed at right angles to the rest of the house. Porches the width of the projecting centre of the latter have as their top finish balustrades of a later day, that on the water front awakening the curiosity in the original treatment of some of the columns, all of which are on the

Corinthian order. Certain of these, however, felt the cruel sting of war, and their capitals were repaired by a jig-saw carpenter in imitation of the work of a trained predecessor.

The modillion cornice is the outstanding feature of the exterior. The bay windows of the second storey have wooden frames along octagonal lines, and nestling as they do under the eaves between the shingled roofs of different heights they add a picturesque note to the upper floor on the river front. At the peak of the roof, in the centre, is a pine-apple of carved wood with stiff, outstanding leaves, which bids one welcome. Although decidedly different from most of the houses of the time, the resultant architecture is delightful.

The carved wood pineapple which bids one welcome from the peak of the roof.

The entrance doors on the two fronts have windows on each side, and, when open, reveal a large, square hall dominated by a triple arch. The graceful lines of these three perfectly proportioned arches, the beading and gouging with which they are decorated, make them the *pièce de résistance* of the house. The main or central arch has a much broader span than the others, and its keystone touches the heavy moulded cornice of the hall. The smaller arches, though not so high, have the same architectural treatment, and all are supported by fluted columns which would be Ionic but for a carving of ailanthus leaves below the cap, which classes them with the Composite order.

The rather steep stairway rises under the arch on the eastern side. The balustrade is composed of square spindles with a hand rail which turns gracefully above the projecting lower step to end on the newel concealed in a group of balusters. The rail takes on

The triple arches of the hall which are said to be in perfect scale.

The steep stair rises from beneath the eastern arch and has a balustrade of natural pine.

unusual lines above the angle post on the landing. The panelled dado which follows the first flight of steps has as a cap a very heavy half hand rail against the wall. The wainscot and stringer like the opposite balustrade are of pine in natural colour. The ends of the steps are carved in rococo style, and these with the stair panelling are painted white.

The dado of natural wood that encircles the hall must have been overlooked by the vandals that mercilessly ripped off the panelling, and gives an idea of what the great room was when the house was built. The draperies of the four windows are hung from narrow cornices for which antique hunters would barter their souls, and when the doors on both fronts are open an enchanting vista is formed of trees and sun-drenched garden; of tawny river and shadowy lawn.

Two large doors with panels and rails forming inverted crosses face each other across the south end of the hall, and through that on

The drawing room which occupies the west side of the house has an atmosphere rarely found.

the left one enters the dignified drawing room. With walls partly panelled and partly plastered—owing to the effects of war—this large room which occupies the depth of the west side of the house has an atmosphere very rarely found. The slender panels of unusual height between chair rail and cornice; the heavily moulded cornice gouged in exceptional fashion; the plain, deep frieze above the windows; the cavetto curves of their frames and the wide, moulded dado cap are revealed at a glance to trained eyes. The triple mould above the dark baseboard is, like the rest of the woodwork, painted white.

The chimney end is only partly panelled, the sides of the fire-breast displaying the best in the room. The front, however, is only sheathed in a most provincial manner—another reminder of two grave wars. The broken pediment of the over-mantel is surrounded with boards of random width which are nailed to the wall in crude contrast to the pediment and architrave. The fireplace is faced with

The chimney end of the drawing room, where mantel, cornice and door heads correspond.

plaster and framed with a mould which follows the style of the mantelpiece. The mantel cornice corresponds with that of the door next to it and shows a heavy pediment with gouging.

During the Harrison *régimé* a line of portraits from the brushes of Sir Peter Lely, Reynolds and the Court painter of Queen Anne hung upon the walls of the drawing room, a collection said to have

The fireplace in the dining room embodies the notable features of good proportions and is in tune with the rest of the room.

been unrivalled among any private gallery in America. Chairs from the hands of Chippendale, Pembroke and Heppelwhite tables with other pieces of eighteenth century mahogany and walnut gave great dignity to the room in the Harrisons' time.

On the opposite side of the hall is the dining room, the only other room on the first floor, and the only one that is panelled on all sides. Here the cornice, door frames and those of the windows balance those in the more formal room, and the two windows on each front also correspond. A fireplace that embodies the notable features of good proportions, well designed mouldings, panelled setting and a facing of plaster that is in perfect harmony with the character of the rest of the woodwork is the chief beauty of the room.

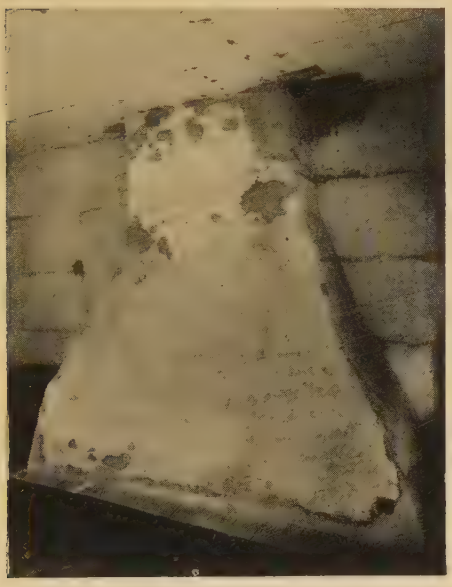
Like Westover, the floors of the connecting ways are below those of the main building, and one steps down from the dining room to enter the passageway. The east wing is three steps below the cor-

A bedroom in the east wing which is of interest owing to its low ceiling and the firebreast panelling.

ridor, the effect being one of spaciousness. This wing contains a hall which extends through the house, and four large rooms. One of the chambers is to be noted for its low ceiling and the treatment of its chimney end where arches—of different sizes— flank the panelled chimney piece of eighteenth century design finished at the top with a narrow shelf which was added long after the house was built. The arches give entrance to small alcoves which are lighted from windows in the rear. Had they doors, one would suspect powdering rooms; as they are, many uses may be made of them. This wing also has in one of the rooms an unusual brick chimney coated with plaster and four by eleven feet at the bottom. No flue is to be found near it and there is no fireplace opening, which makes it difficult to understand why it was ever put where it is, and why within the walls.

The corridor on the west side is used as a sitting room and the wing into which it leads boasts two of the best architectural features

of Brandon—a Chinese Chippendale stairway and a Roman Doric cornice. The newel post of the stair is of natural wood, but the intricate balustrade with the exception of the top of the hand rail—which is also unfinished pine—is white. Such stairways are frequently seen in New England, but although there are some in Williamsburg, they are seldom found in the South. The heavy cornice literally rests upon the pediments of the two side doors whose conventional classic entablatures correspond with the cornice. Curiously enough, the door through which one enters from the other part of the dwelling has a rather plain enframement. The upper bedrooms are furnished with carved four-posters and other reminders of the days that saw the house built. Some of the walls are entirely panelled and from this wing there is also a stairway which goes down to the full basement.



In this queer chimney no flue or fireplace opening is apparent.

Above the great hall in the centre there is a spacious upper hall, off of which three rooms open—that which occupies the river front being called, in modern parlance, the billiard room.

It is difficult to describe Brandon, for both the interior and exterior beauty are very elusive. It is not alone the glamour of bygone days that hangs over the house. It is something more tangible—and yet, unspeakable. The interior beauty eludes the modern architect, too, just as the charm of the garden can not be grasped by the landscape gardener.

On the north front of the house all the warmth and colour is accentuated by the glossy green foliage of the famous boxwood hedges, planted, we are told, nearly two centuries ago. This seems to be confirmed by their prodigious growth and venerable appearance.

As the house was built the garden was woven into it as though

The Chinese Chippendale stairway, with the rich cornice and door heads, greatly elaborate the hall of the west wing.

woof and warp of some rare tapestry. Above are the arching boughs of majestic trees—below a wealth of old fashioned flowers with magnolias, flowering cherries and dogwood; lily-of-the-valley and smoke trees hung each spring with votive garlands of yellow jessamine and wild grape. In one of the broad meadows not far from the garden, the ancient blockhouse used as a refuge from the Indians adds to the venerable appearance of the messuage. The clumsy curb roof spreads over hastily built brick walls, and through the loopholes on all sides many a crafty Red Man was put to death.

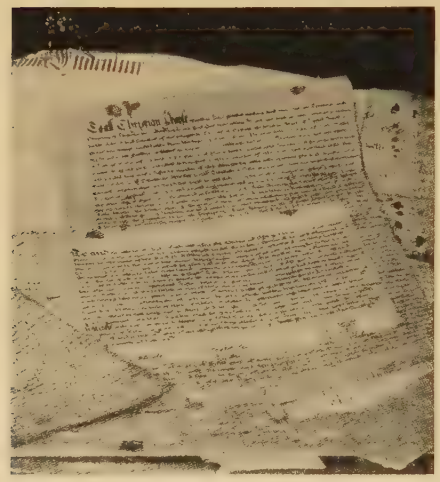
The ancient blockhouse with curb roof recalls vividly the day of the Indians.

A charming corner of a chamber in the west wing.

In the autumn of Nineteen-twenty six old Brandon was sold. When it was purchased by Mr. Robert Daniel at that time, the first change in ownership for more than two hundred years was recorded. Happily for the ancient estate, the family who have recently acquired it are by collateral descent kinsmen of the founder of the plantation. The original grant, which has remained through the various stages of ownership, is still at Bran-

don, as it passed into the possession of Mr. Daniel when he assumed control of the property.

Where the original portraits once hung for so many years, other family portraits will hang upon the panelled walls. Where the Chippendale chairs of the Harrisons' time added distinction to the drawing room other antiques of Adam or Heppelwhite design will take the place of those more ancient, so the rare old dwelling will continue to extend the gracious hospitality it has always known. It is most gratifying to know that the fine old estate has fallen into appreciative hands; that the present owners feel its beauty and appreciate its romance. A pretty story may be told as proof of this.



The original grant to Brandon, which has never left the plantation.

For untold years there has hung from the drawing room chandelier a little gold band—a wedding ring now blackened by the mould of time. It has always been suspended on a slender wire, but why—or when—or who first hung it there, no one can tell. In the recent restoration of the house some fallen plaster near the chandelier was being replaced, the wire broke and the little ring fell to the floor to be picked up by a workman who realized that it was something unusual. When shown to Mr. Daniel, the man was told to hang it again where it has hung for so many years and to make it fast that it might continue to win the reverence and wonder of future generations.

The historic atmosphere of Brandon still remains undisturbed and the change which has recently taken place will but add to the preservation of its walls.

The old house is almost human in its individuality. It is like a house in a dream with its main part, its covered ways, its wings; with wistaria climbing over the south portico; with the bullet holes of the Revolution puncturing the river porch as constant reminders of that patriotic conflict.

Brandon

Brandon is more than its placid face, its rectangular form. Its history is linked with the first struggling days of the Virginia Colony. Its style, in part, recalls the genius of the first American architect—Thomas Jefferson. Its associations have been so happy, its romances so charming and elusive that altogether the old dwelling seems a mysterious fabric composed of many ancient memories.

CLAREMONT

ON the outskirts of a hamlet bearing the same name, by the water's edge, stands a picturesque house of the seventeenth century, that will, if one is so minded, carry one backward at a step to old Colony days when Oliver Cromwell's masterful personality had temporarily swept British Royalty from the throne.

Known originally as Clermont, this ancient house in Surry County was the centre of a grant of twelve thousand acres of land obtained by Arthur Allen the very year Charles I of England lost his life. The dwelling is said to have been at least begun by the *émigré*, though it was probably enlarged and rearranged by his distinguished son of the same name, who was Speaker of the House of Burgesses in Sixteen-sixty eight. Just as Arthur Allen I stands forth in his century like a brilliant figure of romance, his house, in its charm and simplicity, is in perfect harmony with the attitude of the early Colonists and seems full of the character and vigor born of the exigencies and hard life of the first settlers of Virginia. Historians are not willing to place an exact date regarding the erection of Claremont, but architects, while calling it a Queen Anne building, admit that in certain characteristics it was ahead of her reign.

The approach to Claremont is very charming. From the public thoroughfare a private driveway sweeps in a curve between two large stone posts, then on into the twelve-acre park shaded by trees of many kinds and of many years. Upon one bend, one is surprised and enchanted with a distinctive landscape feature, a bit of fairyland where great drifts of asphodels, like driven snow, are banked against a grassy ramp. At another point, briar roses trained like standards bloom beneath the purple fragrance of old paulonias. Here a ghost-like sycamore rustles its leaves above a clump of lilacs; there, a

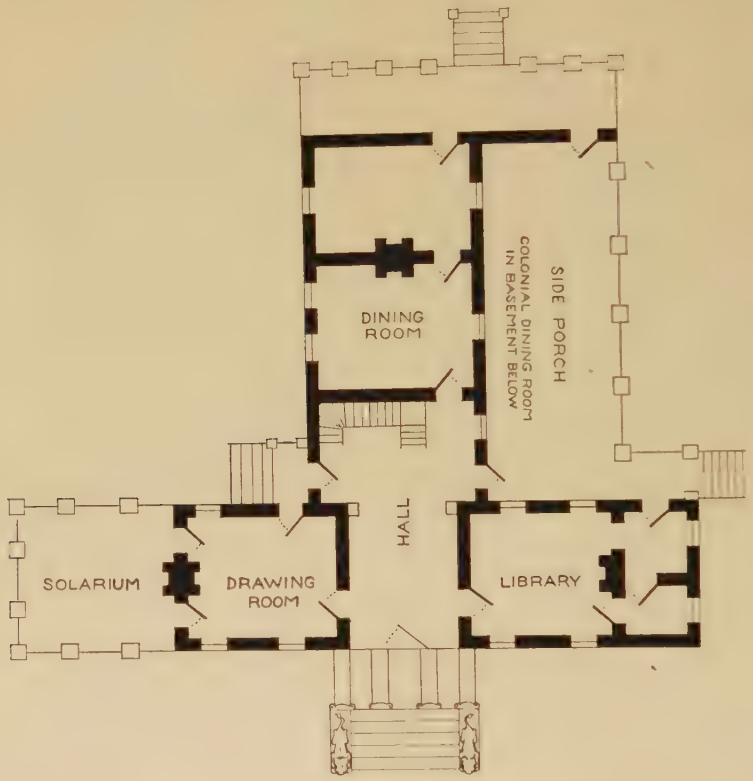
Claremont, built by Arthur Allen in the seventeenth century, is one of the most picturesque Colonial dwellings in Virginia.

ginkgo and great cucumber tree are conspicuous in the midst of catalpa and locust trees given an evergreen accent by fine old cedars. In front of the house, two stately avenues afford delightful vistas of the wide brown flood of historic James River; and between these one walks beneath the shade of dense linden trees and the moonlight glow of the mimosa to rest in a rosy tea house near the old garden glorified once each year by a hedge of flowering almond. The sloping lawn, the tell-tale embrace of the ivy on boles and boughs of trees, the double line of buxus suffruticosa which, topping the terrace, leads to the house, bespeak antiquity, for Claremont is very old—as age is counted in this country.

Mossy brick walks of interesting design lead to the boxwood alley which begins its stately promenade beneath a double-trunked hemlock tree and ends where a crimson rose bush masses its bloom against the classic portico whose stone steps are guarded by metal lions.

The classic entrance portico is draped with vines and ornamented with carving of Grecian design.

Four massive Ionic columns defiantly throw their caps high above the flag-stone floor, and breaks in the foliage line permit glimpses of their carved enrichment, of Grecian ornament, and the superb frieze of the portico, which is skillfully decorated with the egg and



First floor plan of Claremont.

dart motif. In every way this classic little entrance porch is a fitting *avant-propos* for the house of a wealthy Colonial planter.

The T-shaped dwelling has high overhanging eaves and a steeply pitched shingle roof. The head of the letter overlooks the Nestor of American rivers and the leg is completed upon the western side with a long veranda. The three-foot brick walls are covered with cement, now antique ivory in tone, and pedimented dormers with broad sills and twelve panes of glass appear on the front and sides

The square stair hall as it appears from the north entrance door.

of the house. Tall chimneys—some very wide, others displaying the form of a T—rise above the comb of the roof, and the windows of the two storeys are of different sizes. The lower have twelve and the upper only eight lights, while those of the basement are high enough above the ground to show six, their tops in line with those of the arches which underrun the porticos. All of these windows maintain the consistency of green slat shutters. The block cornice, heavy for the size of the house, gains distinction for the manner in which it borders the curb. The only second storey windows which are not dormers appear in the gable ends.

Claremont has four ways of entrance, the most prominent, naturally, being that which looks across the river. The internal plan is sufficiently irregular to warrant its classification with the true Colonial type, and the hall is in the centre of the main wing or the head of the T. Measuring fifteen by twenty feet this hall has a square opening at the end with deeply panelled jambs and ornamental

The spacious and airy upper hall from which the bedrooms open is distinguished by second storey dormer windows.

soffit to lead into the stair hall twenty-one feet square. The three entrance doors are panelled with six divisions of uniform size and upon them brass box locks in bold relief lend security and dignity. All of these have transoms above, and very large wrought iron H-and-L hinges attach them to the wall.

The reception room is on the left of the river front and beyond this is the solarium of more recent date. The former has upon each side two windows in deep reveal and the jambs of the doors with lengthwise panels are twenty inches deep. The heads of both doors and windows are unusual, their design being repeated in the rather heavy mantel and its Wall-of-Troy embellishment. Above the open fireplace hangs the portrait of Samuel Meredith, ancestor of Claremont's present master, who wears with great pride and dignity his decoration as Knight-of-the-Garter. This room is approximately twenty-one by twenty-four feet.

The library is across the hall and here an unknown portrait suggestive of Van Dyke claims sincere admiration. The room in size and general treatment balances that upon the left, but the present-day office beyond it is much smaller than the sun room.

The panelled stairway rises from the rear of the square hall and demands for the ascent of one floor three distinct landings and two newel posts. The first four steps project into the hall and have upon each side balustrades with mahogany hand rails which swing gracefully above the lowest step. Two square capped angle posts guard the first landing from which the stair turns sharply to follow its second section against the wall. The balusters are plain, but the risers are decorated in a chaste and simple manner with carved conventional tulips or thistles.

The door of plain enframement which stands immediately back of the stair leads into the modern dining room, which occupies the major portion of the leg of the T, and here one finds the mark of antiquity upon a superb sideboard which forces an appeal to the poets for description:

> "Thou fine old sideboard! With what lordly air
> Thou gazest on us moderns, standing there
> Silent and gracious, dreaming still thy dreams,
> Stored with a treasure of romantic themes!"

The three windows which bring light into the room have comfortable seats and the hospitable open fireplace strikes a responsive chord in the visitor of today. Wrought iron fixtures are used for the doors and hearth and upon the latter stands an antique coffee roaster. The dining room is eighteen by twenty-one feet and the space at the rear is supposed to have been used as a secret hiding place in the days of Indians or invading troops. The woodwork of the entire first floor is walnut or native pine and the trim is painted white. The planks which make the floors are very wide, and Claremont is the only Colonial house in Virginia whose walls are papered throughout.

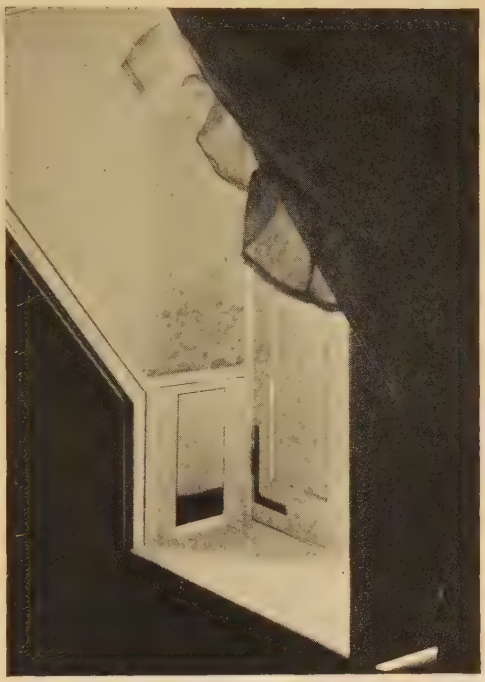
The light and airy upper hall is fourteen feet wide and thirty feet long, being distinctive by reason of the second storey dormer windows, which have deep seats and emerge from the roof along both sides of the house. Here the ceiling is a little over eight feet in height

The doors at the chimney end of this delightful chamber open into powder-rooms. In that on the right may be observed the sliding central panel.

and the bedrooms distinguished by the names of presidents and other notable occupants open from the hall on both ends. Each chamber is a treasure of old-fashioned furniture. In one there is an enchanting desk and sewing table said to have been originally in the dwelling. In this, there are also delightful little powdering rooms beside the fireplace opening where narrow, three-panelled doors give entrance to the small inner space. In a most unique and interesting fashion, the central or square panel slides to one side leaving an opening just large enough for one's head to be thrust into it, thus showing in a practical way the manner in which the Colonial maids had their hair powdered. All of these rooms have exposed beams which rise from the hand rail along the walls between the dormers to the ceiling.

A most effective detail of the first days of the Colony is found in a small rear room where a sliding portion of a partly panelled window jamb reveals a secret hiding place. The tiny oblong panel slides

upward from the seat and provides a secure space six by twelve inches where jewels or money may be hidden. The panelled window blinds open and close with the aid of small L hinges. This room which appears older than the others has a panelled chimney breast, at the top of which a shallow shelf with a carved shell ornament in the centre is just fifteen inches from the ceiling. Though the door upon the left repeats the feeling of the panelling of that on the other side, it is different in size and in enframement. The semi-circular fireplace opening is faced with brick and arches deeply at the back, and by lifting a loose bit of iron in the bottom another secret hiding place comes into view. Rare wish-bone and brass locks on the doors of the second storey awaken both envy and greed.



An effective detail of Colonial days is found in the sliding panel of a window jamb which reveals a secret hiding place.

The dining room which was used in Colonial days is in the basement at Claremont, and "banquet hall" would be more expressive, for the dimensions are nineteen by twenty-five feet. The wine cellar is still pointed out and the supposed entrance to a secret underground passageway to the river. Low arches lead one to various other narrow halls and on one side above a great fireplace is a lintel made from an enormous hand-hewn tree. The manour-house, though apparently small, has twenty-three rooms.

Claremont, like the seats of nobility abroad, is surrounded by many smaller buildings. These contributive brick houses are among the most interesting features of the plantation and as they represent the salient characteristics of the main dwelling are in happy harmony in their arrangement. The office, now used as a billiard room, is as

The interesting chimney breast in one of the sleeping rooms. The fireplace opening is arched at the top and rear.

delightful in appearance as in construction and is said to be the smallest four-storey building in America. It boasts a basement, a main floor, a sleeping floor and attic, each of which is designated upon the outer walls by windows in the steep gable ends. It is to be greatly regretted that the names of those who handled the square and triangle at Claremont are involved in obscurity. The pitch of the roof and the chimney with elaborate cap which springs upward from one side to outdistance the gables shows the artistry of the Colonial builders, and the Flemish bonding of the walls which gleam through a coat of white lime mortar is a tribute to the work of Time. Roses and ivy climb and twine about the adorable little building with an affectionate abandon. A panelled entrance door opens on very large wrought iron hinges, and about the spacious open fireplace the utensils are in character. Some of the other houses duplicate the lines of the office but all of them are smaller. The bake-house adjoins

The original office of charming lines, now a billiard room, is said to be the smallest four storey brick building in the country.

the implement shed and so on until the end is reached, when the lovely old kitchen comes into view, although this is now a twentieth century garage. The latter is quite notable for a denticulated cornice. All of the other little buildings have been converted to modern use, and the grouping is most interesting and original.

At one time Claremont is said to have been part of the largest landed estate in the country and embraced an acreage of forty thousand. In Seventeen-eighty eight the property was owned by Colonel William Allen, a member of the Virginia Convention of that year and a cousin of the founder, by whom it had been inherited. Colonel Allen was also a member of the General Assembly of Virginia and his son of the same name had a distinguished record in the War of Eighteen-twelve. From the latter the plantation passed into the possession of his great-nephew, William Orgain, who fought with honour for the Confederate Cause. Upon assuming control of his

superb inheritance, Orgain took the name of Allen and has come down in history as Major William Allen of Claremont. Upon his death in Eighteen-seventy five the seisin of his family of two hundred and twenty-six years ended. Since that date the old plantation has been cut into small farms and the manour-house with a considerable acreage is now the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Armistead Johnston.

The adjacent town was not only named for Claremont, but was built upon its land, and historic Bacon's Castle, but a few miles away, was also founded by the first owner.

Claremont shows the solving of a Colonial problem with prescribed materials and a proper regard for architectural detail. In every way the house is an original production worthy of the true history and traditionary lore which have been woven about it. Within the walls of the ancient dwelling one needs but little assistance from fancy to people it again with loyal retainers, assembled perhaps in the Colonial banquet hall, which, if it could but speak, might reveal many a bit of grim inner history. For all whose imagination is capable of restoring houses with their ancient manners and customs of past centuries, Claremont with its romantic and historical associations, its many legends, would prove eminently satisfactory.

SMITH'S FORT

ON John Smith's map, just opposite Jamestown, and at the mouth of Gray's Creek, there is a point marked "The New Fort." This appears to have been the first mention of the property known as Smith's Fort which came into the possession of Thomas Rolfe, the son of Pocahontas. The trenches about this fort, which was probably erected in Sixteen-eight for the protection of Jamestown Island, may still be traced across the rear of a bluff less than a mile from the plantation house. Gray's Creek was originally known as Rolfe's Creek, but the name was changed in Sixteen-thirty nine when Thomas Gray patented a large acreage there.

After his birth in Sixteen-fifteen, Thomas Rolfe was taken by his parents to England, where he remained under the care of his uncle, Henry Rolfe, and Sir Lewis Stukeley. The Virginia Colonists were evidently fearful of the outcome of the arrival of this grandson of Powhatan, for in Sixteen-eighteen the London Company, having heard the rumor, wrote to Governor Argall: "We can not imagine why you should give us warning that Opechankano and his natives have given the country to Mr. Rolfe's child and that they reserve it from all others until he becomes of years." This would lead one to believe that the Indians wanted the boy to succeed his grandfather as Chief. But Thomas Rolfe had no such idea, and when he returned to Virginia at the age of twenty, he became very popular and was described as "a person of fortune and distinction in the Colony."

For the benefit of those who have expressed the belief that Pocahontas was a myth, the following bit of family history may not be amiss. Thomas Rolfe, the first owner of Smith's Fort plantation, was the son of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, gentleman. Thomas married Jane Poythress and their daughter married Robert Bolling, whose many descendants are scattered over the United States.

Smith's Fort, built by Thomas Warren before 1654. The property originally belonged to Thomas Rolfe, the son of Pocahontas.

In Sixteen-forty six young Rolfe petitioned the Governor for permission to visit his kinsmen, Cleopatre and Opecancanough. The outcome of this visit may have been the increase of Rolfe's lands, for the tract which he called "Divill's woodyard swamp" was presented to him by Opecancanough. Fort Chickahominy with twelve hundred acres had already been given him with the proviso that he keep guards on duty, so his property was quite extensive.

If Thomas Rolfe ever had a house on this plantation it was built like other early shelters of hewn logs, with crevices chinked with clay and a rude chimney at one end. Such a house may have been succeeded by the customary dwelling of frame and clapboard siding, thatched with hand-split shingles, its unpainted surface cracking and curling beneath the sun and storm.

The house on the place today may have been the third building,

although when it was built America was very young. According to the county records, Rolfe conveyed to William Corker one hundred and twenty acres of this property in Sixteen-fifty four. A record proves that Thomas Rolfe visited Thomas Warren in the latter's "50 foot brick house on Smith's Fort plantation," so Warren must have bought certain of the lands before Sixteen-fifty four. The following record of Surry County proves who built the house: "Mr. Warring did begin to build that fifty foot Brick house which now stands upon ye land and without being forewarned or disturbed by any person finished the same, and that Mr. Tho. Rolfe who was then living * * * * was commonly at Mr. Warrings house."

The shallow, oblong structure, with a steeply pitched roof and gables terminating in chimneys, is built of brick laid in Flemish bond. It is a building typical of the period and has in reality but one full storey. The basement which is partly above ground consists of two rooms and a hall, and here the medieaval methods of the seventeenth century are clearly visible. The house is twenty-five by fifty, and from the ground to the eaves measures about fifteen feet. There is a base course over four feet high and the basement windows are nicely arched with brick. Three dormers are cut into the shingle roof on each front, this being the only departure from a severely plain exterior. Above the front door are traces of a gable roof having once been appended to the house, undoubtedly that of the porch, although a flight of rickety wooden steps now affords the entrance way.

A hall ten feet wide and eighteen feet long cuts through the centre of the little house which in size duplicates that of Governor Berkeley at Green Spring. The stairway, a very good example of early Colonial work, rises at the front of the hall and has a square newel and turned balustrade. The steep steps are greatly worn and bend once to make a landing before continuing their ascent to the attic. Panelling of wood that has been grained supports the rising tiers of stair treads, and a dado with bevel-edged panels minutely follows the line of ascent.

On right and left of the hall are rooms of like appearance and the same size. That on the right must have been the Colonial keeping room, for in it the finish of the woodwork is finer. The panelling is restricted to the chimney end where it catches and holds the at-

The stairway with much worn steps rises from the central hall, and is a good example of seventeenth century work.

The panelled chimney breast has arch headed doors. The stone bowl in front of the fireplace was used by the Indians and found on the plantation.

tention. Pilasters, partly reeded and partly fluted and evidently the product of some unskilled carpenter, stand on heavy bases at each side of the flush chimney piece with the brick faced fireplace between. Charming built-in cupboards with circular tops have graceful doors of Queen Anne panels. Below these, and from the cupboard sills, sunk panels with raised centres form a wainscot.

The windows have fifteen panes of glass and are placed one foot within the brick wall. Beneath one, and in unconscious tune with the house, sits an old chest. The cornice is exactly like those in the handsomest houses in Virginia of the period and consists of heavy mouldings with a dentilled frieze.

The three remaining walls are encircled with a wainscot sheathing of very wide boards which, after having been sawed and planed by hand, were put on lengthwise. The door panels show the inevitable cross for protection against the witches, and the hinges are H

or H-and-L. This Colonial keeping room or parlour has the sort of hearth that warmed the fourteenth century manour-houses of England. And warmth was an element the "ancient planter" would have, for wood could be secured at small expense and little inconvenience, as he had both the servants and the timber.

The panelling of the room would indicate a later date than that at which the house was built, and of the two small paned windows that overlook the river one has a deep seat—another indication of a later period. Before the old fireplace, standing on the rough, uneven floor, is a white stone mortar with a pestle for beating corn which was picked up on the plantation.

Across the hall the chamber is of the same size, sixteen by eighteen feet, and this has a plain pine dado on the calm, whitewashed walls. This finish is indicative of the early date at which the house was built, for at first panelling was restricted to the space between the chair rail and the baseboard. There was no effort to make this a room of distinct character. It has an open fireplace and a rather good mantel, but more than anywhere else in the house it shows what the rule of thumb habit of unlettered craftsmen could produce. But no matter how they are treated there is always a quaintness in interiors showing pine.

Although there are no end windows, the upper hall is surprisingly light. It is also rather large and has a ten and a half foot ceiling and two rooms the size of those below. From one of these a secret passage runs to an underground exit as a reminder of the Red Men. The nails with long thin heads must have been made on the plantation, and these with wooden pegs and dowels are used throughout the building. When the house was built the pioneers had little time to gratify a desire for beauty, and the elongated rectangular mass of the dwelling is but the result of the age.

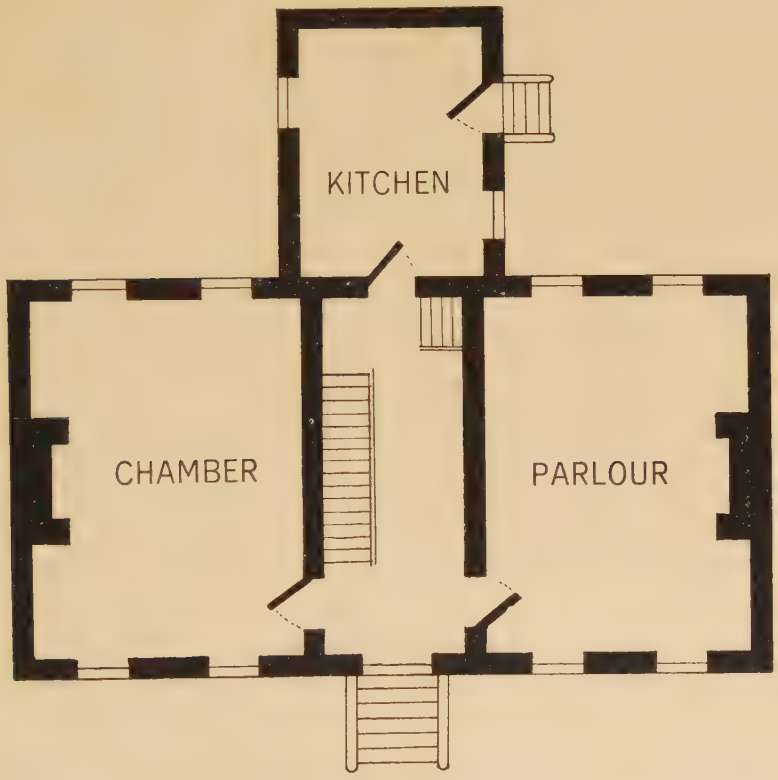
Smith's Fort came into prominence during Bacon's Rebellion, and in Sixteen-eighty, by an Act of Assembly, the plantation was made the site of a town.

Whatever the seventeenth century prosperity of the estate, it has long since gone. The place is primitive, the walls have been desecrated, and all that is left is a little fine panelling and many memories.

The inevitable process of historic stratification is very apparent at Smith's Fort, and the house, as old as any in the land, has

"Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn and crazy doors
And creaking and uneven floors."

To-day, in this enlightened twentieth century, the historic house is the property of a negro family. Happily, there is a move on foot by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities to secure the old building for its eternal preservation.



First floor plan of Smith's Fort.

Standing in plain sight of the highroad over which it once saw gilded coaches roll, the house tops a bit of rising land back of apple and peach and pear trees. It overlooks a neighborhood of great interest and, though it now is greatly changed, is the oldest brick

house in Virginia to which a definite date can be assigned. The grove of trees, loved by its early builder and where perhaps Thomas Rolfe dreamed of his Indian mother, and wondered at the irony of the tale that said his father had been killed by the Redskins, is but a memory of the past. The highway is one of the few things left, and as it circles in front of the plantation it folds in its arms the sweep of green fields lengthening into woodlands—all swept by the breezes from James River.

BACON'S CASTLE

IN the old county of Surry, standing within plain view of the main highway, there is a house with the features of mass and arrangement that suggest certain peculiarities of the seventeenth century. It has clustered chimney stacks and stepped gables, and, like the old houses of Norfolkshire, shows the medium gables of Jacobean England.

This dwelling, which was built about Sixteen-fifty, was not named until after Sixteen-sixty seven, when it was seized, fortified and used as a stronghold by the adherents of Nathaniel Bacon. This adventure left in its wake the name of Bacon's Castle.

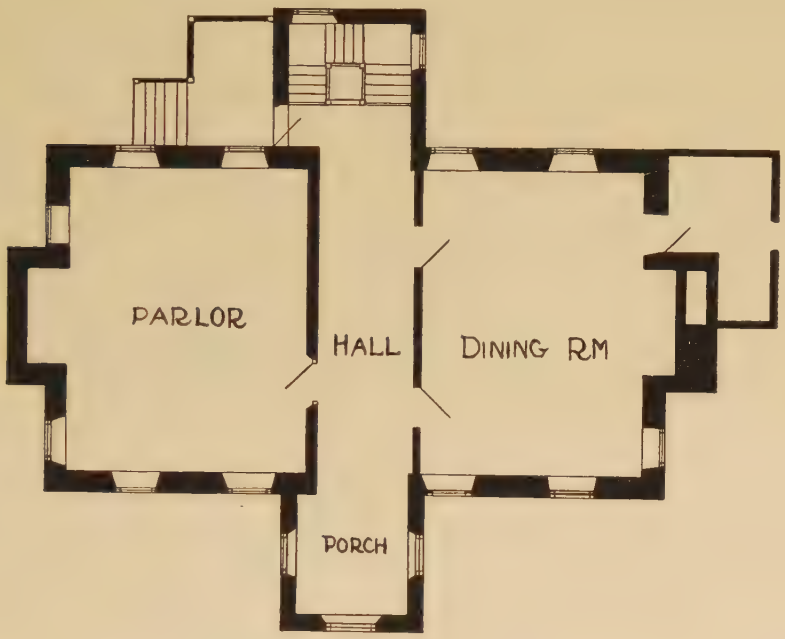
The plantation was founded by Arthur Allen, who emigrated to Virginia in Sixteen-forty nine, and erected the house a few years later. The estate was inherited by his son of the same name, who was Speaker of the House of Burgesses and a warm friend of Governor Berkeley. This last fact would account for the seizure of the house for purposes of war. Bacon's troops held the place for four months under the command of William Rookings. A newsletter bearing date of October third, Sixteen-seventy six, states that one thousand men were being sent by King Charles to Virginia, "where one Bacon has headed the people, banished the Governor, imprisoned his deputy, and it is said, put some to death."

In the Journal of a Master of a Ship who was a strong follower of the Governor in the Surry district, there is an allusion to Bacon's Castle: "The guard at Allen's brick house we here is run away," and the records of Surry County prove that on July third, Sixteen-seventy seven, Major Arthur Allen sued Robert Burgess "for that during the late most Horrid Rebellion he with others did seize keep garrison in the plt's. house neare fower months bearing title of Lieutenant-Commander-in-Chief next to William Rookings."

Bacon's Castle, built by Arthur Allen about 1650, and the only Jacobean house in Virginia.

The form of the house taken during the "most Horrid Rebellion" is very different from any other in Virginia. It is built of brick laid in irregular English bond covered with a lime wash which the weather has almost entirely removed. The architectural detail of this building of excellent construction places it unmistakably as having been erected in the middle of the seventeenth century. The original structure, shaped like the letter T, with an eighteen-foot leg and a head of forty-five feet in length, makes no attempt at elaboration. The most conspicuous feature is the clustre of chimneys, which, eleven feet wide at the bottom, rise some feet above the ridge pole. The caps below the chimney stacks have, on each, a line of white plaster which adds a note of lightness, and high above the steep slate roof with its wind-brace and cuspings, each chimney, like those of Elizabethan England, has a separate flue. Every fire in the house sends skyward a separate line of smoke. As a whole, the roof is characteristic of the time.

The segmental windows on the front of the house are of architectural interest, and the cornice is cut square on the wall, while that on the projecting porch returns to the walls of the house. All of the windows of this storey have brick enframements, this being the only feature of the house that could be traced to classic influence, and it is the only example of the kind in seventeenth century Virginia.



First floor plan of Bacon's Castle.

Unique in the history of Colonial Virginia architecture, this dwelling has four complete stories. The basement, partly above ground, contains the meat and milk rooms, as well as the old kitchen with trammel bar and huge oak lintel above the fireplace, the throat of which yawns so broadly that seven people can stand within it. The oaken beam is black with the smoke of centuries, and the basement ceiling, supported on brick columns, is about six feet high. The brick archway at the rear leads to a space where in early days a stairway gave access to the kitchen from within the house.

The ceiling of the hall is low-browed and arched. The stairway is seen at the rear.

A well-worn mill wheel lies at the foot of the steps of the more modern porch, and the entrance door at the end of the latter has a segmental arched head and leads into a porch chamber which is formed by the projecting entrance. A corresponding projection at the rear accommodates the stair. A door of unusual central panelling opens into the corridor where the ceiling is low-browed and arched.

The room on the left, once the parlour, is now the reception room, which measures seventeen feet eight inches by twenty-one feet nine inches. The ceiling is eight and a half feet high. The centre is supported by a king post — the only one of its kind in Virginia—and the summer beams show the marks of the adze. A wainscot lessens the height of the plaster walls three feet at the bottom, and this is made of natural colour pine. The four windows, each with fifteen panes of glass, have the deep seats of that early period, and the chimney breast, true to Elizabethan times, boasts the only panelling in the house, and

The balustrade of the third storey is finer than those below. The ceilings on this floor are the highest in the house.

is now the background of a wide mantel of post-revolutionary age. The doors plainly show the work of the early craftsman in the unequal division of panel and rail, and they, with the baseboard and stairway represent the only woodwork of the interior prior to Seventeen-twelve, at which date the panelling and wainscot are supposed to have been added. The fireplace opening is more than six feet high. Hung upon the wall in this room and framed for its preservation, there is a window pane on the surface of which is scratched a long and interesting letter.

The stairway is crudely panelled, the lower part now entirely hidden behind a useful box. The steps are very narrow and they are worn with the tread of many and ancient feet. The hand rail of this steep stair seems but an extension of the turned newel which matches the balusters. Two windows light the lower flight of the stair.

The second storey contains just two chambers and a narrow hall. Curiously enough, the stairs grow more ambitious as they continue to climb, for when the attic—or fourth floor—is reached they form a dignified balustrade in guarding the well. The attic is the historical centre of the interesting house, for it was this floor that was really the stronghold of Bacon's troops. The ceiling here is the highest in the house, and in the roughly cut beams, as in the sheathing, one sees at once the handiwork of the seventeenth century carpenter. The walls are of brick, thinly coated with a lime mortar.

Like the hall, the three rooms on this floor show interesting architectural detail, and in that on the front the light comes through a very provincial rose window. This was known as the Port Room, and it was here that William Rooking's men kept watch. The gloomy space represents the queer dimensions of nine by twenty-four. All of the rooms have hand-made batten doors, and in all, hand-wrought nails are visible. The two rooms that are eighteen feet square have antique wooden locks. The floors are of very wide boards, some measuring twelve inches, and one room has a curious chimney with open fireplace, while a touch of Gothic is given to it by the pointed arches of two window frames. The boards, the great chamfered beams, the nails and dowels show what a large part of Bacon's Castle was the work of the hand. In the Inventory made of the house in Seventeen-eleven the rooms are called by the same names now used for them.

An attic room with Gothic window frames, hand-hewn beams, and a curious chimney.

The common belief that the Colonial means formality in the symmetry of plan, unbroken fenestration and equally spaced windows, is disproved in this old structure, which has been said to represent the development of the English cottage. But in any event, the originality of the lines of the house has attracted the attention of the best architects in America.

The high pitch of the outbuildings carry out the general design of the main dwelling, where there is a decided picturesqueness in the treatment of many features.

In its happiest days there grew a beautiful garden at Bacon's Castle, a garden one hundred and fifty-six by two hundred and eighty-eight feet, whose corners were pointed up with box trees. The boxwood still stands on three of the corners, but the flowers are no more, having drooped and died when those who cared for them went to sleep in the old graveyard at the rear.

A large magnolia stands on each side of the front of the house;

ivy climbs the trunks of much older trees; the vast lawn is studded with many lindens and elms, while an avenue of the last named tree borders the private driveway from the public road to the house.

The third owner of this ancient plantation was James Allen, but he, dying, the estate was inherited by his sister Katherine, who married Benjamin Cocke. The lands were next held by Allen Cocke, who was followed successively by his son Benjamin, then the brother of the latter who, in Eighteen-two, devised the property to their sister, Anne Bradby. Upon her death in Eighteen-thirty eight, it was left to Indiana Allen Robinson. The historic estate, which has gone from thousands to nine hundred acres, is now the property of Mr. Charles Walker Warren, who added the modern wing without changing a line of the original structure.

It would be interesting to know the name of the architect-builder of Bacon's Castle, but this seems nowhere discoverable. However, with the thrilling tales about the plantation and its intimate association with the first outbreak for American independence, there is small wonder that the names of those connected with its construction have been forgotten.

TUCKAHOE

IN a little book known as The English Husbandman, which was published in London in the year Sixteen-thirty five, there is a plan of a house which at once arrests attention by its similarity to that at Tuckahoe.

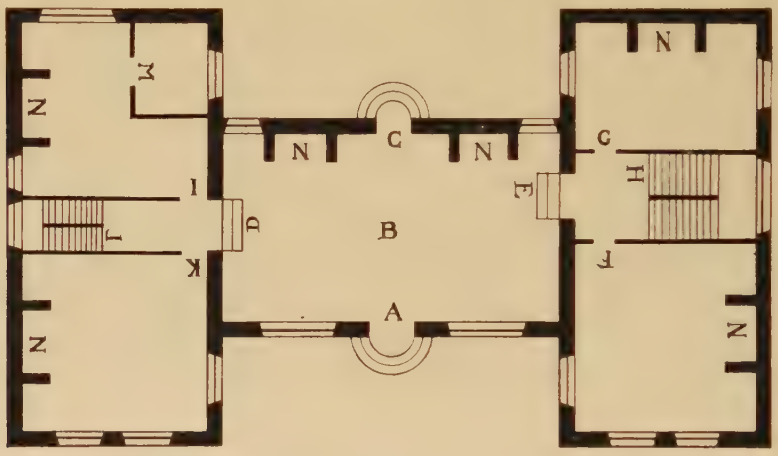
The plan, which was popular in Elizabethan and Jacobean England, shows a central saloon as the bar of the letter H, to which is attached at right angles to each end a separate building of two rooms and a hall. There seems small doubt that the plan of Tuckahoe's manour-house was suggested by this little book, for the Tuckahoe garden also has a boxwood maze following the lines of the illustrations in The English Husbandman.

The approach to Tuckahoe from the highway is over a plantation road between a long line of well grown cedar trees of varying age, whose branches, now somewhat bare, once almost formed a roof overhead. Beyond the cedars and not far from them the white house itself stands out as the terminal feature; a white frame house of a type very rare in England at that period, but which proved wonderfully adapted to the requirements of the Colonial American.

Judged by the exterior alone, this house is strangely devoid of architectural pretension. Within its walls, however, are carried out the ideals of its scholarly architect-builder who like all of his day adhered strictly to right angles and straight lines. A three-foot brick foundation upon the north front grows higher towards the south and is pierced in places by what appear to be loopholes. Mellowed by vine and lichen and moss, these bricks support the house which is clapboarded—with the exception of the south gable ends which are of brick with vitrified headers. Small porticos are on north and south fronts, but the doors leading into the house from the east and the

west have only pediment hoods. All of the steps are of hand-hewn stones, and there are no less than five flights, some of which are clamped together with iron bands.

The north door seems narrow and low for a formal entrance, but swings upon brass H hinges and, true to Colonial superstition, is so panelled that crosses show. It opens immediately into a small entrance hall panelled from sill to girt in black walnut of natural tone. On the right ascends from the farther end of the hall what has been



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"A Platform for a Mansion House," from an illustration in "The English Husbandman," published in London in 1635.

called the most successful stairway in the Colonies. In this stair hand-made nails and wooden pegs are apparent.

Rising from one of the earliest examples of newel, carved in high relief and foliated design, and topped by a delicately wrought Corinthian capital, the well-string with running floral ornament supports the spirally fluted balusters which stand two on each step. The north stair is the most impressive feature of a very impressive house, and so closely recalls the grand stair at Rosewell that one is tempted to ask why. Investigation shows that William Randolph, second of the name in America, married Mary Page of the Gloucester County plantation, so it was not at all improbable that the same workmen were employed on the two stairs. The carving of both of them is executed in a richer and more expansive style than was usual

The north front of Tuckahoe with Jefferson School house in the left foreground. At the rear on the right the dining room and basement entrances are seen in the south wing.

in eighteenth century work. Above the entrance door and below the stair landing a narrow and delicately incised frieze of excellent design is almost hidden at Tuckahoe. The broad frieze which is below the balustrade on the second floor is notable for its beautiful and elaborate hand carving.

The hall is surrounded by a plain but heavy cornice at the ceiling, and the panelling, by its scheme of raised panels and stiles with moulded dado cap and a row of narrow rectangular panels just below the cornice, recalls that of an old palace at Bromley, England, erected in Sixteen-five. Perhaps both the panelling and the carving of this hall were executed by some one who, having admired Jacobean work abroad, applied it to Tuckahoe with memory only for guide. There is a tale that the carving for the stair risers and frieze were imported from England, while another story tells of skilled craftsmen who were brought over to do the work. However that may have been, the result is delightfully satisfactory.

The carving of the frieze below the north stair landing is one of the most beautiful examples in America.

A walnut door with plain, mitred frame, opens upon the right at the very foot of the stairs, into the richly panelled White Parlour. Here again the wall surface is covered by panels of various sizes, but here the moulded hand rail is enriched with a fret that resembles ric-rac braid. The cornice, like that of the hall, consists of several members, and the walls, although of black walnut, are painted white. Four narrow windows, each with eighteen panes of glass, give ample light, and a wide-throated fireplace offers the necessary heat. The fireplace opening is faced with grey and white marble, and a large stone forms its hearth, while the tall, wide mantel beneath its shelf shows a line of delicate fretwork. The ornamentation of the chimney breast consists of panels of five different sizes so placed that the area is symmetrically covered. The room is furnished with lacquer tea tables and an old mahogany clavichord; a Chinese Chippendale mirror and a japanned fire screen, while a set of Adam chairs and

matching cane settee is upholstered with yellow damask and has on the black central panels groups of sportive cupids.

Balancing the White Parlour upon the east of the house and in delightful contrast in colouring to its walls, is the Burnt Room, so named from the scars of a long gone fire. Here once more one finds superb walnut panelling, but this time carefully restored. Up to thirty years ago the face of these beautiful panels, some of which are three feet wide, was covered thickly with seventeen coats of paint of various colours, the removal of which revealed the rich quality of the wood. The chimney end is of formal and great beauty, and a very tall mantel of later date but the same wood colour as the walls has groups of slender colonnades upon each side, and lends distinction to the panelled room. Pilasters, plain of shaft but enriched by Corinthian caps, stand upon each side of the mantel, above which hangs a copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Thomas Jefferson, who lived in the house as a boy. The fireplace, panelled on both sides, has a white marble facing set without any frame which forms an effective contrast.

The newel post is carved in a foliated design. The Corinthian capital is noteworthy.

The rest of this end of the room is filled by built-in cupboards whose arch-headed doors show charming panels of Queen Anne style. The elaboration of the room is tempered with dignified restraint and quiet taste. Again, four windows are used to light the walls, each with its many panes of glass and fat muntins of the period. A sofa which George Washington is supposed to have sat upon, a Gothic table, a splendid walnut desk with secret drawers, old chairs from designs of Heppelwhite and Chippendale; of the

period of Jefferson and Washington, with a mahogany book case which once stood at Monticello and containing many personal reminders of Thomas Jefferson, complete the furnishing of the room.

When lit by the flickering firelight and the candles on the mantelshelf, shadows play about a line of old pewter plates and a Cromwellian pewter tankard. The low colour key of the Burnt Room, the history of its furniture and the beauty of each line, give it a never-to-be-forgotten charm in the midst of a restless world. These two rooms and hall, with a similar plan above, complete the north wing.

The stair brackets carved with running floral ornament support two balusters on each step.

An arched opening with deep splayed panelled jambs discloses a mediaeval feature in the "saloon" or great hall. Here the wall space, broken by two doors and four windows, is panelled and painted a soft shade between gobelin and peacock blue. The plain door and window frames, the cornice and chair rail are white, while a dark stained baseboard lends a practical note next to the floor. At the farther end of the saloon, a second archway—a counterpart of the first—leads into the south wing. These arches aided by the doors at the two fronts furnish a delightful vista through the house, which gives a feeling of intimate connection with its surroundings.

A certain severity or crudeness is noted in the interior of the south wing, which would lead one to believe that this is the older part of the dwelling. While the panelling of this wing is identical in form with that of the rest of the first floor, it shows marked irregularities. Though the mediaeval methods of craftsmen were gradually supplanted by other ways of treating the material, there is an attractive

The richly panelled White Parlour.

personal element or originality and lack of symmetry in their panelling and woodwork generally. It is these very irregularities that give Colonial interiors their charm and interest. Early craftsmen had no compunction in making one panel a bit deeper than the others or in setting one window frame a trifle lower than the rest, so they would not have hesitated here to break the arch between saloon and hall by permitting the stairway to hang below its top. It is to be doubted if any carpenter after the Revolution would have built the arch to show the stairway or the stairs to break the arch.

Both entrance halls at Tuckahoe have broad stairways, and though that of the south end is not comparable with the other, it has richly wrought balusters which are spirally turned and spring from the twisted newel of an earlier period. This stair breaks twice upon its rise. The marks of the adze are plainly visible in the hall where the panelling is heart pine, now a soft, reddish tint difficult to describe. The doors and moulded dado cap are mahogany or cherry.

Detail of stair landing above north entrance door.

On the left one sees the gray room panelled and showing white trim. Here, the most interesting feature is the mantel which, very high and very wide, is enriched with flutings in oblongs, ovals and fans. With the passing of years the fireplace has shrunk to a very small grate framed by tiles, recalling early Victorian days. Doors upon each side of the mantel open into present-day closet and storage room, although in the more picturesque age they were used as "Powdering Rooms." Narrow windows of twelve panes each light these fascinating little rooms, and here the Colonial Randolph maidens repaired to have their hair powdered without dusting or disturbing the larger sleeping room which, until recently, this has always been.

Opposite the gray room is the dining room with paint stripped to show its nut-brown walls. The doors are mahogany or cherry, two of which open at the chimney end, one into a closet for china, the other into what is now a pantry. With the same tiny windows and

of the same small size, these may also have been powder rooms in Colonial times. An antique touch is given to this wall by the simulated reeded pilasters which are in reality nothing but lines gouged into its surface the length and width of a pilaster, another expedient of the Colonial housewright.

In common with all of the other rooms in the house, that for dining has four windows, and in some of these are panes of original phial glass. One in particular catches the fancy and there upon different panes, scratched with a jewel in some noted belle's hand, one reads: "Mary Randolph — Tuckahoe — March 20, 1780, Maria Horsemanden Byrd, Col. Ball—1st Virginia Reg." and other inscriptions.

Detail of mantel and fretted chair rail in White Parlour.

The rooms of the second storey of the north wing are panelled as those below; one is the colour of a robin's egg with white trim to afford a contrast, and the other is of white heart pine mellowed to a deep mahogany red. The open fireplaces have marble facings, and in the Master's Room, near a four-poster of Sheraton design, upon a Heppelwhite chest of drawers, stands an old dressing glass. It is significant that no powder rooms are attached to either of these chambers.

The hall between the rooms is skirted with a panelled walnut dado, and on one of the sepia walls hangs a portrait of Thomas Mann Randolph, the most noted Colonial owner of Tuckahoe. Above the saloon a room of like size originally stretched, but from this space was taken to put in the baths, the only modern feature of the delightful house.

In the upper south hall a wainscot of pine bounds the walls, and this like the wood in the lower hall has taken on a wonderful tone in the course of years. The two rooms like those of the north end are

The beautiful "Burnt Room," from the panels of which seventeen coats of vari-coloured paint were scraped to obtain the natural tone of the black walnut.

surrounded with shallow cornices and both have crude chair rails, the latter being nothing but six-inch boards with chamfered edges. The sides containing the open fireplaces are panelled with pine and here again latter day closets or dressing rooms have supplanted the powder rooms.

The unfinished attic is reached by old ladder steps—dangerously steep steps—and in the final storey the handwork of the early builders is visible even to the untrained eye. In the frame work of the roof there are traces of dormer windows, long since discontinued.

Every room at Tuckahoe is an outside room with ample ventilation through all seasons, a most unusual feature and one not supposed to have been stressed by the early Colonists. Many of them are known by certain names besides the Burnt Room there is the Blue Room, the Gray Room, and so on. This recalls a contemporaneous habit of English housekeepers which descended to Virginia.

The mahogany bookcase which stood at Monticello.

A huge pine door hung on large brass L hinges leads from the house to the southern porch, and though its type is seen in New England, it is the only one of its kind in Virginia. Topped by a six-paned transom this door has, below two square, bevel-edged panels, an elaborate central piece of curved panels and stiles; below this, in Maltese form, plain stiles are crossed. Its iron lock, like those of the rest of the house, was the product of a man named Carpenter.

Arched openings at the end of each hall display a medieval feature in the saloon.

A long flight of stone steps leads from the dining room to the narrow brick walk which extends to the outside kitchen, still in use. This small building stands in the same relation to the "greate house" as does the school house on the opposite side of the lawn, and was originally the office. The Colonial kitchen with its crane and trammel is steeped with feasts of the past. Iron pots and kettles hang from the ancient crane and on one side is the old Dutch oven. For many years—perhaps a century—the charm of this example of Colonial life remained hidden behind a utilitarian partition. When the latter was removed a few years ago this fireplace was found and seemed small enough for the vast amount of entertaining for which Tuckahoe was famed.

Of decided picturesqueness this kitchen represents a quality of simple charm. The cavernous fireplace, the honest framing, the tiny windows, the brick floor and the low tone of the interior give it a romantic comeliness. Nor was it impossible at the date to have the kitchen outside of the house and some distance from the dining room, for with the Colonial service at hand it was easy to follow the English prototype.

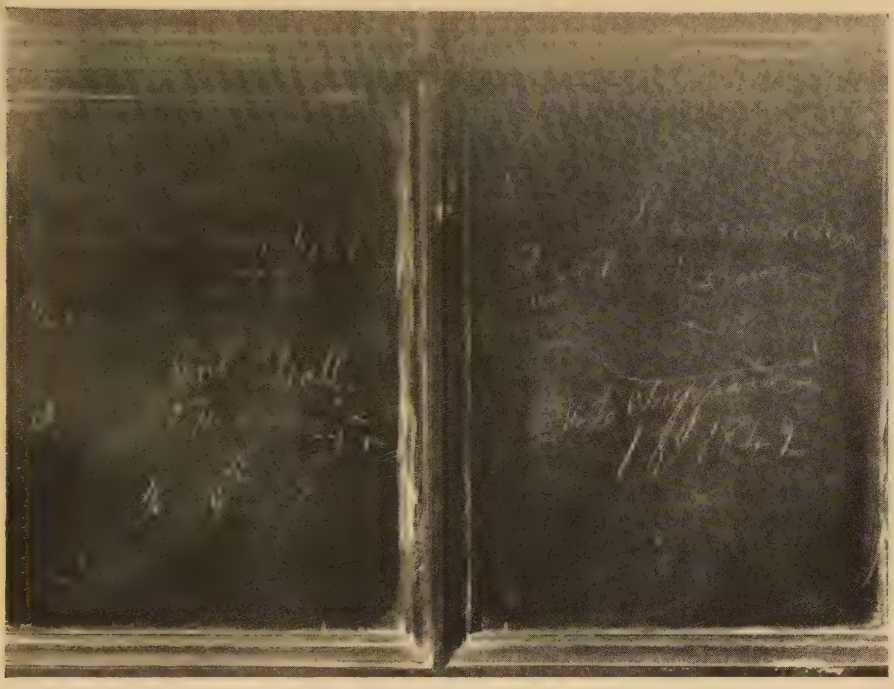
The kitchen, the store house, the wash house, the stable and the

The panelled staircase of the south wing is pine and has the twisted newel of a very early period.

quarters for house servants, all stand west of the dwelling, and must once have formed a handsome if provincial street. Few such scenes have been left by Time as this completely equipped home-acre of a seventeenth century Virginia plantation. It is far from typical, for few Colonial estates were as complete and on as large a scale as this at Tuckahoe.

A powdering room which opens into the Gray Room.

The exact date of the building of the house is not known. It is known, however, that William Randolph of Turkey Island gave the lands to his son Thomas before Sixteen-eighty nine which is the earliest date on the family vault. As Thomas Randolph's son William appears to have been born in Seventeen-twelve, one may conclude that part of the present house was standing as early as Seventeen hundred. It is probable that William Randolph enlarged the structure about Seventeen-forty. The house may have been further enlarged by William's son, Thomas Mann Randolph, who was born in Seventeen-forty one. This would also explain why the north wing is so much more elaborate than the south. Architects place the erection of this end first, arriving at the conclusion by the T form of the chimneys. Those of the south end are merely terminals of the brick gable ends. If the north wing was the first building with the other wing and saloon added shortly afterwards, the chances are that some successive owner confined all of his remodelling to the wing first built, hence the cruder aspect of the southern end. But whoever may have been the architect or builder, the old house shows the taste which is the essence of genius and proves how precious metal can be made from dross.



Old window panes in the dining room at Tuckahoe.

Thomas Randolph, who is believed to have built Tuckahoe, held among other important offices that of Commander-in-Chief of Goochland County. Upon his death in Seventeen-thirty the estate was inherited by his son William who married Maria Judith Page. William Randolph, who was a member of the House of Burgesses, died fifteen years after his father, and left a vast estate. His will requested that Peter Jefferson, who married Jane Randolph, would assume the management of the property during the minority of Thomas Mann Randolph. The will also stated that a tutor was to be employed to direct the education of his son.

Thomas Mann Randolph was first a member of the House of Burgesses and then of the Virginia Legislature. He lived through the most dramatic period of American history, and here in old Tuckahoe drank the Colonial toast, "To the King! God bless him!" After Seventeen-eighty one he drank another just as loyally but with greater pride, "To George Washington and the United States!"

The Master's Room, panelled in pine and furnished with mahogany of Chippendale and Heppelwhite design.

Tuckahoe remained in the possession of the original family until Eighteen-thirty, when it was purchased by Edwin Wight, from whom in Eighteen-fifty it was bought by Joseph Allen. From the son of the latter the plantation was bought by the Coolidge family, direct descendants of the first owner.

Tuckahoe stands unique among all other Colonial Virginia houses because less has been done in the way of changes to it than to any other old house. The only modern touch is found in the water supply, and this is so subordinated that it is never wholly apparent. The house still shows the soft gleam of candle-light, and has only the ruddy glow from open fires for warmth. There is not one discordant modern "improvement" to destroy its old-time charm.

The house bespeaks the fearless honesty characteristic of our forefathers. It lacks all pretence to sham, but shows a diffident love for the beautiful both serene and subdued. It shows the limitations

The splendid pine door which leads from the south hall to the river portico.

forced upon its early builders, whose descendants in the eighth generation, the Coolidge brothers of Boston, now call the plantation home.

Virginia should be very grateful to these modern owners of the ancient line for what they have done in preserving the Colonial landmark without altering one of the original lines. Not only are they

The south porch overlooking the low lands and James River. The panelled ceiling is of interest.

The Colonial kitchen.

direct descendants of the founder of Tuckahoe, but they are the great-great-grandchildren of Thomas Jefferson, who, with their Randolph ancestors, learned his first lessons in the little school house which stands on the edge of the lawn.

Once—perhaps twice—each year this family makes a pilgrimage to old Tuckahoe; once or twice they pause in the midst of hurried lives to recall again its story; the story of pioneer days and painted savage, of Colonial revels and tragic war; of changing masters and suffering years now ended by their tenure.

The place seems very close to Colonial days and has manfully refused the modern trend. In the "greate hall" one feels the mood of old Tuckahoe and the presence of a life from out of the past. On the old stairways those with willing eyes will see a shadowy company. From the stairway the life seems to spread through the old-time home, and Tuckahoe lives again in merry-making Colonial days. One hears the tinkling of the spinet in the panelled drawing room

and the click of red-heeled slippers coming down the carven stairs. The vision is very London-like and shows the old house as it was—a bright bit of Colonial life.

First floor plan of Tuckahoe.

It is a rare old place dowered with many charms. It is restful, and the quiet of the fine old rooms makes one forget the hurries and worries of to-day, for at Tuckahoe all the world seems at peace, and there is naught amiss.

WILTON

OF the highways radiating from Richmond—the most notable Colonial houses considered—the south River Road is richer in history, tradition and romance than all of the others.

The first historic plantation to be reached is Wilton, and this, though but a very few miles from Richmond was called in old records "Land's End," which is significant of its early situation. Built by William Randolph, the son of Colonel William Randolph of Turkey Island, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the house is some distance from the highroad and is discovered at the end of a private driveway through the fields of the plantation. Just before the north or secondary front, two magnolias with evergreen leaves and creamy blossoms make every effort to distract attention from the neglected lawn.

The dwelling with a frontage of sixty feet and a breadth of forty-six is conspicuous for four extremely bold chimneys, said to be twenty-six feet in height, which rise—two on each side—from the hipped roof. Burnt glazed headers, alternating with mellow brick stretchers, characterize the exterior which is direct and straightforward. The builder of Wilton shunned eccentricity, preferring a house of well proportioned dignity. The base course is four feet above the ground and projects some inches by means of one course of concave and one of convex bricks. The water table defining the second storey is merely three extra courses of stretchers on the wall at this line. Nine windows, adorned with flat brick arches, each with narrow panes of glass, penetrate the front, and four that are narrower look from each storey on the side walls. The latter are only two lights wide and contain just twelve panes.

An eighteen-foot porch is floored at the level of the base course

The south or river front of Wilton. Built by William Randolph III the early part of the eighteenth century.

and is supported on square columns on bases the height of the railing. A dentiled cornice and turned balustrade distinguish this portico regardless of the tin roof. Panelled double doors between fluted pilasters with provincial Ionic caps give entrance to the north front of the house.

The massive building of dark brick two storeys in height, with walls broken by rather narrow windows, looks forth on the south beyond the terraces to the open river. When built, this front was the formal entrance, but it is now ruined by windows containing two large panes of glass. How anyone living in the beautiful old manour-house could have been guilty of such irreverence must always remain a mystery. With two sides and one front to be guided by, it is inconceivable how the least cultivated person could have broken faith with Colonial tradition.

A line of very small dentils follows the block cornice, which is

repeated in the pediment of the classic south doorway, although this has a pulvinated frieze. Ionic pilasters support the plain door frame, and they stand on brick bases, the original having been the victims of war. Unique in the architecture of Colonial Virginia houses is the roofless portico with a brick wall as balustrade. The latter is but the top of the surrounding walls, which seem to grow from the ground, are panelled, and have three rows of chamfered bricks for the cap. Though the treatment does not seem in perfect keeping with the house, it is both interesting and quaint. The wall is three feet higher than the concrete floor, and the latter is forgotten when one glimpses the ferns and the moss in the niches of the bricks. The present flight of ladder steps is most incongruous.

The classic south entrance door at Wilton.

Entrance from this once formal front is over a battle-scarred sill beneath an eight-panelled door. The hall which this reveals when open is magnificent. A transom of four panes fills the space between door top and wall, and the door is closed by a large brass lock placed unusually low.

The hall is fifteen feet wide and runs straight through the house. The walls are covered with narrow raised panelling and stiles framed by mouldings above the hand rail. The entire wall space is painted a nondescript dark colour with the bevels picked out in a lighter colour. Rococo designs of various tints are painted on each panel. The three-foot wainscot below the dado cap is panelled in squares each with delicate though unattractive border decorations. The two-part cornice below the twelve-foot ceiling is very plain, and the ceiling is papered with an old-fashioned wall paper showing a design of diamond-shaped panels of conventional design.

The panelled hall at Wilton is one of the finest in Virginia.

The walnut stairway is the most important detail of the hall.

Architectural interest centres in the stairway, and much of the delightful effect of the interior depends upon the note struck here. The wide steps are ascended with that degree of ease that only the subtle proportions can give, for the rise is less than six inches. The wide steps are decorated on the ends with an applied design of the Grecian wave motif and the broad frieze of the same pattern is very handsome. The slim twisted newel post is concealed in the centre of a group of balusters but little larger, and the balustrade consists of twist-carved spindles with here and there one, two or three perfectly plain balusters. This curious effect awakens speculation. The stairway at Wilton reminds one of the north stair at Tuckahoe, although of simpler ornamentation. It has the same walnut hand rail, the same style embellishment and the same twisted balusters. A two-piece stringer runs below the steps at Wilton, and above that on the wall opposite, where wall and stairway meet, the Colonial carpenter left his mark when he placed the dado cap on a line above

The frieze below the upper balustrade is decorated with a Grecian vase motif.

that of the hall wainscot. The treatment of the stairway seems to have been a desire on the part of the owner to enrich an easily varied feature, and both stair and hall are very beautiful.

The dignity of the proportions of the rooms at Wilton strikes one at sight. On the first floor two rooms on the west side open into the hall and measure twenty-five by twenty-six. The drawing room is, naturally, the most notable, and the chimney piece here, although flush with the inner wall, has at the rear and on each side panelled alcoves which are entered through archways. Narrow side windows light these alcoves and each has for sill a narrow seat placed somewhat high. Fluted pilasters with rather daring caps flank the arches and fireplace, the latter's opening being faced with black marble within a Carara marble frame of Elizabethan times. The white marble architrave with fluted keystone occupies the space between the pilasters, and instead of a wide fireplace there is a hob grate.

The pilasters supporting the arch heads are plain of shaft, but

The drawing room where an Elizabethan chimney piece and two beautiful archways speak of early days of Virginia.

their capitals follow the ambitious lines of the deep cornice whose round frieze rests upon them. The fluted keystones of the arches are long and narrow and the spandrel decoration consists of early Victorian wall paper framed in mouldings of different sizes. The cornice projects beyond the pilaster caps and the keyblocks of the arches. In the corners there was only space for part of a pilaster, but the builder was undaunted and the result is very unique. Where the cornice breaks out it follows a straight line upon the inner side but leans at an angle on the side next the wall. Originally the entire room was panelled, but to-day only the wainscot, stiles, cornice and pilasters, grained in the natural colour, have this finish. The beautiful panels are hidden beneath the nineteenth century paper used about the arches. An admirable use of ornamental plaster may be seen in the drawing room ceiling. The simple band linking the corners and the central design—all show a delicate naturalistic treatment in character

with the room. In the library two landward windows have seats in deep reveals between jambs panelled not more than twelve inches at the lower end. Doors here substitute the arches of the more formal room, and the alcoves within have panelled walls and narrow windows. As closets were practically unknown in the architecture of the time that Wilton was built, these small spaces may have been used by Colonial maids and matrons to have their hair powdered. The ceiling has an elaborate border design of antique wall paper with white centre, and from the windows the foliage broken view of James River is very lovely.

The ceiling in the dining room shows an American copy of an English wall paper.

The northeast room, which was the Colonial dining room, is smaller than the two on the west side, and though panelled is not as handsome as the others. It has, however, pilasters at the chimney end which loses its Elizabethan character by having a mantelshelf. The walls like those of the rest of the house are grained, and here also one finds a gayly papered ceiling. At the rear of the dining room is a chamber of the same ornamental treatment but with a more interesting ceiling. The latter is of an English design popular late in the eighteenth century but is evidently an American copy. In blocks of sepia, squared by two inch bands of cream colour are Tudor roses of the same shade. This room as well as the dining room is twenty-one by twenty-two feet. With the exception of the stairway, all of the woodwork in the house is heart pine and all of the doors are black walnut with eight panels. The large brass locks—that on the south door measuring twelve inches—have very small knobs, and the hinges true to form are of the H-and-L variety.

The southwest chamber of the second storey which has panels painted grey and gold.

The rococo style which dominated architecture in the middle of the eighteenth century is much in evidence on the first floor at Wilton, although in a manner somewhat crude. The most striking thing about the interior, however, is the dignity and proportion of the rooms themselves.

The second storey is a repetition of the plan below, and the ceiling is only twelve inches lower in height. There was no attempt made by William Randolph to elaborate the first floor of his residence at the expense of the second, and the panelling and fine detail of the four upper rooms express themselves as the desire of the owner to enrich his home in an impartial way. The upper hall is spacious and has on the ceiling the same paper as that below. There is a window at each end, and their situation proves that the hall does not extend through the centre of the house. The southwest room has a dark grey marble mantel of foreign importation, and on each side are modern closets once used for a more picturesque cause. From one

of these closets once ran a private stairway to the basement, a service stair rendering the second storey easily accessible from the outside kitchen. Since this has been closed, Wilton has lost a most interesting necessity of Colonial life, for a secret stair was always included in houses of any consequence.

All of these ceilings are papered in an old-fashioned way, and most of the chambers have painted walls; that on the southwest being pale grey and gold. From the shallow seats of the windows here there is an enchanting view of the river and its tree covered bank; of a line of cedars beyond the deep terraces, and the earthwork reminders of war.

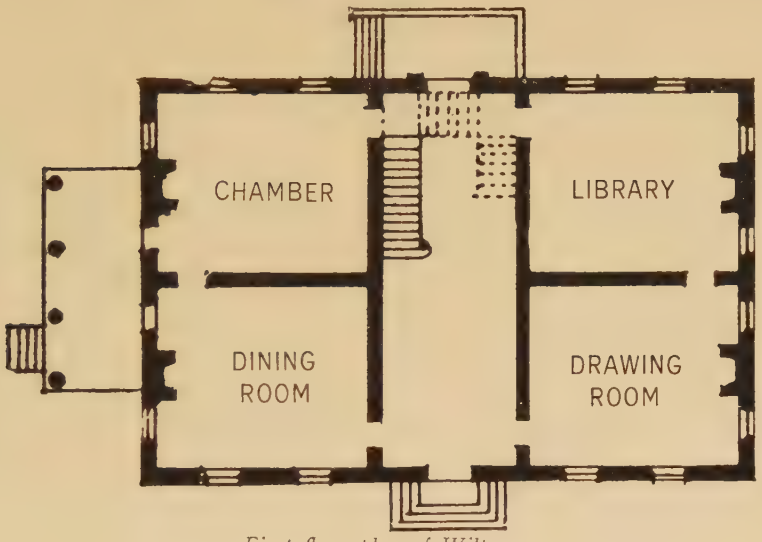
The basement is remarkable both for the size of its five rooms and its state of preservation. An arched opening leads into the modern kitchen where the fireplace is fifteen feet wide. The basement has a five foot ceiling and plainly shows the thickness of the walls. The original kitchen which stood on the northeast side and the building opposite have long since been destroyed.

There is no finer example of Colonial architecture in the country than Wilton nor can any house of its period be found in better structural condition. Although the victim of both the Revolution and the War Between the States, the damage done was so well repaired that very few traces remain. It is disappointing, though, to find on the exterior of this building of such dignity an unfortunate excrescence in the form of a frame addition. It is with gratefulness, however, that one discovers that the utilitarian builder on the southeast corner at least had the appreciation not to destroy the perfect lines of the room within the brick wall.

No nooks or crannies break into the rooms at Wilton, and the great house should not be criticized for its over-decoration brought about by modern times. Happily the baroque embellishment is so subdued, the wall paper so faded that in visiting the historic plantation one sees only the beauty of house and grounds. No disfigurements are there that cannot be removed with ease, and within a short time the structure could be restored to its Colonial beauty. Dignity, symmetry and simplicity form the frame work on which the residence was reared, and it has been called by architects a building of perfect scale.

Due to its situation on James River, its nearness to Malvern Hill and the ground over which the Seven Days Battle was fought,

it was but natural for this plantation to be the scene of certain war activities. Before war actually began, in Eighteen-sixty one, the rumor that the Federal gunboat, Pawnee, was coming up the river caused the plantation owners and their retainers to meet at Wilton. After this a watch was kept on the water front, and the earthworks thrown up before the house at that critical time may still be seen.



First floor plan of Wilton.

The "Patrick Henry," school ship of the Confederacy, was anchored off Wilton during the war.

The home of Inness Randolph, the poet; of Anne Randolph, "Nancy Wilton," a Colonial belle; of Mary Randolph, who as Mrs. Archibald Cary, was the *chatelaine* at Ampthill across the James, the social and historic record of Wilton is second to none of Colonial Virginia. All of the notables of the day—distinguished planters, nobility from overseas and officers of the military—Lord Cornwallis, La Fayette, and others—willingly or not—were entertained at the hospitable country seat. George Washington wrote in his Diary March second, Seventeen-seventy five, "Returned to the Convention . . . . and went to Mrs. Randolph's of Wilton."

During the seisin of the Randolph family, merry was the life led on the great plantation. With a river dock for ships to land

boxes of finery or treasures of furniture made by craftsmen across the ocean; with a great coach to ride to the nearby plantations, to balls and fox hunts, to horse races and cock fights; with a barge manned by negro oarsmen to visit along the river front, the family at Wilton in Henrico County lived as happily as any in the new world.

The second owner of the estate was Peyton Randolph, son of the founder, and Wilton remained in the possession of his family until just before the War Between the States. When the place was sold by his daughter, Mrs. Edward C. Mayo, the portraits of eminent men and beautiful women that had hung upon the Wilton walls for more than a century were taken from the old homestead to adorn other Randolph homes.

The next owner of the thousands of acres was Colonel William Carter Knight, who sold the place to Mr. Cornwall, who is said to have made some of the unfortunate changes in the house. Wilton is now the property of Mr. Warner Moore of Richmond.

The old dwelling looks down from the topmost terrace upon a perfect square of lawn, a plateau the envy of modern landscape artists owing to the simple beauty of design. Shaded by well trimmed ancient trees and tufted with the Star of Bethlehem, the lawn is outlined each spring with daffodils which, tradition says, came from Tuckahoe, the older Randolph estate. These golden flowers with magnolia soulanger take the place of a garden at Wilton.

Its situation, its architecture, its history, its social traditions make Wilton one of the most interesting and notable estates on the high bank of the River, called, before the English came, in honour of an Indian King.

SHIRLEY

THIRTY miles east of Richmond, leaving the highway known as the River Road, a turn to the south leads into well tilled fields which part to form an entrance driveway. This narrow road, after slipping between high banks shaded with locust and apple trees, comes to an abrupt stop before a closed entrance gate, where through the limbs of towering trees looms one of the most famous country seats of all Virginia. It is not definitely known when this house was built. It is known, however, that the place was occupied in Sixteen-fourteen when Sir Thomas Dale chose it for a proposed town and named it in honour of Sir Thomas Shirley of England.

In the year Sixteen-forty four Colonel Edward Hill patented twenty-five hundred acres of land at Shirley Hundred, then the property of Lord Delaware and his three brothers. Colonel Hill, who was a leading man of the Colony, was Speaker of the House of Burgesses and a member of the King's Council, built the first house at Shirley. At his death the estate was inherited by his son, Edward Hill, who also succeeded his father in office, besides which he was Treasurer of Virginia, Judge of His Majesty's High Court of Admiralty, and Commander-in-Chief of Charles City County.

Through the marriage of Elizabeth Hill, daughter of the second Edward Hill, to John Carter, Secretary of the Virginia Colony, Shirley passed into the possession of the family who have since controlled it.

Upon the landward entrance the old brick house appears very large and square. Two high chimneys rear skyward from the mansard roof, where on all four sides dormers, delightfully peaked, look out upon the world. Between the chimneys a small carved pineapple caps the roof—an ever present indication of the warm welcome

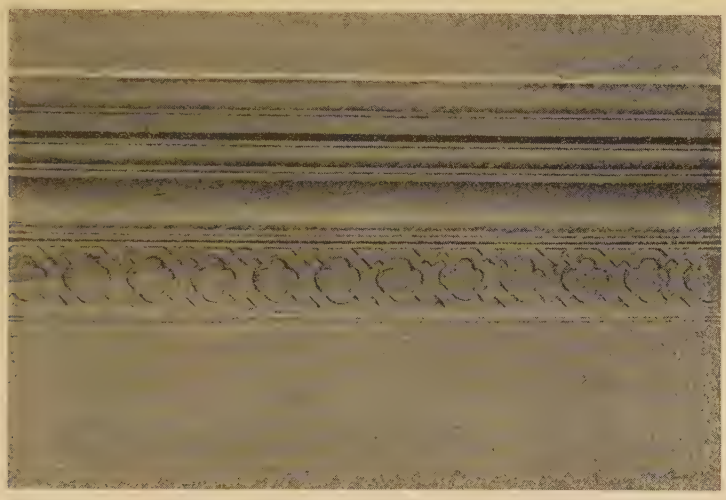
Shirley. Part of the house built by Colonel Edward Hill is incorporated in the present dwelling which was remodeled about 1770.

to be found within. The wide brick belt course projects at top and bottom. The windows are embellished with flat arches laid with the skill of the most efficient modern artificer, and the base course stands very little beyond the walls of the house at the level of the first floor. The dentilled cornice is further enriched by a Greek border ornament which follows the pediments of both porches and the pedimental service entrance of the northwest corner.

Upon both fronts finely proportioned porches, which were added long after Shirley was built, respond most beautifully to the need of summer comfort. These double porches have brick foundations and broad stone steps with flagstones to give a rustic and pleasant texture to the floor. Tuscan columns support the porticos and pilasters back of them repeat the order. A queer little room adjoining the west portico gives an entrance to the basement through a decorative arch. The small rectangular basement windows have wooden

bars; the trim, as was customary, is white, the outside shutters are green, and the walls are laid up with brick stretchers and dark headers.

Upon this front double doors lead into the large hall, a veritable old English hall with walls finely panelled and a hatchment of great age above one door. The cornice is decorated with a frieze orna-



Detail of frieze ornament in hall.

ment of geometric design, and over three of the doors are very unusual transoms, each heavily leaded in a different style. The hinges are of the antique L type and the old brass locks have handles or "pulls" which were in use long before knobs. On the walls hang among others, portraits of Colonel and Mrs. Hill, first master and mistress of Shirley—he, very handsome in crimson velvet and flowing peruke; she, charming and young. Their son-in-law, Secretary Carter, one of the most aristocratic men of the Colony, wears black velvet and lace, to contrast with his elaborate wig. The father of the Secretary, no less a personage than the King, appears ceremonious in claret-coloured velvet and periwig.

The flush chimney breast with fireplace now closed has on each side built-in cupboards, but the most unique feature of the hall is the stairway, which, curious for its hanging platform, sweeps up to a window, then with swift turn hangs over the room below as it

climbs first to the second and then to the spacious third floor. The stair is interesting both for plan and detail. The risers are six inches deep and the soffits are very boldly undercut. The turned balustrade like the rest of the stair is of heart pine in natural tone, and the hand rail above the dado as well as the baseboard are of the natural wood. The furniture although original is incidental. A door beneath the stairway leads to the basement; another, opening into the drawing room, has above it a rare double transom.

One of the three leaded glass transoms, each of different design.

The drawing room has the good fortune to command a delightful view of James River through deeply recessed windows with twenty-four panes of glass. The door frames closely follow English precedent, but those of the windows sweep gracefully out into cavetto curves. The inside shutters on small H hinges are panelled as are the jambs. The eight by ten size of the window panes is maintained the same in all cases whether the windows are of twenty or twenty-four light size. Even in the former this unit is preserved.

Here there is a cornice with a pulvinated frieze, while a fretwork border of Chippendale design is carved upon the chair rail. The chimney piece is exquisite and shows a decorative treatment derived from the artistic fashion of the time in England. The architrave is diapered with oak leaves entwined with garlands, and the white marble facing of the fireplace is framed in mitred moulding richly carved with an egg and dart motif. Upon a panel of the over-mantel hang portraits from the hand of St. Memin, and the carving here appears to be a Colonial rendering of the Louis Sieze guilloche.

The room is filled with treasures of china, of old mahogany and

The large hall with the famous hanging stair.

family portraits. From one of the panels one of the founders of the American branch of the family looks down upon the goodly company of her kin. She is fair and girlish with her arms filled with roses, and her name was Elizabeth Hill. Here are the mellow tints of other portraits from Sir Godfrey Kneller's magic brush, and some from later artists, one being of Charles Carter who is said to have remodelled the old house. Massive candelabra and single candlesticks, which have held tallow dips for many generations of Carters, throw deep reflections upon the fine old furniture and other household penates.

The drawing room measures twenty-four by thirty. Its main door leads out on the river porch, the other which opens into the dining room being surmounted by a rarely beautiful cyma pediment with carved volutes and pineapple finial. On the other side this door shows a broken arch decorated with a classic urn.

The most striking feature in the dining room is a life size portrait of

George Washington by Peale, but of even more interest is a collection of rare silver and mahogany from old England. The room is not as large as the parlour but it has the same cavetto window frames and a more ornate cornice. Not content with a mere row of ordinary blocks, the craftsman carved below this a line of tiny dentils which at each corner, unobtrusively, end with infinitesimal carved pineapples. The wainscot is capped with a chair rail showing a fretwork border of a design much used in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The mantelshelf is narrow and below a marble fireplace facing are andirons with brass bosses. The room is enchanting; old wine coasters with other pieces of silver showing the Carter coat of arms, and of Jacobean, Queen Anne and Georgian designs. Tankards of pewter, rococo pitchers and huge coffee urns tell the tale of the Colonial feasts held within these walls. It was in the dining room at Shirley that fair Anne Carter first met Light Horse Harry Lee, and it was also at Shirley that were married these parents of General Robert E. Lee.

The doorway between hall and parlour has a double transom.

The rooms of the house are not thrown together with the hall or in any way to form a suite, a fact which makes the floor plan vastly different from the majority of those of the Colonial era. The "Little Room," as it is locally called, is in the northeast corner of the house and is known to have been in existence before Seventeen hundred. This has a chair rail carved with a Grecian border motif, while the same Wall-of-Troy enriches the cornice frieze. The windows are set fourteen inches deep and the wall is covered with alternate panels nearly four feet wide and nine-inch stiles. The chimney breast has on each side pilasters which taper curiously from top to bottom, and the throat of the fireplace is four feet deep and just

A charming drawing room window, with a glimpse of James River beyond. Upon the left is the girlish portrait of Elizabeth Hill.

The exquisite chimney piece below the cornice shows a decorative treatment of the period.

as broad. The framed pedimental doorway, like those in the drawing and dining rooms, has at the topmost point a pineapple and the original brass lock. The woodwork of the entire first floor is painted white.

The second storey is virtually cut in two by the hall which extends from door to door of each front. The sleeping rooms like

those below are panelled and all are furnished with Colonial mahogany. Each chamber has an open fireplace and deep-set windows, while the finish of the woodwork accords with that of the rest of the house—being white.

It would be hard to find more richly carved detail than that on the first floor of this ancient house. Such motifs as the egg and dart, Wall-of-Troy, Tudor rose—dentils and frets have all been used to create a most beautiful effect. Not only is the interior detail lavish but it is marvellously executed and the

Doorhead over same door on dining room side.

Drawing room side of door leading into dining room.

delicate mouldings of both mantel and wall indicate a craftsmanship not usually attributed to the artisan of that early period. All of the interior doorways are similar in character and each has a certain classic treatment, with pediments whose broken scrolls show a pineapple, an acorn or an urn.

The builders of Shirley showed a prodigality in the use

A life size portrait of George Washington by Peale is the feature of the dining room.

of their time, for one finds even in the smallest detail a richness that proves their interest in the house and a love for their work. The efficiency of these craftsmen is demonstrated by the perfect condition in which the house is found today. From basement to roof the dwelling shows the art of the old world as interpreted by those who worked in the newer country.

Shirley is supposed to have been remodeled shortly before the Revolution, and it was at that time that the roof is thought to have been changed and certain rooms added. But in spite of additions and alterations the structure contains the sinews of the building dating from the first generation of white settlers in Virginia. It is the production of prosperity and taste, and with its portraits and panels, its carvings and furnishings, its old world ease—it speaks with great eloquence of the past. It seems nothing short of miraculous that the portraits, the silver, the china and furniture should have escaped the wars that swept over the plantation.

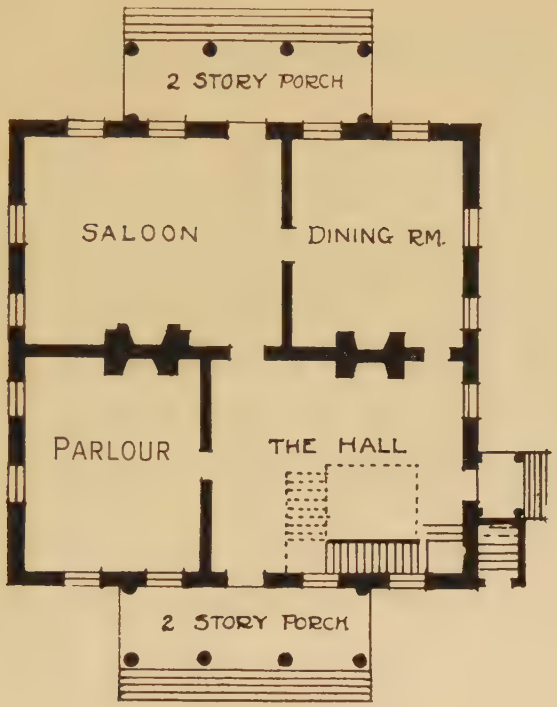
A delightful chamber with interesting window frame, and filled with antique mahogany.

The dependent buildings at Shirley are very pretentious. Across the lawn on the north front of the house is the kitchen building of two storeys and four rooms. A denticulated cornice follows the eaves, then climbs along the gabled ends to spy upon the ivy that clings to the walls. The windows which arch nicely at the top show in a curious fashion three different sizes—some with twelve, others

The "Little Room," rich in cornice, frieze and doorway, is called the coziest room in the house.

sixteen, and still more with eighteen panes of glass. The belt course closely resembles that on the main building and the same Flemish bonding is used. The doors are headed with flat arches and have crossed panels. The kitchen occupies just one-half of the lower floor, the remainder with its picturesque flagstone floor being used as the bake room, and this still has its oven of cavernous depth.

In the kitchen there is an ancient trestle table with matching chairs. The table is such a perfect specimen of Colonial kitchen furniture that when Mount Vernon was being restored an appeal was made to the owners of Shirley for sketches of it as well as of



First floor plan of Shirley.

other furniture, andirons, and appointments of Colonial cooking. On the opposite side of the lawn a building of like size and style was used as the office or school house.

Shirley is still a little principality, as it numbers many acres. The plantation still contains the numerous subsidiary buildings necessary in Colonial times—the barns, the shops, the dove cote with conical roof, and others—forming an interesting little village. The present plantation is typical of those of the olden days, for much remains of what was originally put there. The only great changes noted have been brought about by the complications of modetn life,

and the pity is that the rare old estate should have been forced to suffer by the modern trend. Shirley's past has been just as eventful as its present is delightful, and this will prove true as long as one brick of the old house stands. The fields are still richly productive; the river still rises and falls, and, but for the unfortunate struggle for existence which is everywhere apparent today, the original life of the plantation could be resumed in the picturesque manner of yesteryear.

On the river front the lawn is shaded by a grove of oak trees whose branches betoken age beyond the ken of man; with holly

The original kitchen, built of Flemish bond. Opposite the kitchen is the office or school house of Colonial days.

trees, with lindens, with magnolias and one rare willow which drapes its graceful boughs above the boxwood bordering the garden.

On the east side of the house is a box-hedged "garden of delight," fragrant with the odour of jasmine and roses of old-fashioned name. At the end of this flowery acre, guarded by splendid box trees, the eternal resting place of the founder of Shirley is dominated by his armorial tomb.

A romantic film envelops every fresh flower that blooms in the old-fashioned garden; a benignly tempered influence like a tranquil blessing passes through the ancient house; the blessing of kinship and blood unity which is enriched by each succeeding generation that is born and married and fruitful, then dies remembered. Not once

has the long linked chain of births and deaths been broken to be scattered far and near, and the present owner, Mrs. Oliver, looks from the windows out of which her forefathers gazed. Generations of grandchildren have looked from the same windows, have lived in

The interior of the kitchen. The trestle table is among the finest in the country. The floor is flagstone and the bake oven is still apparent.

the same house whose rooms are enveloped in historic associations. From every corner of Shirley one feels the peaceful influence of memories, cherished through past ages to be sacredly revered today.

BERKELEY

NOT far from the shores of old James River is the quiet, ancient house of Berkeley, upon the face of which sorrow has struck many blows and left some unhealing wounds. Scorches from war and Indian massacre are plainly visible, and there hangs about the walls of the house a gravity born of much suffering blended with the pride of having sheltered many generations of a famous line.

The plantation that is left to-day is part of that granted to Sir William Thornton, Sir George Yeardley, Richard Berkeley and John Smith of Nibley. One year later thirty-five passengers embarked from Plymouth on the good ship Margaret to establish the settlement of Berkeley Hundred, which was to be under the management of George Thorpe, Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber.

Notwithstanding his kind feeling for the Indians, Thorpe was brutally killed by the tomahawk on the ground where he had laboured as friend and teacher of the Indians, who in the early days swarmed the banks of the James.

After this the patent of eight thousand acres was abandoned. In Sixteen-thirty six William Tucker and others obtained the place from the "Adventurers of the Company of Berkeley Hundred." The next owner was John Bland of London, whose son Giles was executed for complicity with Nathaniel Bacon. Berkeley then became the property of Benjamin Harrison, whose family for five generations called the plantation home.

A drive through ancient fields, now under modern cultivation, leads to the lawn where one-quarter of a mile from the river the old house stands. Holly and linden trees, elms and locusts shade the broad lawn, and near the house there is a ghost-like sycamore. Upon the east is the office or school building, twenty-one by forty-eight feet

Berkeley, built by Benjamin Harrison in 1726.

and two storeys in height. The brick walls have been washed with red mortar which gleams delightfully through a dense mantle of Virginia creeper. Entrance doors on the two fronts afford access, and over these are pediment hoods. A companion building which was the Colonial kitchen stands in the same relative position on the opposite side of the lawn.

On the west end of the main dwelling at the corners, cisterns lead down to a circular underground room which is said to be sixteen feet in diameter. In the time of the Indian this was the hiding place for the members of the family at Berkeley.

The main house which is built of brick is forty-one by sixty, and like all typical Colonial structures, was reared upon a framework of dignity, simplicity and regularity. The chimneys rise above the slate roof at the gable ends, and in the surface of that on the east may be read "B. H. 1726." Tiny windows here with small panes of glass were originally loopholes. The blinds have old-time holdbacks and

The old office or school house which stands in line with the Colonial kitchen, its counterpart, on the opposite side of the manour-house.

are green; the rest of the trim is painted white. Plain as it is, the influence of more than one great architect inspired old Berkeley.

The entrance doors appear very old, and each has wide sills and glazed transoms. There is an uncommon treatment on the sides where wooden panels are placed back of glass of the same size which is undoubtedly newer. It is difficult to understand the object in using both when either one would have accomplished the same purpose. When the doors are open a shaft of light extends through the house creating a charming vista across the lawn into James River.

The hall is fifteen by forty-five, and its length is broken midway by an arch. The panelled wainscot with deep gouged dado cap and an enriched cornice where wall and ceiling meet are among its distinctive features. The hall is spanned by a broad elliptical arch carried on fluted pilasters, and all of the doors have pediments embellished with a dentil course.

On entering the riverward door, one finds a large room—almost square—with lofty ceiling. The astonishing thing here is the vast amount of hand-tooled woodwork which is at once apparent. Not content with merely bevelling the panels of the dado, the craftsman in skillful fashion applied narrow mouldings to follow the panel lines, which vary according to space, some being rectangular and others square. The eleven-inch chair rail is deeply gouged, and both above and below the moulding projects. The cornice is very broad and has a frieze decoration of single lattice.

The plaque in the western gable in which is carved the initials of the builder of Berkeley and date of its erection.

The three windows in the room are unusually high and have receding panelled jambs. The inside blinds in two parts are also panelled and hang on very small H hinges. At the end opposite those on the front and on both sides of the chimney piece arches rise to give access to the doors at their rear. Supported on reeded pilasters with heavy bases, these arches between the drawing room and library are skillfully gouged and beaded in scallops. The chimney breast being flush with the walls, the space between doorways and arches forms fair sized alcoves.

The mantel, flanked by slender colonnettes, is ornamented with delicate gouging, and dark grey marble faces the fireplace, now closed. Crystal candelabra that once belonged to Queen Victoria are the only mantel decoration. The door heads are rather heavy and on the frieze an octagonal design is deftly applied. The drawing room is twenty by twenty-two and one-half, and the woodwork, although heart pine, is painted white. The chaste effect is heightened by leaving the upper walls in plain painted plaster. The symmetry that has been observed in the walls and openings is in a great degree responsible for the attractiveness of the room.

The vista formed through the hall by open doors sweeps across lawn and river.

The drawing room. Arches on the sides of the chimney piece form alcoves which give access to the library.

When Berkeley was undergoing repairs some years ago, Mr. Jamieson, the owner, discovered behind the main wall of the parlour a piece of very rough plaster into which the letters "B. Harrison" were deeply incised. This interesting reminder of the Harrison tenure, now carefully framed, hangs upon the walls of the charming room. This room is an excellent example of slender lines and unbroken curves. Double doors on the two sides lead into the library, and these like the others have two square and two oblong panels. The library which is the size of the drawing room is also painted white, and here the centre of interest lies in the hearth before which George Washington often sat with his good friend Benjamin Harrison. The room has the same window treatment as the other, but the door pediment and arches show a scheme of serpentine gouge work. A point of great interest that is noted at Berkeley is the absence of repetition of the finer detail. The wainscot consists of

shallow rectangular panels with narrow stiles, and the cornice again is deep. The walls are cream colour and the woodwork white.

The house does not follow perfectly the Colonial plan of central hall with flanking rooms of the same size, for the dining room is much larger than those across the hall. Measuring twenty-one by thirty feet this is the only room in the dwelling with woodwork in a natural finish, and here it is very dark which is cleverly effective against the white walls. A tall black mantel stands above the wide fireplace, and each of the three doors have original heads. One of these doors opens into the modern pantry which leads to the kitchen, once the nursery perhaps, and another opens into the squarish stair hall.

A drawing room door with head elaborated by a dentilled fret and an applied octagonal decoration.

The formal entrance to the stair hall is through a flat archway with wide jambs, and a frame made to represent pilasters which stands just beyond the central arch in the main hall. The stair hall is nine by twelve, the stairway is absolutely plain, and all are in natural walnut. The newel is plain and the hand rail and balusters are in keeping with the dark wall stringer. The stair forms a landing when up a third of its flight where a squatty window of just six panes of glass affords a comfortable seat. Another pause, and the broader landing is reached, and this six by nine space was known in Colonial days as the Musicians' Balcony. The landing has an opening in the wall opposite the steps which is made safe by a balustrade like that of the stair, with the exception of the hand rail. The spindles run from floor to wall, making this the only balcony of the kind in Virginia.

The main stair, arriving at the second floor, repeats the plan below. The dado becomes the lower part of a door on the river

Detail of unusual cornice, gouged arch-heads and beaded keystone.

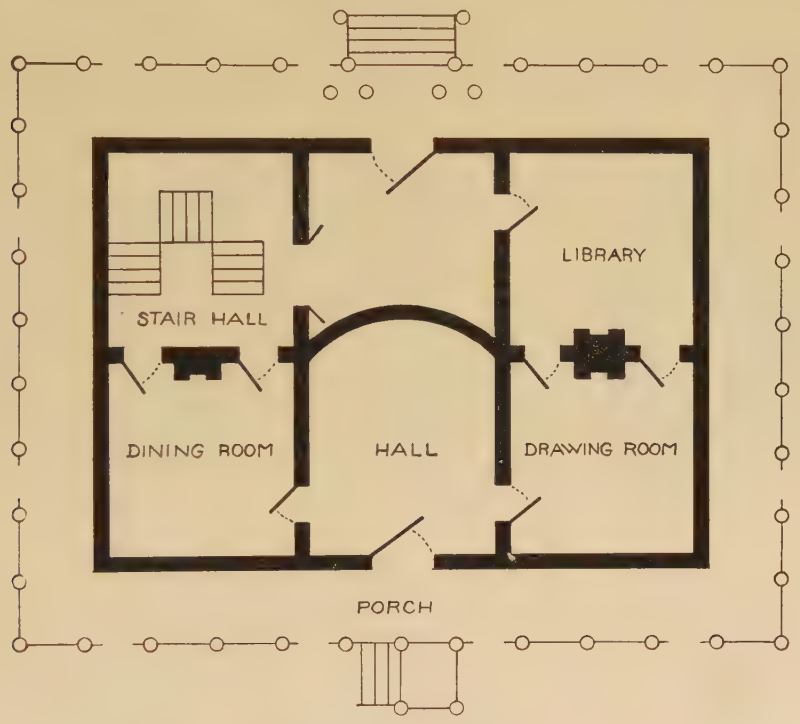
front, and beyond this is the second storey porch, with a delightful river view. A companion stairway leads to the attic which is rendered as habitable as the second storey. The woodwork is painted two shades of green.

The four sleeping rooms opening into the hall are of different sizes and colouring. One has a black baseboard with the rest of the trim painted two shades of gray, and in another the austere white walls are made gay by a trimming of blue. Part of this last room was borrowed for the bath between it and that on the southwest front which, tradition relates, belonged to the fourth Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. It was to this room that her son William Henry Harrison journeyed to write his Inaugural address in her spiritual surroundings. On a window pane here he is said to have written his name.

Across the hall still more sentiment awakens at the sight of a four-post bed which is reputed to have once belonged to beautiful Evelyn Byrd. All of the upper rooms have fireplaces, and the

powder rooms—now closets—have transoms. All but one room has three large windows.

The first Benjamin Harrison came to Virginia before Sixteen-forty two, and Benjamin of Berkeley, born in Sixteen-seventy three, was Speaker of the House of Burgesses and Treasurer of the Colony. It



First floor plan of Berkeley.

was the son of the latter, Benjamin the fourth, who built the manour-house. He also signed the Declaration of Independence, became the Governor of his State, and was the father of "Tippecanoe," the ninth president of the United States, and grandfather of another Benjamin, the twenty-fifth President.

On a high bank of James River, a short distance from the house, Benjamin the fourth of Berkeley is sleeping with those of his line. A sagging iron rail defines this burial ground where cherry and locust trees bloom above the blue myrtle covering the graves. Though

The small stair hall which opens from the main hallway.

the years have done great damage to the reverent spot, Nature with gentle diligence has cared for all that man has overlooked, and has lent her flowers and trees and moss to overlay the scarred and battered tombs.

Benedict Arnold, the renegade, landed at Berkeley in Revolutionary times, and when the house was the headquarters of General McClellan during the War Between the States, he is said to have confined his captives in the basement. As the plantation was a place of exchange for prisoners at this time, it gained the temporary name of Harrison's Landing.

A pretty story is told of a grove of trees on the line between Berkeley and Westover, for here it was that Anne Harrison would meet Evelyn Byrd every possible day. This was the spot where the heart-broken belle gave to her friend a promise — a promise that even after she was gone the tryst would still be kept. For months after the death of the fair girl, "formed for friends," Mrs. Harrison could

Leaving at the second floor, the stairway repeats the flow below and goes on to the third.

The southeast bedroom at Berkeley with a four-poster said to have belonged to Evelyn Byrd.

not go near the place, but one bright day in the following spring she was lured there almost against her will. As she walked in sad reflection she felt a presence. Looking up, she saw the ethereal figure of her departed companion who leaned towards her with a tender smile, then vanished.

The Musicians' Balcony at Berkeley is on the second stair landing, and is the only one in Virginia.

Looking from the broad veranda, one's eye falls across the "standing pasture field" to the romantic grove. It falls upon the roof of Westover gleaming through the trees, then back to the Berkeley lawn, where it sees an ivied sun dial placed there by the Colonial Dames, and a garden filled with roses planted by the same Anne Harrison and still known by her name—Anne Harrison's Rose.

For three miles the old King's River washes the shores of Berkeley. This mileage, according to an ancient custom, is still controlled by the family of the plantation, being the only estate on the James to which this now applies, it is said.

After many trials and vicissitudes the plantation became the property of Judge Henry Knox, from whom it was purchased by Mr. John Jamieson, who in turn devised it to Mrs. Jamieson and their children. Today the old plantation seems to have gone back more than one hundred years—back to the time of original owners who gave to it their best. Happily for Berkeley, the present owners, although of another name and blood, bear in mind the great men who made glad the Colonial house on the watery highway called James River.

More than one war has swept over Berkeley, and still the old place smiles. Indian massacres and forays did great harm, but the house continues to stand. It seems very naturally a bit of romance.

and one is prone to dream while wandering through the rooms of the historic dwelling. Its charm lies neither in the handsome woodwork nor the terraced garden, but in the thought of greatness the beautiful spot recalls.

WESTOVER

THERE seems to be no question but that the finest example of existing Colonial architecture in Virginia is Westover, which lies thirty-five miles east of Richmond, crowning a bluff that rises steeply from James River.

The history that goes with the plantation assures us that it had its beginning in Sixteen-nineteen when Francis West selected the site from the lands of his brother, Lord Delaware. In the year Sixteen-twenty two six persons met death on the newly acquired plantation at the hands of revengeful Indians, which caused the place to be abandoned for a time. In Sixteen-thirty seven it is again heard of as the patent of Thomas Paulette who gave it the name of Westover, originally spelt Westopher, but after the death of this patentee his brother, Sir John Paulette, who inherited the estate, sold it to Theodorick Bland in Sixteen-sixty six. Bland, although English born, was a Spanish merchant before he emigrated to Virginia. For twelve hundred acres and the plantation buildings Theodorick Bland paid three hundred pounds sterling and ten thousand pounds of tobacco. Being a member of the King's Council, the new owner established a county seat for Charles City on his property, and gave, in order to accomplish this, ten acres of land, a courthouse, a prison and a church.

In Sixteen-eighty eight Westover was purchased by William Byrd, the first of the name in Virginia, and it was under the Byrd *régimé* that his fame was established. This *émigré*, like all other men of quality and qualifications, was a member of the House of Burgesses and of the King's Council. He married Maria Horsemanden of England, and they were living at his estate called Belvidere—in what is now Richmond—as early as Sixteen-eighty five. Byrd must have determined to move further down the river, for in Sixteen-ninety he built a house

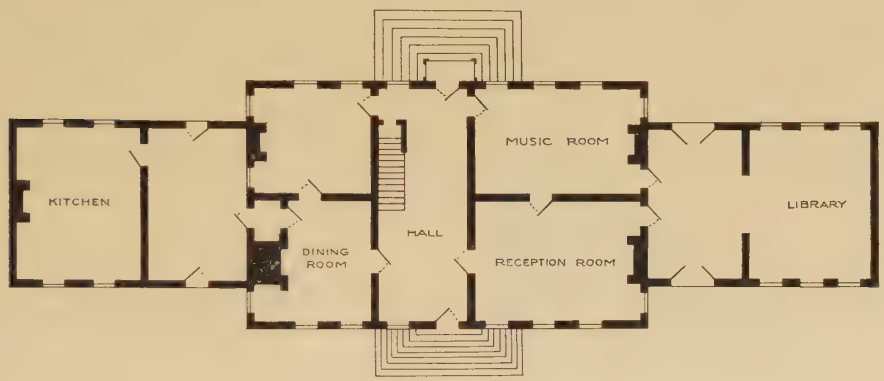
Westover, built by William Byrd II and considered the finest specimen of Georgian architecture existing in the country.

on the property he had acquired two years before. Upon his death in Seventeen-four his son of the same name inherited twenty-six thousand, two hundred and thirty-one acres of land in Virginia which his thrifty father had accumulated.

William Byrd II was at that time thirty years of age and although he spent practically all of his early life in England, he had visited the Colony, where he remained just a year, so he was perfectly aware of the value of his Colonial inheritance. A man of talent and cultivation, with very keen wit and great personal charm, this second master of Westover did not inherit his father's business acumen, and at one time was eager to dispose of Westover in order, he said, "to emancipate myself from that slavery to which all debtors are subject." Perhaps the Colonel lived too hospitably, or he may have been too reckless at cards, but whatever may have been the cause this Lon-

don-bred Virginian found his finances in a very grave condition. Happily he weathered the pecuniary crisis and after the completion of his manour-house, kept it filled with relatives, friends, and strangers. It was then that the second William Byrd, "the Black Swan," entered upon a life of grandeur that was to make his name and his plantation famous.

This builder of Westover, who added to culture that degree of architectural knowledge considered essential to the education of



First floor plan of Westover.

every eighteenth century gentleman, began the erection of his beautiful dwelling in Seventeen-twenty six. Placed one hundred and fifty feet from the river the house is three storeys in height with wings of one and a half storeys on the east and west, corridors of the same height connecting them with the main building. Four very tall chimneys rise from the steep hipped roof of the main portion, and two from the end of each wing, while dormer windows on the central roof give the house the height of three full storeys and a basement.

Westover has been justly called of supreme beauty—the soft red of the brick walls, the classic doorway; the ivy and Virginia creeper that climb over the bricks and along the perfect cornice give the structure an unsurpassed Colonial effect. The frames of the windows are painted white, also the band course which divides the floors. The foundation is white stone. Gray stone steps give entrance from

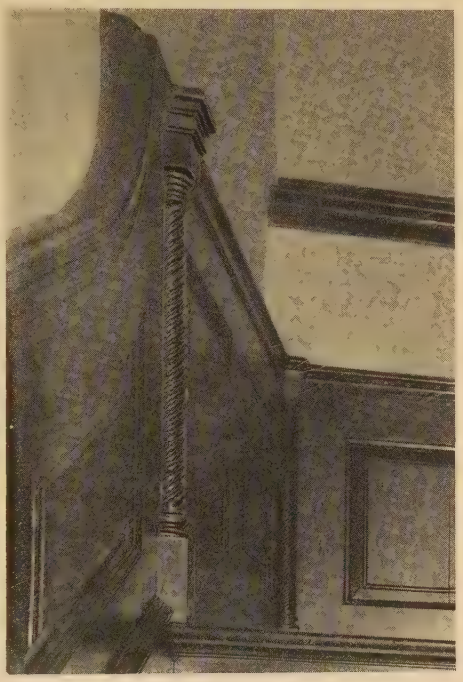
three sides and lead to the white marble doorway where a masterly scroll pediment after Sir Christopher Wren has in the centre the pineapple characteristic of James River homesteads. A noteworthy transom, square of head but displaying the elliptical lines of a fan-light, surmounts the door and adds to the general treatment.

The modillion-like scrolls which decorate the step ends of the stairway.

Beyond this doorway is the hall eighteen feet wide. A delicate cornice runs below the rocaille ceiling above the panelled walls, and a noble stairway extends on the left of the centre. This stairway is the feature of the hall. A mahogany hand rail ends in a horizontal scroll upon the newel, which is concealed by surrounding balusters, this being the first example of the kind to be found in America, so it is said. The balusters are turned spirally and the steps five feet wide are decorated at the ends with academic modillion-like scrolls. The brackets of the balustrade and the wall stringer are also mahogany. The half hand rail is sustained at the end of each flight of steps by slender twisted pilasters conforming to the newel. The floor boards of the hall are not particularly wide; the window on the side of the south entrance door has a deep seat, and the doors have fine locks and hinges. A family portrait hangs on the panelled wall and beneath it stands an oaken chest. At the north end of the hall double doors lead into the forecourt.

On the east side of the hall are the music and reception rooms, each measuring twenty-four by thirty-three. The panelling follows the French custom of alternating wide and narrow rectangular panels — panneaux and lambris. Above the doors of the reception room the panelling assumes great interest where it takes the form of a pediment.

The doors are framed by pilasters beyond whose capitals the cornice projects. The symmetry observed in the composition of the panelled walls and the openings of this room is partly responsible for its attractiveness. The arrangement shows a chimney piece at the centre of one end, the opposite end containing a door. Three deeply recessed windows with eighteen panes of glass give a beautiful view of the James, and the rocaille ceiling shows fantastic motifs which compose patterns of flowers and garlands, which are not continuous and have cameo heads in the corners.



One of the twisted pilasters which conform to the newel and sustain the half hand rail at the end of each flight.

The chief note of the room, however, is the black marble mantel imported by the Grande Seigneur, William Byrd II. The overmantel has an open bed pediment and scholarly hand-tooling of classical design. The pediment is beautified with a white marble cornice, and the treatment of the architrave is of the same white marble handsomely carved in high relief with egg and dart. Beneath the pediment an oblong mirror is surrounded with a rich carving of white marble, displaying a motif of grapes and leaves. The marble facing of the fireplace is said to be the first in this country. Pilasters stand on each side of the chimney breast with alcoves beyond; in one of these a door leads to the connecting corridor and in the other is the fourth window of the room.

In the Music Room the windows are set back in deep reveals, and these also have panelled inner blinds, but the chimney end is entirely different. The brick faced fireplace has an Ionic dentule entablature with fluted pilasters flanking the central panel upon which hangs a charming portrait. These pilasters are much more delicate than those in the reception room, and instead of rising from

The drawing room at Westover.

floor to ceiling, extend only from mantel to cornice. The panelling here also consists of a series of wide and narrow panels with flush bevels. The carving of the chair rail is of Grecian inspiration, but the cornice duplicates the one in the southeast room. The fourth window here overlooks a side entrance and the door by the chimney gives a second entrance into the corridor connecting the east wing with the main dwelling.

The dining room occupies the full depth of the western side of the house, and from this the windows look both north and south. Like the rest of the first storey this room is panelled, but unlike the rest the firebreast has no mantelshelf. Three doors lead into the service wing which like that on the east is now attached by a covered way which was not there in Colonial times. In the little west wing with gabled roof the original kitchen is still true to the Colonial standard, although progress has relegated to the dark ages the picturesque art of the open fire. The swinging crane, the Dutch oven,

The most famous drawing room detail. This black marble mantel with carving of white was imported by the Grand Seygneur.

and other cooking utensils are still there to recall the days this luxurious era would gladly have us forget. Covered with masses of Virginia creeper, with a brick wall bounding the service area, this low-browed building has a charm never found in the electric kitchen of to-day.

The wing upon the east has a gambrel roof, and this was entirely

The dentil entablature at the chimney end is the chief note in the Music Room.

rebuilt some years ago to replace the original that was destroyed during the War Between the States. A corridor eighteen by thirty connects this with the main portion and the wing is placed with good effect more than a foot below the floor of the central house. The corridor is now used as a living room and leads to the library wing which in every detail follows the lines of the building that was burned.

With an old painting as guide the original was so admirably duplicated that it is known as a restoration only by the trained eye.

Throughout the first floor of the main dwelling will be recognized both vigor and strength in the interior treatment, and among all of the Colonial houses in Virginia, Westover deserves special mention for composition and detail.

One of the greatest prides of the second William Byrd was his library which contained three thousand, six hundred and twenty-four volumes and ranked as one of the finest in the Colony. Since the day of the Grand Seigneur this wing has been used for both ballroom and library, and at the eastern end, paralleling the raised stage or platform, are dressing rooms. The corridor connecting the library with the manour-house was not there in the days of Colonel Byrd, and the walls of the central house and east wing are panelled and painted white.

An attractive corner of the dining room.

The stairway has two landings and the second storey contains a shadowy hall into which the sleeping rooms open. This floor is finished with the same care and thought as that below. The walls are panelled and the ceiling is high, these details producing in common with the entire building an effect of luxurious ease. Each room has new closets in old powdering rooms and all have open fireplaces and comfortable window seats. One's interest is quickened in the southeast chamber when told that it was Evelyn Byrd's. Of this beautiful girl's unhappy romance much has been written, but the story never seems old to those who see where she lived two hundred years ago, who sit before the fire where she often sat and dreamed; who gaze from the windows out of which she looked—and hoped; who feel the pathos of her life and sadly leave the hallowed walls that saw her suffering.

The swinging crane, the Dutch oven, and original cooking utensils are still in the Colonial kitchen.

The panelling, the delicate detail of mantels, cornices, ceilings and door heads makes Westover reflect a grandeur scarce in keeping with the date it was erected. William Byrd II had not only vision when he built his domicile; he had the faith which assured him that the home he was beginning would, as the years rolled by, graciously mellow the outcome of what in his day was new and somewhat harsh.

The forecourt on the northern front is rendered formidable by a pair of massive iron gates imported by Colonel Byrd. Interwoven with their design are the initials, W. B., and the square stone columns from which they hang are capped with balls on which perch eagles of lead. The posts of the fence through which the gates open are decorated with stone finials—pineapples, urns and ornamental balls which alternate. The old garden lies on the east side of the house, a garden of lilies and roses; of boxwood in clumps and trees.

A broad lawn rolls to the river edge at Westover, and is shaded by huge trees—the yew planted by George Washington, the elms and sycamores; the line of tulip poplars before the dwelling which have stood there year after year. Screened by shrubs and covered with clinging vines, a brick wall halts both lawn and trees as it extends from the garden to the river. Over this the garden is entered by means of a romantic brick stile.

Among the numerous outbuildings, the greatest interest is found in the tool house above a dry well. The well is said to be fifteen feet deep and to have sloping, cement covered sides with arched doors leading into two rooms eight feet square and paved with brick. Tunnels are supposed to run from these rooms to the river, while one connects with the east wing of the house. About Eighteen-seventy, workmen uncovered one of the tunnels which they reported to be five feet square and paved with flagstones—so the dry well was evidently a place of refuge.

Westover has been menaced by both fire and war. In Seventeen-forty nine certain damage was done by fire, but this was not comparable with what the plantation suffered during the Revolution, for twice was it ravaged by Benedict Arnold, once by Cornwallis, and owing to the fact that the former English commander had married a cousin of Mrs. Byrd's, the estate was also the victim of the Continentals. Mrs. Byrd was suspected of trying to aid the Redcoats in their James River campaign, and there is a tale that she was locked in an attic room while American soldiers searched the house for papers which they thought might incriminate her. During the conflict of Sixty-one-Sixty-five the plantation suffered still more when it was used by General Pope and other Federal officers as headquarters and commissary. Not content with this barbaric treatment, their troops stabled their horses in historic Westover Church.

Upon the death of the third William Byrd, his widow, Miss Willing of Philadelphia, inherited the estate, which she is said to have managed with great ability. The property was bought by William Carter in Eighteen-fourteen, and since then has known many changes in ownership. Colonel John Selden was the master of Westover for thirty years, and he was succeeded by Major Augustus Drewry—the hero of Drewry's Bluff—who repaired much of the damage done by the war in which he fought. The next owner was Mrs. Sears Ramsey who rebuilt one wing and connected both with the main dwelling;

The woodwork and the ceiling decorations reflect a grandeur scarce in keeping with the date of Westover's erection.

Mrs. Ramsey also did many other things to bring the plantation back to its Georgian beauty. The present owners of the historic acres are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Crane, whose warm hospitality recalls what one is told of the courtly welcome extended by Colonel Byrd.

Without the wings, Westover would have been a most beautiful

Georgian structure; with them a manourial effect is attained. The eminence of its situation, the splendour of its grouping and the degree of elaboration to which the architectural scheme has been carried make the dwelling venerated not by reason of its age alone, but for its intrinsic beauty.

Beneath a massive marble monument in his garden the famous master of Westover is sleeping the deep sleep of peace. In the family burial ground by the river the greatest belle of Colonial days has for many years been at rest. The Genial Seigneur with his wit and talent, the beautiful girl of two centuries ago are now but wraiths of a romantic but unforgettable past. Since their day the world has known great changes; since they lived, kingdoms have been won and lost, but never will America know such picturesque grandeur, never will the pulse quicken as it did in dangerous Colonial days, but never will life be so gay and well worth living as when Evelyn Byrd was the Toast of two Worlds.

TETTINGTON

AT Tettington, the Lightfoot homestead, the rambling tree embowered house overlooks from the distance of a few hundred feet the tawny flood of old James River. Founded when Virginia was very young, in Sixteen-thirty to be exact, it was some years later that the old house was begun.

Philip Lightfoot, first of the family and grandson of Richard Lightfoot of Stoke-Bruern, England, held among many offices those of collector for the upper district of James River and surveyor of the Colony. His plantation at Sandy Point was the site of the Indian village, Paspahegh, and although he re-named it Tedington, in memory of a place in London, the name through the years has developed into Tettington.

The road is very long that leads to Tettington. It skirts the river, then winds between the many acres of the Sandy Point farm. Where the private road curves from the straight line it has maintained one sees right at the water's edge a rambling white house of mossy brick foundation and very tall chimneys showing most elaborate caps. It might be—but it is not Tettington, for the older building lies more than a mile from the Rowe House as the first is known. Finally there appears a fair sized lake with the trunks of half submerged cypress trees spreading their evergreen branches in the midst of the watery waste. Above the lake, upon a bit of rising ground, a fifty-foot boxwood hedge extends across the foot of the garden and screens the house.

Whether a certain Ralph Deane was the builder of the original dwelling cannot be proved, but three years after he settled in Virginia Sir Philip Lightfoot entered a suit against Deane on the ground of his having sustained serious injuries from the "negligent manner" in which Deane had performed his contract in building the

Tettington, founded in 1630. The house is said to have been built by Sir Philip Lightfoot in 1717.

brick chimneys. While the present house is said to have been built in Seventeen-seventeen, and although no records can be found of the above building operations, there is every chance that some of the first building was absorbed in the house of later date.

On the lawn surrounding the ancient house are maple, holly, linden and many paulonia trees, while on the left a catalpa blooms ghost-like against a crooked white pine. Crepe myrtles close in some corners, roses climb around the foundation walls, while ferns and mosses crowd into the niches of the steps. The steps upon the landward front are so thickly moss-covered that they appear to have been there for centuries.

The house consists of two full storeys and a basement, with a roof that has a top slope extended to form dormers. The long low structure has the Dutch roof of the early eighteenth century, part being covered with the original cypress shingles, and the remainder with modern tin. A two-storied porch stands on the south front

with stone steps as the approach. The northern façade presents a pediment worthy of consideration by its classic form and line of heavy blocks which outline the eaves as a cornice. The dwelling consists of three parts—a main building, and two large wings. The wings were evidently a later addition, for here the windows are larger, each showing nine panes of glass in the lower sash and six in the upper —fifteen in all.

Evidently the cornice was not considered till after the wings were built, when it was discovered that in order to follow the eaves the master-builder would have to maintain a different level, but the carpenter was undaunted, and instead of bungling his work in an attempt to bring old and new together, left the first cornice where it was and ran the second, or newer, where the wing eaves joined above.

The exterior of Tettington shows clapboards of unusual width which are applied upon a brick wall within, making what is known as a stock-brick building. The majority of the nails are hand made and the brick foundation is higher upon the north than the southern side.

The steps of the classic portico are so moss-covered that the stone barely shows.

The house has a frontage of one hundred and seventeen feet with a width of thirty-six on the east side and of twenty-four on the west. The heavy entrance doors are set within modern frames and one swings on a pair of broken H hinges, left there out of respect for their great age. A twelve-foot hall bisects the house and gives ample range for the splendid stair which has a tread of twelve inches and a rise of six. The balusters, hand rail and steps are of natural colour walnut, while the rest of the woodwork in the hall is painted a pale gray.

No untrained craftsman it was who with delicate precision placed the panels of the ramp that follows the stair so skillfully along

A twelve-foot hall bisects the house, giving ample room for the broad stairway.

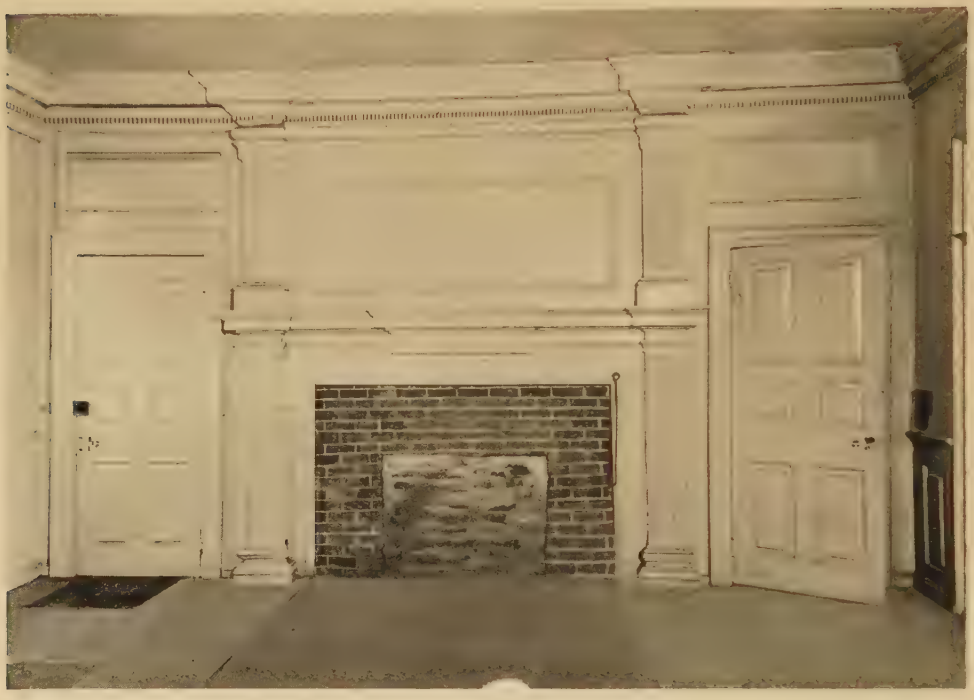
the angles that it rises above the three broad steps that form the only landing. This landing is a most interesting feature and is true in its expediency to Colonial architecture. Owing to the height of the ceiling this unusual method was taken by the workman when he found a platform necessary beneath the high stair window. The balusters, standing three on each step, are plain except near the bottom where the shaft is turned. The hand rail is wider than those ordinarily seen and curves out gracefully beyond the line of the stair where, in the center of a group of other balusters, it tops the newel but little larger than the spindles.

Rooms running the full depth of the house lie on each side of the hall — one is the drawing room, the other the dining room, and each is twenty-four feet square. The dining room is on the west, and the walnut dado here is made much higher than the average by a row of two-foot panelling above a wainscot more than three feet high.

No untrained craftsman it was who placed the panels of the stair wainscot with such precision.

In the parlour the panelling is restricted to the chimney end, although the rest of the room is wainscoted. The walls are salmon colour, and the woodwork has been painted white. The doors are of six panels, with H hinges; on one is a splendid brass lock, and their panelling is rendered out of the ordinary by an applied moulding.

At the rear of the parlour an opening out of a very narrow passageway between the two rooms leads to a chamber which has the most elaborate finish of any room in the house. The twenty-foot space at the chimney end is panelled from floor to ceiling except where two doors break through. A narrow rectangular panel stretches over the heavy mantelshelf, the mantel being six feet eight inches high, eleven feet long, and is placed between double reeded pilasters. Those at the bottom, in a manner different from any in Virginia, rise upon rude bases and show evidence of work done by an inexperienced hand. The pilasters above the mantel stand on a



The chimney end of Tettington where very elaborate woodwork was attempted by provincial carpenters.

second pair of bases resting immediately upon the shelf. The capitals of both show many eccentricities and seem much out of tune with the delicacy of the cornice. Whether due to the settling of the building or to very indifferent workmen the pilaster on the left is decidedly out of line with everything around it. The fireplace is faced with brick and the wainscot, like the panelling, is painted a very light gray. The roughly finished walls are in colour apricot, and the cornice is turquoise blue. The ceilings of this storey are about eleven feet high, and in each room the marks of the Colonial "plaister man" are apparent in the rough brush finish.

The rooms on the side of the chamber and back of the inside door are used for sleeping. The east wing evidently contained the original drawing room and dining room. This is not only possible but probable, for the finish of this end is much finer than the rest of

the house, and the Colonial kitchen, long ago burned, stood within a few feet of it.

The most interesting thing to be seen in the wing, however, is one of the few remaining secret stairways. Ascending from the left side of the narrow passageway, through an entrance once probably hidden by panelling, each step of this tiny stairway is triangular in order to curve steeply in its flight. It is necessarily a rather difficult place of ascent. A few feet below the ceiling level a door opens right out of the wall, showing a space just large enough for a man to crawl through. This dark tunnel leads to another part of the residence from which escape could be made, and doubtless was much in demand when the old house was built. A door at the top of the steep secret stair affords still another exit, so in case of Indian trouble there were three different ways to find safety. From the floor below to the stair ceiling above is twenty-one feet, and one window at the second floor level lights the space, which must have been a most effective hiding place.

One of the few remaining secret stairways in America.

The upper hall is twelve feet square and here one finds a tradition of the house in a broken balustrade at the rear. The story goes that at an ancient revelry, when the wine grew strong, a too ardent suitor lost his balance and fell with the balustrade crashing upon him. The partition in the east room is made entirely of panelled doors, one with the width of three feet five inches, and the others two feet two inches wide. With the exception of the large one at the right end, each door is so hinged to the other that when stretched their length the one room becomes two. By folding them back the larger room returns. The woodwork is pine and the panelling which fits perfectly into the

The partition of the east upper room is made of panelled doors on hinges which open or shut at will.

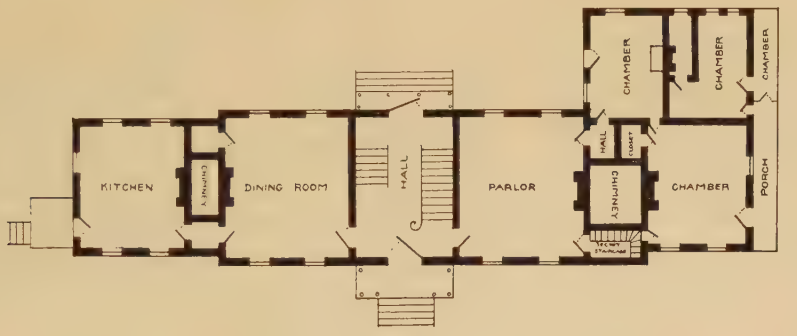
angle of the walls beside the end door was evidently the work of the craftsman who made the stairway.

Above stairs the chamber over the dining room seems tremendous because the ceiling is low and the square alcoves formed by the dormer windows are of white plaster. Beneath the dormers the seats are deep, the trim is a very vivid blue, and the floor boards are very wide.

The builder of this enchanting old house was Sir Philip Lightfoot, who but a few feet away sleeps through eternity in his family burying ground guarded by two rows of sentinel box trees and next to the table tomb of his beloved wife, Elizabeth. The marble slab which marks his resting place has carved into its face the Lightfoot coat-of-arms.

Tettington was inherited by the widow of the last member of the Lightfoot family to live there. Upon her marriage to one of the

Bollings, the latter became the heir. The next owner bore the name of Baylor and he it was who cut the plantation of one hundred and ten thousand acres into five farms, one of which went to each of his children. Twenty years ago Tettington became the property of Mr. A. L. Smith who at once accepted the responsibilities of his historic home. Mr. Smith and his family, while enjoying the beauty of the place, are keeping alive the traditions with which the plantation abounds.



First floor plan of Tettington.

Tettington is now a fine stock farm and one of the most fertile tracts on James River. Broad fields of alfalfa and timothy, acres of Indian corn and wheat with other grain crops in proper rotation have added greatly to the natural fruitfulness.

Not pretentious on the exterior but typical of the comfort and substantiality of the late seventeenth century, the house, although it may have been erected after Seventeen hundred, is a worthy example of structural achievement during the earlier Colonial period of Virginia.

The sight of Tettington fills one with deep respect for the energy and ability of Philip Lightfoot, who, while aiding in the building of the nation and conquering the wilderness, found time to plan and build the dwelling that now commands our admiration. The old stock-brick house on the river's brow, in its setting of green lawn and fertile meadow, presents in this twentieth century an effect of rich and goodly ancientness.

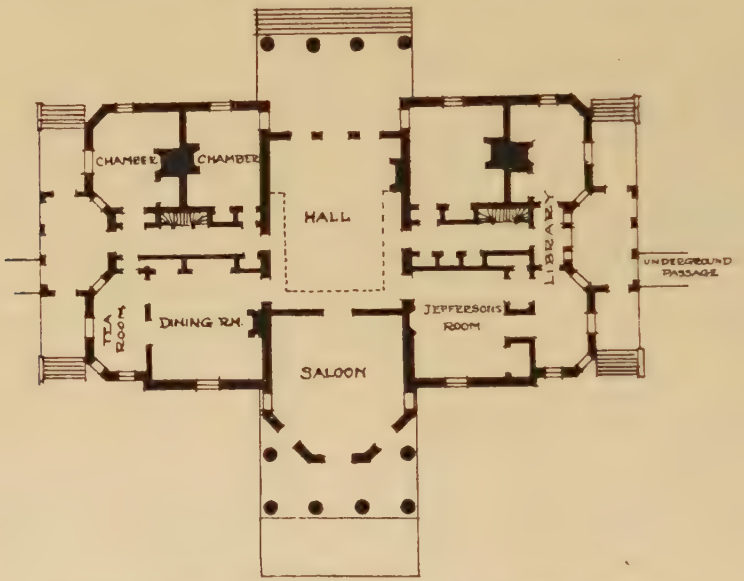
MONTICELLO

UPON the very top of a mountain in Virginia there is a remarkable old house. It stands on the spot where a remarkable boy once sat and dreamed, and where—away and apart from the rest of mankind—thoughts were born in his mind that were to affect the world about which he dreamed, and to revolutionize the architecture of his native Colony. The boy was Thomas Jefferson and the old house is Monticello, which witnessed within its historic walls the last of true Colonial architecture and the birth of the Classic Revival.

Though the original portion of Monticello is more or less embedded in the dwelling of today, the plans for it were being slowly worked out by Jefferson many years before it was built, when, as a youth, he taught himself to draw and model. He also "mastered the grammar of architectural detail" and studied the few books on architecture which were to be had in the eighteenth century. The result was almost a passion for the Greek and Roman in which he was far ahead of his time. When he began the erection of Monticello, he visualized the dwelling of the future, but when he died he was still planning many alterations for, as he said, "Architecture is my delight, and cutting up and pulling down one of my favourite amusements." He had to train the carpenters and masons who worked on the dwelling designed by him from the plans of Palladio and after his house was considered complete by all except himself, these workmen were so well organized and their work along classic lines so skillful that they spread his idea of what houses should be throughout the South. It is due to the influence of Thomas Jefferson that the architecture around Charlottesville assumes an entirely different character from that of Tidewater Virginia.

Both the man and his dwelling are of too great importance to escape consideration in any work dealing with the Colonial era in Virginia.

The original house was but a fourth of the size of the present stately structure, but it included the drawing room, dining room and the master's chamber. Although it was begun before Seventeen-seventy, when Jefferson brought his bride home two years later it



First floor plan of Monticello as drawn by Thomas Jefferson.

was in such an unfinished condition that their honeymoon was spent in the small building at the end of the south tunnel, where the owner had been living as a bachelor.

So much has been written about Monticello—which of all Virginia Colonial country seats seems most dear to the hearts of architects—so much of its history has been told in various ways that an expansive story of the house and plantation would be but repetition.

The structure which presents a pure Palladian arrangement was from plans drawn by Jefferson and built partly by his own hands. At first glance it appears to contain but one floor, but on closer examination dormers, peering out partly above the balustrade which sur-

The west front of Monticello as remodelled by Jefferson. The original portion of the house was erected before 1770.

rounds the roof at the eaves, attest the existence of a second very low storey. The east front is most impressive. The portico of temple form is supported by four Tuscan columns above which the Roman Doric frieze gives a truly classic note, and a charming fan-light arches in the broad tympanum. In a most uncommon manner the balustrade, after following the front on both sides, breaks out in the centre to within a few feet of the pediment, then, with great dignity climbs in such a way above the roof that it maintains a straight line. The windows of this front are different from any others of the Virginia Colony and the panes of glass are twelve inches square, a curious size. Apparently but four in number, there are in reality eight, for the cap-pieces of the lower extend directly to the upper and form the sills. French windows with arched heads flank the entrance at the rear of the portico where the doorway follows a similar treatment. The four basement windows are in line with those of greater importance.

The entrance hall is notable for a very high ceiling and an ornate cornice inspired by historic precedent.

The south end of the house takes on an octagonal form beyond which the loggia projects, and here one finds in an enframement of English ivy French windows which arch nicely above. The basement has only half-moon openings. Three small square windows of four lights each render the second storey as inconspicuous as possible and the gable spanning them repeats the lines of the east pediment.

The west front is by far the most formal of the two by reason of the dome with a rose window in each pentagonal side. In order to make his dwelling truly Roman, Jefferson during one of the periods of its reconstruction removed the low-browed second storey and the attic, and then substituted the splendid dome. The west portico duplicates that on the east with the exception of the rear doors and windows which have pediments, and a long flight of stone steps with the lowest possible tread carries the house out on the shadowy lawn

where a most charming view of the Blue Ridge Mountains unfolds. The windows on this side drop to the level of the base course and are adorned with architraves. The upper floor is apparently unlighted. Beyond the octagonal bays on the north end is a long, narrow porch which completes the perfect balance of the house from all sides. In the centre of the roof, the dormer storey rises and is encircled by a

The frieze of the mantel in the hall repeats the design of the cornice.

second balustrade, companion to the first. The four chimneys are tall and rise from the main roof of the house at each corner of the attic. The brick walls of Monticello are almost smothered with ivy, and the combination of white woodwork, dark red walls and glaucous foliage is stable and restful.

Within the house one finds a totally different arrangement of both halls and rooms from the other Colonial dwellings in Virginia. The hall which is entered from the east recedes six feet within the wall and has a parquetry floor. The four by eight white oak joists beneath the first storey are laid nine inches apart and the space is filled with broken bricks and other rubbish. In the original oak floors the boards are held together by separate walnut tongues and kept in place by iron pins. The parquetry floor of the hall is laid above one of these. Though the hall is in the centre of the building it is limited to the east front, and two narrow halls extend right and left midway its length. The studied grace and refinement of the cornice are echoed more simply but harmoniously in the design of the mantel frieze, and of course the elegance of detail in the work is inspired by historic precedent. The mantel exactly fits the space

One of the narrow, uncomfortable stairways which ascend from the transverse halls upon north and south.

between two doors, and above it hangs the Dick portrait of Thomas Jefferson. The door and window frames are simple, the chair rail is continuous, the baseboard normal and some of the furniture—including two rare card tables—was originally in the house. There is no stairway in the hall, but the polygonal balustrade supported on console brackets at the second floor level forms an impressive open well, giving to the room below the effect of a lofty ceiling. The mahogany hand rail carries a dark note against the white spindles and wall.

Through a doorway with simple enframement one enters the formal saloon which projects twenty feet beyond the western walls after the manner of a French salon. The parquetry floor is composed of ten-inch squares of cherry with four-inch borders of beech, which proves a happy combination. The vaulted ceiling made by the dome shows that the designer was experienced and his workmen skilled. The entrance doorway has an unbroken cyma of academic style, and the four rooms on the westward side occupy the full height of the building.

Doors with deep splayed panelled jambs lead into the transverse passages from the entrance hall, and from each of these extraordinary stairs ascend. With steps only twenty-two inches wide and very high tread, these uncomfortable little stairways jerk their way upward with an angle post to act as newel where the hand rail—continuous from the basement—turns sharply and square above the lowest steps. Two slender, unturned balusters stand on each step and the deep risers are ornamented above the string-piece with applied scrolls. There are no landings, but the stairs make two rectangular turns before reaching the upper floor. There is a tradition that Jefferson considered second storeys of minor importance and had an aversion for stairs, and this, if true, readily explains the insignificance of these. Upon one side of the south hall is Jefferson's sleeping apartment, where an alcove between two rooms is just large enough for a bed; upon the other are two chambers where the positions of the fireplaces are to be noted. The library, with a separate outdoor entrance and two bay windows, demands the entire south end of the house along which a narrow porch with steps at each end stretches. Two chambers, the tea and dining rooms, complete the north end. The fireplace in the dining room is of interest, for in the mantel frieze are set the Wedgewood medallions brought from England by Jeffer-

The historic mantel in the dining room is enriched with the Wedgewood medallions brought from England by Jefferson.

son. The fireplace facing is marble framed within a simple moulding, and in this, as in the other open fireplaces of the house, six cords of hickory are said to have been burned during the winter. The base-board is but little wider than the chair rail, and both are formed of mouldings. The cornice and frieze appear to be of a later date than the room.

All of the rooms on the second floor are small, low browed and unattractive and most of them represent divisions or additions made to accommodate the vast number of uninvited guests with which the third President was inflicted. The storey is gloomy, as it depends entirely upon the light from the four front windows, those on the side being too small for satisfaction. The octagonal hall is spacious and airy and the so-called attic is really the fourth floor. One marvels how the house could have been built so skillfully that on first appearance it seems but one storey in height.

The kitchen with other contributive buildings is completely hidden from the house by the second terrace below which it falls.

In the matter of contributive buildings, Monticello stands alone, for Jefferson wisely subordinated everything to the beauty of the great house, just as he refused to permit anything but nature to interfere with the sweeping view. The service buildings here are built below the level of the basement and in such a way that terraces above them are formed. Underground passages bisect the lawn and at one end of one is the study, while Jefferson's law office terminates the other. The kitchen below the southern terrace is a low and rambling building of a number of rooms at the rear of a brick paved porch upheld by square brick columns. The pine weather-boarding of which it is composed is upright and the matching edges are covered with narrow strips of the same wood. A rare growth of ivy ties the kitchen to the ground, and the chimneys do not interfere with the prospect.

The house erected by Thomas Jefferson for his bride was some-

Tables at Monticello that were in the house originally.

thing entirely new in the Colony—in America. After extensive changes in Seventeen-ninty six it assumed the architectural form known since as the Classic Revival. Including the years spent in levelling the mountain to form a plateau two hundred by six hundred feet, Jefferson spent thirty-five years of his valuable life in working to perfect his home. One notes great care in every detail of the building and is impressed with the fact that its owner and designer considered geometrical simplicity and proportion of vast importance in architecture. Monticello is considered a treasure of Colonial architecture, regardless of the fact that changes were being constantly made. Had the original structure been different, it would not have lent itself so gracefully to changes and enlargement; had the original house been erected by one owner and the remodelling been done by another, the effect would have been very different. As Monticello stands today one realizes that it shows the gradual development of the plan of a

student of architecture who knew when the cornerstone was laid what he desired in the finished building.

In its happiest days the plantation contained ten thousand acres, though the Crown grant, obtained in Seventeen-thirty five by Peter Jefferson, named only a few hundred. The story of Jefferson's last days at Monticello need not be repeated here, but the tragedy he reaped as the result of enforced hospitality saddened and must have embittered him. He gave his services to his country as a great statesman, and his architectural genius to his fellow man when he established for America an original and definite form of architecture, but after giving the freedom of his home to strangers who demanded limitless attention he was wrecked and the brilliancy of his career in no way compensated for the struggle made by him as an old man to maintain the beloved kingdom he had created.

The clock made by Jefferson has one face within the hall and another on the exterior wall.

Only six months had elapsed after the death of Thomas Jefferson when Monticello, "Little Mountain," was sold, and from then until Nineteen-twenty three the house knew changing masters. When the historic property passed into the possession of The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation in Nineteen-twenty three, one more of Virginia's historic estates was saved for the future.

Among the many personal relics of the third president now to be seen in his house are the compass in the ceiling of the east portico; his two-faced clock; the ladder he used in climbing up to wind it, the winding crank, and his violin stand, most of which were the work of his hands.

The career of Thomas Jefferson was remarkable. Not only did he write the Declaration of Independence, but he was Governor of Virginia, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Minister to France, vice-president and president of the United States. It has been said that, with the exception of George Washington, no other president so completely won the confidence of the nation. A man of magnificent intellect, an able statesman, the first American architect, a scholar, and an inventor; a musician and an agriculturist, Thomas Jefferson was very far ahead of the time in which he lived. In a few brief words his life has been expressed: "He hated tyranny: he loved Truth; he was not afraid of man."

SCOTCHTOWN

AMONG the first settlers in Hanover County was one Charles Chiswell, a considerable figure in his day and a member of the King's Council. He seems to have been the founder of Scotchtown, for in the last years of the seventeenth century he secured a grant of eight thousand acres of land in this locality and named the estate—presumably because he came from Scotland—Scotchtown.

Two miles off the beaten track of travel, its nearest village being known by the barbaric name of Negrofoot, Scotchtown is reached by a little-used road which winds through the woods and along the plantation meadows. From a distance, a bit of the worn roof and the four tall chimneys of the old world house are visible through the evergreen limbs of boxwood trees which for a height of fifty feet cut into the skyline. Farther on the queer old house appears pitched upon a broad-topped hill which gently slopes in all directions into surrounding woods and fields.

This house, thirty-six feet wide and ninety-six long, is characterized by a very simple exterior and completes a rectangle beyond which, originally, there were no projections, but which now shows an unfortunate addition on one end. It was probably built about Seventeen-ten by the Charles Chiswell first mentioned, who was one of the most influential men in this section of the country. Upon his death in Seventeen-thirty nine the plantation was inherited by his son, John Chiswell, who married Elizabeth Randolph of Turkey Island. This fact may explain the similarity between Scotchtown and Tuckahoe, at least upon the exterior. Each house is a rectangular mass of frame with tall chimneys and stone steps treated the same way.

It is not positively known how long before Seventeen-thirty two Scotchtown was built, but in that year the house was visited by

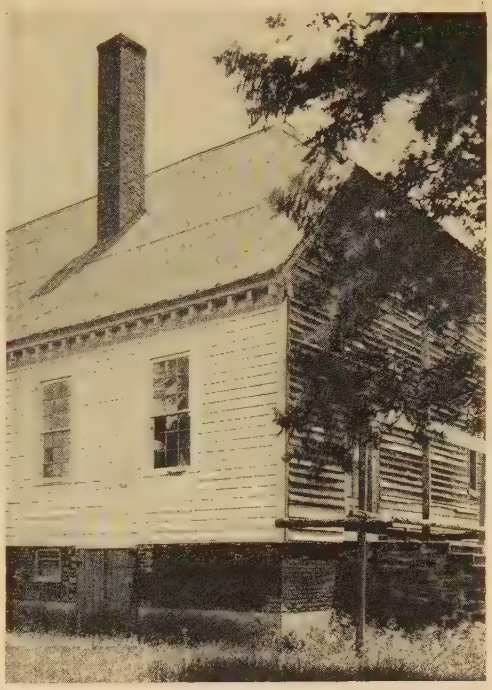
Scotchtown, built probably by Charles Chiswell before 1730, and later the home of Patrick Henry and Dolly Madison.

William Byrd who, in his delightful manuscript, "A Progress to the Mines," said that the house was built by a Scotchman named Chiswell and that he "was very handsomely entertained, finding everything very clean and very good."

After one hundred and ninety-five years this lodge founded by Charles Chiswell in the wilderness brings forcibly to mind the early days when women made homes out of the primeval forests and men made their fortunes out of the earth. Standing as it does in a region of hills and woodlands and rolling meadows, the house today has been stripped of the many dependent buildings it at one time centred. No longer are there mills or cabins or storehouses about it—nothing is left but the sweeping view which stretches from the stone-flagged south portico.

The bricks of the high foundation form a basement partly above ground, a sombre cellar into one room of which a terrible person by

the name of Forsythe is said to have chained his wife! Fine stone steps lead up to the house upon both fronts and on the west end, and a leaning portico somewhat supported on rude columns rises above a stone foundation upon the north front. The clapboard walls are pierced on the main floor by eight windows on each side of the house. The windows are three lights wide, making a total of eighteen panes instead of the usual twenty-four. It is hard to understand just why they were made so narrow upon a surface so ample, as this façade is ninety-six feet long. The cornice, like that at Tuckahoe, is punctuated with plain outlookers, and two tall chimneys emerge through each side of the gambrel roof which is covered with latter-day tin.



Detail of the exterior of Scotchtown emphasizing the chimneys and cornice.

Upon both fronts heavy doors which hang on brass H hinges and close by large brass locks lead into the hall which in characteristic fashion cuts the house in two. Twelve feet wide and thirty-three feet long, this hall is severely plain, its one attempt at elaboration being the four-foot wainscot of black walnut, which is now painted a grimy gray. The bevelled panels which are longer than wide and the stiles are fitted to the wall with such sophistication that they seem out of keeping with the austere house. A very narrow moulding caps the dado. Two doors which on each side of the hall break the unpainted plaster walls lead into the various rooms.

The floor plan of Scotchtown House is different from any other in Virginia, and was evidently the outcome of necessity caused by family growth. On both sides of the hall the space of forty-two feet is cut into four rooms of different sizes and in varied situations.

The hall has a five foot panelled dado of black walnut. Tradition claims that it was through here that Tarleton let his troopers ride when he raided Hanover County.

Doors—some single, others double—entirely disregarding the symmetry for which Colonial houses were famed, open from one into another of these rooms from the most convenient angle. The rooms are severely plain, having neither wainscot nor panel, but each has an open fireplace and heavy mantel, now painted black. The door and window frames although plain are staunch and heavy, and the walnut doors with H or H-and-L hinges are fitted with old Carpenter locks, while one has a wish-bone latch. The chamber on the west end opens out onto the moss-grown steps, and that on the other end of the house is cut into smaller rooms and a hall.

The only attempt at the slightest interior decoration occurs in what must have been the parlour or dining room. Here, balancing the door opening upon one side of the chimney piece is a cupboard; a cupboard with two walnut doors which, though square-headed, have curved panels at the top, as if to imitate an arched head. The

doors are six feet high and two feet four inches wide, and though ugly modern hinges now attach them to the frame the marks of the delicate little H hinges originally there are still visible. This must have been where the Colonial family sat in the long winter evenings, the women spinning or weaving, the tired men napping by the soft candle-light. This is the only one of all the rooms in the house that has the least personality, but here is a breath of romance of olden days and peaceful ways. It is the old-time cupboard with curving shelves and scalloped facing which gives the personal touch. All of the doors are of natural wood, and a dark baseboard surrounds each room.

The only stairway in the house is hidden and is back of a door in the little transverse hall, a door whose great wooden lock attests its age, and which opens right at the foot of the stairs. The rough steps climb with breath-taking steepness to the enormous attic which, unbroken by wall or partition, extends the width and the length of the house. The attic, "dark—mysterious"—and with a sloping roof, is alive with the discarded articles of former generations. Moth-eaten spinning wheels lie in cobwebby corners; faded sun-bonnets hang loosely from rusty, hand-made nails; trunks filled with yellowed books and letters, old hat boxes and ladder-back chairs tell of prosperous early days, of romance and strange adventure.

Like all Virginia Colonial homesteads, Scotchtown had and has sleeping rooms on the first floor. In fact, this feature proved of such practical convenience that it was frequently perpetuated in the Georgian mode. Unlike the majority, however, this house has *all* of the rooms on one floor.

There is a tradition that at one time the walls of the hall and those of one other room were panelled with walnut from floor to ceiling. This may have been torn away during the Revolution, for Scotchtown was the scene of stirring times. As it is now, the kitchen end has the only panelling in the house, and here in very small rooms and the hallway the dingy walls are panelled their entire area with walnut.

The interesting history that goes with the place tells that in the year Seventeen-seventy one, Scotchtown having commended itself to Patrick Henry for the health of his invalid wife, was purchased by him. Spencer Roane in writing of Henry said that Patrick possessed a shrewd talent for bargains and that Scotchtown with its thousand acres cost him but six hundred pounds! At that time the

The most interesting feature of the severe interior is this walnut cupboard with upper panels following the lines of an arch-head.

plantation was an independent community with a life all its own, and Henry could hunt and fish to his heart's content, so he must have found the frame-like structure, set in the midst of rolling fields and apple trees, a pleasant place to live. But greatly as he had loved the woods and streams and sedgy fields, there was little allurement

for him in those things in Seventeen-seventy five, for he could not forget that the country was under the Lion's paw.

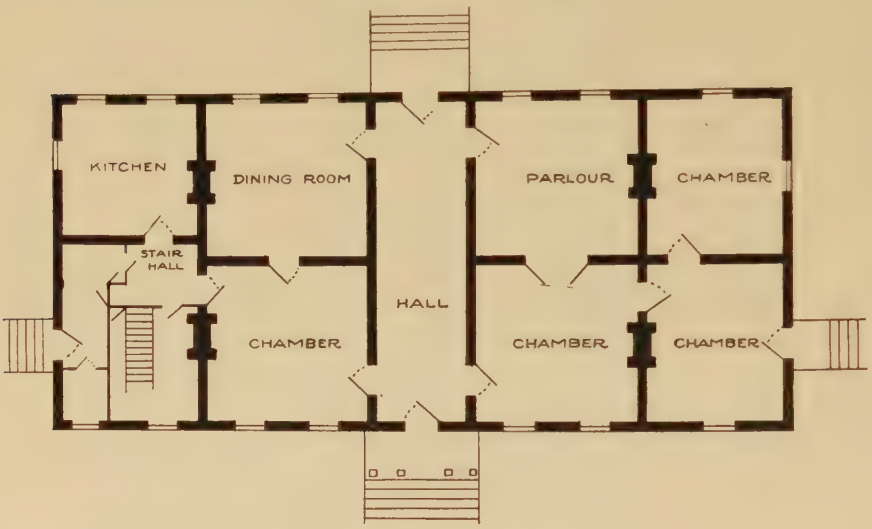
It was from Scotchtown that Henry rode to Richmond March twentieth, Seventeen-seventy five, to awaken America by his patriot genius. It was at Scotchtown that he organized the local soldiers in preparation for the Revolutionary conflict, so one does not wonder that the plantation was Tarleton's objective when he raided Hanover County with his Redcoats. It was through the hall of this sturdy old house that the soldiers are said to have ridden. Scotchtown has many reasons for remembering the British invasion!

It was here that Patrick Henry lived while he was a member of the first Congress, but after the death of his wife the same year the Revolution broke with fury, he welcomed the opportunity to sell, and in Seventeen-seventy eight Scotchtown became the property of Colonel Wilson Miles Cary. The family of Colonel Cary with those of his sister, Mrs. Edward Ambler, and General Nelson, had moved to Hanover at the outbreak of the war, which greatly increased the price of land in that county, so Patrick Henry was again fortunate and made an advantageous sale.

The Cary tenure was short, and four years later, in Seventeen-eighty one, the plantation was bought by John Payne shortly after his marriage to Mary Coles, and it was here that the first twelve years of the life of their famous daughter, Dolly Payne Madison, were spent. In this old house of extraordinary length, with so little coloured splendour, in the present cold, bleak chambers the future Dolly Madison led a rigidly simple life. On this large plantation little Dolly, far from the world she was to love so much, passed the days of her youth in close companionship with Nature forced upon her by environment. Here she was shut in for the long weeks of winter; here she learned all the gentle arts of housewifery; and yet, curious as it may seem, in the austere house and amid the quietest of surroundings there awoke in her the inheritance from a worldly grandmother—a love for dress not fitting for a Quaker maid. The baubles given to this favorite grandchild were kept carefully hidden, the treasures being shown only to Mammy Amy who, as she cuddled her "blessed white chile," encouraged in the little heart a love for the beautiful things of life.

It was from the Scotchtown house that blue-eyed Dolly went into her first school room, and one can fancy the little maid starting

out "equipped with a white linen mask to protect her complexion, a sun-bonnet sewed on her head, and long gloves." Perhaps it was the very life she led here with its touch of vanity and personal pride that did much in moulding the tact and the knowledge of character for which as the wife of James Madison she was noted.



First floor plan of Scotchtown.

In July, Seventeen-ninety three, John Payne moved his family to Philadelphia, but in her new home as well as every other place she lived Dorothea Payne recalled her happy childhood days. Towards the close of her life Mrs. Madison frequently spoke of Scotchtown, dwelling particularly on "the great black marble mantelpieces supported by white figures." In her Memoirs one finds many references to her plantation home.

But the monumental mantels of little Dolly's day have long since disappeared and of the brick outbuildings remembered by her not a trace remains. Ravaged by the English in the Anglo-American war, the house was also the scene of vandalism during the War Between the States when General McClellan camped his blue coats in Hanover County. No one marvels that panels and mantels and outbuildings are no more.

Today the old house is the property of Miss Sallie Taylor, whose

family have owned the plantation for years. It seems to have sheltered both life and death; it seems to have known more of sorrow than of joy, but there is still charm in the view looking north from the stone-flagged porch; there are still great knots of shaggy boxwood and tall trees of the same shrub. The white bloom of the cherries recurs each spring, the pink of peach; microphylla and damask roses still brighten the summer, but the violets and larkspur—both the color of little Dolly's eyes—have spread from the lawn into the fields as if in never-ending search for the small maiden of long ago.

Who would not take delight in restoring this interesting Colonial structure? Who would not take pride in bringing again into the old house the life it knew of old? The plastered walls of the interior are bare today and some of the woodwork has been grained, but with the exception of the south portico and some fallen plaster, the house generally is in fair condition and would respond wonderfully to the hand that would preserve its historic past.

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